

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, Editor

EDWARD CAMPBELL ASWELL, Assistant Editor

**Editorial
FOREWORD**

THIS MONTH Mr. James Truslow Adams, continuing his essays of American perspectives from the calm distance of London, suggests that the question mark is as true a symbol of the American mind as the dollar sign. That is shrewd observation. Perhaps the popularity of our "Ask-Me-Another" books was not so much a matter of giving information as of asking questions. Will Rogers has called the present age of American history "The Passing of the Buck." We prefer to tap the other fellow's brains for information instead of digging it out for ourselves. We find it much more agreeable to run around asking questions than to go to the encyclopædia. In New York recently there was a very busy business man threatened with baldness who visited all the Italian barbers in his ward, questioning them about their latest hunches on making new hair sprout. One day he met a friend who told him that the only sure remedy for baldness had been carefully explained for the use of the English-speaking world in a recent edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica and pointed to his own crop of new hair as a living testimonial to quietly compiled information.

IN OUR political life the question mark is surely a more characteristic emblem than even the dollar sign. It would be suitable if Congress were to open with a procession in which the representatives marched in single file headed by a chaplain bearing aloft on a rod of brass not a crucifix (in a land where Church and State are separated) but a brass question mark. Every session of Congress graduates into bursts of rhetorical questioning. And when they weary of oratory our legislators resolve themselves into committees of special investigation not so much for serious study as to indulge in the pastime of haling before their august presences the great and little of our citizens and riddling them with question marks. Those who refuse to answer are in danger of short prison terms.

THE FORUM nominates for Congress one notable exception to these

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*Next Month***IS SHAW A DRAMATIST?***George Bernard Shaw*

A novel form of debate in which Mr. Shaw's biographer, Archibald Henderson, summarizes all the attacks that critics have made upon G. B. S. — and G. B. S. pitches into them, modestly confessing incidentally, why he thinks he is a greater dramatist than Shakespeare.

SHELL SHOCKS OF FAMILY LIFE*Dr. Smiley Blanton and Woodbridge Riley*

Day after day a doctor reviews the great parade of shell-shocked victims who come to him from the one front where there is never an armistice to halt the fighting. No warriors, these — but broken men, women, and children — nervous wrecks who never suspect that their troubles have grown out of the tensions of modern family life.

IS MAN A MACHINE?*John B. Watson vs. Will Durant*

Not many years ago the whole scientific world was thrown into a buzz of excitement when an American psychologist, John B. Watson, announced his theory of Behaviorism. Briefly, he said that man is just a machine whose every act is determined by his environment. This ruled out consciousness, moral purposes, and the will as mere figments of the imagination. Now Will Durant challenges the whole mechanistic view of life and thrashes it out point by point with Dr. Watson in a Socratic dialogue.

THE NORDIC MYTH*Salvador de Madariaga*

A great Spanish wit kicks up his heels at our assumption that the gods prefer blonds.

WHAT I BELIEVE*Theodore Dreiser*

The third paper in THE FORUM's series of living philosophies, in which the author of *An American Tragedy* takes us on a personally conducted tour of the world he lives in.

COSMIC RAYS AND CANCER*Dr. John Joly*

Science knows almost nothing about the dreadful scourge of modern times — cancer. Meanwhile the disease has increased alarmingly in recent years. What is the sinister meaning of it? A British surgeon now advances a startling explanation of the cause of cancer and its significance in the cosmic scheme of things.

THE DECLINE OF THE FEMALE SEX*Dearing Ward*

A woman takes alarm at the progress of feminism, which has won her many rights but lost her all her former privileges.

THE PASSING OF THE POLITICIANS*James Murphy*

On the profound reorientation of affairs since the World War that has sent the politicians racing after the dodo and the dinosaur.

COMBATING CRIME*Clarence Darrow*

A cool analysis of the criminal's challenge to humanity, and what must be done to meet it — by the lawyer who has saved more criminals from the gallows than any other living man.

FOREWORD*Continued*

political questioners. He is the president of a young political club who was so stirred by an essay of Irving Babbitt in THE FORUM that he determined to find out about Humanism for himself instead of interrogating the Professor. He packed his kit with books and sailed on a long sea voyage with Aristotle's *Ethica*, a Buddhist *Dhammapada*, *The Analects* of Confucius, and Plato's *Republic* — quite a kit-full for a ward leader!

IN FOREIGN affairs we are mere questioners. The typical American conversation about our foreign policy consists of the questioning of a supposed savant by a group of earnest women. There is no give-and-take of true conversation, no affirmation, challenge, and denial. The other night at a private house in New York a "Round Table" was assembled to discuss our Pan-American policy. The guests took turns pecking at the brains of a college professor. Finally one of the party spoke up in mild exasperation: "May I make a statement about Mexico, an ill-informed statement without asking a question, so that those who know better can correct it?" "Why not ask a question?" replied the hostess. "That is what we are here for."

EVERY WEEK a new American book raises new national questions, but how few attempt to answer them constructively! Mr. Adams points to *Middletown* as an example. This book stages the problems of our small cities but it does not grapple with them. Let the great foundations adjourn a few committees of inquiry and make a place in their budgets instead for committees to recommend solutions based on already assembled facts.

ONE OBJECT of the Socratic dialogues in THE FORUM is to reduce the frequency of the eternal American question mark, to encourage individual thinking, direct statement, and fairly balanced conversation. In the next issue we will publish the results of an after-dinner conversation led by Will Durant and John B. Watson, discussing no less a problem than whether there is a vital principle regulating the conduct of man as well as the circling of the stars, or whether man and the stars are parts of a soulless automatic machine. A labor expert, a dirt farmer, and a police captain will have something to say as well as the two savants. They also have done some original thinking. Their remarks prove that one need not be a specialist to converse intelligently.

LET'S NOT STOP being curious, but let's let down on passing the buck to those who take the trouble to inform themselves.

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TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT



October Reading

by DONALD F. ROSE

GOOD WRITING alone does not make a good story, though it helps a weak one. This is the case with *BEAUTY? I WONDER*, by Dorothy Coursen (Elliot Holt, \$2.00). From its beginning we are made aware that this is the product of carefulness and a keen literary conscience, and the consequences are too elegant for words. The story is rather thin stuff draped around a threadbare theme, whose general purport is that nothing in this life, nor possibly in any other, comes up to our aesthetic expectations. It is pleasant, of course, to have this point discussed in such immaculate prose, but it would stir the heart-strings more if passion had its way with these people once in a while.

The traditional English novel begins at birth, ends with death, and misses nothing in between. It risks everything on a complete and close acquaintance with the author's small circle of inventions, who can easily become as irksome as neighbors. *THE GALAXY*, by Susan Ertz (Appleton, \$2.50), is just such a life-long novel, except that it is not for a moment tiresome. It is the story of a woman's life and a great many others — the human galaxy which makes every life seem the center of its universe, exactly as the little girl in the story is told by the Reverend Dowdie that the starry heavens have nothing else to do but adorn and illumine the silly little sphere on which we all live and move and read novels. The book is written, of course, in correctly beautiful style, and the lady who lives and dies in its pages is excellent company.

Taking a rest from her brilliant psychological and sociological studies in Africa, Sarah Gertrude Millin writes a swift story in *THE FIDDLER* (Liveright, \$2.50), which might have happened anywhere. This is the familiar three-cornered drama of a wife in the mood of romantic aberration, a man who wasn't worth it, and a forgiving husband. The situation is blown to pieces by the murder of a drunken chauffeur out on the veldt and the subsequent breakdown of the elopers' car, which brings on enough rough going to reveal the fiddler's lack of emotional determination and the woman's capacity for suffering, sacrifice, and courage. One shouldn't, it seems,

shoot the chauffeur while away from home on romantic adventure. To do so turns love's stolen dream into a plain nightmare.

A portrait of old lady London, spicy and picaresque, is *THE VIRTUE OF THIS JEST*, by James Stuart Montgomery (Greenberg, \$2.50). It is like an extra act in *The Beggars' Opera* with an English version of Villon playing the lead, and it bristles with bad language which an-



Woodcut by Frans Maserel, courtesy of Weyhe Gallery

tiquity makes fit to print. Also it is a veritable compendium — if not a pandemonium — of low life in eighteenth century London, with its street cries and ribald songs and all its fifty-seven varieties of rascality. We may resent a little the "tongue-in-cheek" attitude of the writer, who stands off occasionally and rejoices in his own quaintness, and sometimes he seems to strain a little to be naughty and funny in the same breath, but it's better reading than *Peregrine Pickle*, anyhow.

The war is still breeding books, but in *OVERSHADOWED*, by Eugene Löhrke (Cape and Smith, \$2.50), the war is blamed for a tragedy which was really none of its business. This is psychoanalysis of a miserable youngster, the victim of mother love without the saving grace of mother wit. His adoring parent raises him to be a poet, a sensitive soul, a young Galahad and a

knight-errant, and he goes to war at last because the Germans have broken the stained glass windows in Rheims Cathedral. When he gets there he never for a moment knows what it is all about, except that he doesn't like it. Particularly he doesn't care for his colonel, who is darkly hinted to be a monster though nothing particularly proves it. The boy goes tragically to pieces, but it is a safe probability that he would have done the same in the brokerage business or politics or on the Atlantic City boardwalk. The author seems sometimes to think him a true genius destroyed by a callous world, sometimes a martyr for idealism, and sometimes he seems no more than sorry for him as a plain poor fish. That's what he is.

SUCCESSFUL SEQUELS

THERE IS MORE than one story to a full-sized family, as witness the Forsytes. *WHITEOAKS OF JALNA*, by Mazo de la Roche (Little Brown, \$2.50), is a second story of the fearful and wonderful family introduced to us by a prize-winning novel of last year. The center of the stage goes this time to young Finch, who muddles his way out of the callow condition of unripe genius to inherit the fortune of his rock-ribbed grandmother, the central figure of this tight-knit tribe. In this volume she dies, at the admirable age of 103, but there are still unfinished stories left around the house. Finch is an appealing study in adolescence, even though his affairs are rather obviously manipulated to bring all the former performers on the stage again. As a sequel novel this is unexpectedly successful, and the Whiteoaks are just as irritating and interesting as ever.

The rich flavor and veracity of *The Happy Mountain* are restored again in *HOMEPLACE*, by Maristan Chapman (Viking, \$2.50). You remember Waitstill-on-the-Lord Lowe, who had restless feet and took a long journey to find out that he was well off at home. In this book his friend, Fayre Jones, goes seeking a homestead, not far afield but in the land where his character has its roots, where he may take as bride the sister of Wait's

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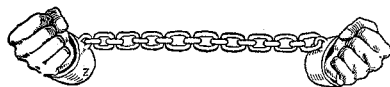
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Books

wife. He does not so much seek a home place as want it, and it is chiefly circumstantial necessity which gets it for him at last. The story is as slight in itself as was its predecessor, but it is equally satisfying in the honesty of its sentiment and the colorful idiom of its mountain talk.

A pleasant romance and vivid study in American history is *EARLY CANDLELIGHT*, by Maud Hart Lovelace (John Day, \$2.50). The period is 1830-40, a decade so far neglected by novelists, and the scene is the junction of the Mississippi and Minnesota rivers where stood and still stands Fort Snelling. Within the fort's limestone walls a handful of officers and their ladies maintain a gay social life in the midst of a wilderness, while on the outside the French-Canadian squatters, the eternally antagonistic Chippewa and Sioux, and the swashbuckling *voyageurs* mingle on the frontiers of the new world. Evidence of careful study of the times and a real gift for colorful writing give the book value and interest beyond its amiable little story.

There is also no more than a small story in the genteel muckraking in high society that comprises *SACRIFICE*, by Owen Johnson (Longmans, Green, \$2.00). A man and his wife are mutually decided upon divorce, and arrange it with the sense and sensibility which are supposed to characterize thoroughly civilized behavior. Later, for the sake of their charming children, they give up the idea. The story is overdressed — all its people and settings and conversations are spun out of inexhaustible bank accounts — and its crises are principally the devil's mischief-making for idle hands. But the participants in the parlor drama are almost as attractive as their wardrobes and quite as carefully tailored.

STORMY LIVES

SOMETIMES we suspect that the French Revolution was arranged principally to provide an inexhaustible source of biographical material for the twentieth century. There is a new book about Mirabeau — *THE STORMY LIFE OF MIRABEAU*, by Henry de Jouvenal (Houghton, Mifflin, \$3.50) — to join the company of all those recent books which attempt to translate the Revolution to the taste of the times. Stress is laid, as the title indicates, upon the tempestuous qualities in the personality and career of the eloquent demagogue, and it is written with dramatic vigor and a certain charm. The biographer has put behind him the temptation to psychoanalyze his victim and contents himself with a tale well told.

The life of Louis XI, by Pierre Champion (Dodd, Mead, \$5.00), is an exceptional book in its company because it is thoroughly lucid where most French

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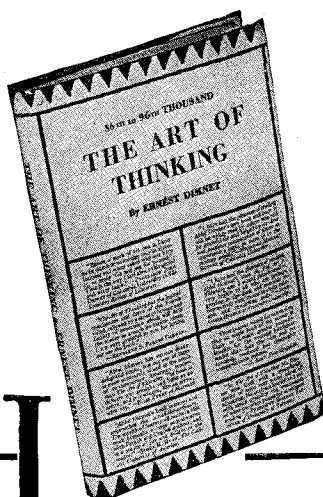
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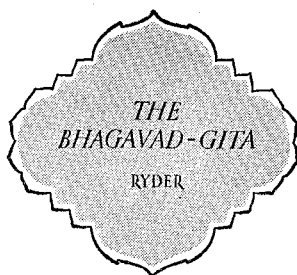
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1 1 1

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biographies leave the average American reader gasping for breath and an encyclopædia. Louis XI is recognized as the constructive genius of France, but considering his general reputation, one has been disposed to wonder how he did it. A preliminary chapter in the present volume disposes neatly of many discreditable opinions and estimates of the King and clears the way for a calm and sensible survey of his life and work. His genius looms out of these pages — a genius for work, for manipulating other men, and for seeing beyond the obvious. He visioned France in a fashion beyond the capacity of his friends and enemies and was thereby big enough to beat them both in the subtle games of statecraft.

Ralph Rashleigh was an outlaw or half a dozen outlaws, as the case may be, and if you don't believe it you should read his memoirs in *ADVENTURES OF AN OUTLAW* (Cape and Smith, \$3.50). Publishers' claims and historical comparisons attest its authenticity as a century-old document, frankly rewritten for to-day. It is a story of fact, though not necessarily of any one victim of England's former method of dealing with criminals. Ralph was not by nature much of a criminal, but the system did what it could to make him one. He was sent by convict ship to penal servitude in Australia where he survived a series of hideous tortures and had a score of hairbreadth escapes from a death which must have seemed comparatively desirable.

Though this is a horrible and dreadful tale it is a readable one. Those who have not learned to blush for a healthy taste for "penny dreadfuls" will sit up nights to finish it.

IN SILK STOCKINGS

THE HEROINE OF PRIVATE SECRETARY, by Alan Brener Schultz (Simon and Shuster, \$2.50), has sisters under the skin all around Forty-second Street and Fifth Avenue. Some are like her, and a great many more would like very much to be like her. For there are three men as strings to her bow — her distinguished and hard-boiled boss who proposes to her, a young literary gent who takes her week-ending, and the stolid, reliable, and ostentatiously worthy young fellow into whose protecting arms she falls at last. All the silk-clad subway sardines must envy her every moment of her business triumphs and emotional experiences, even though she doesn't always enjoy them. Calm consideration, however, urges the question as to whether a girl so singularly competent around the office could be quite so careless or so much at sea in her private affairs. Perhaps the author is right, and frail and foolish hearts do indeed throb behind the lipstick and high polish of these hard-boiled virgins.



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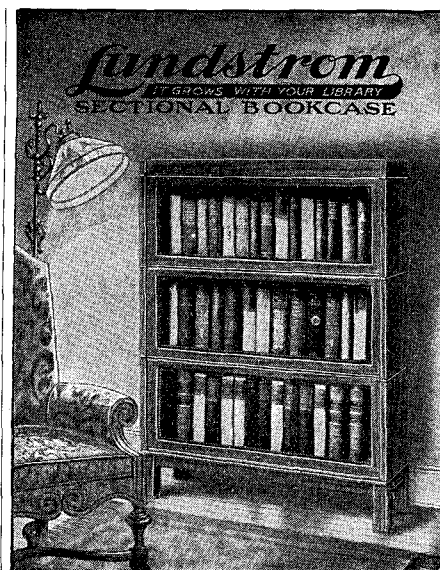
A series of short stories which mostly concern these modern maidens is contained in **NIGHT CLUB**, by Katherine Brush (Minton, Balch, \$2.00). There is a collegiate tang to some of them and a deliberate note of irony in others, but thereby variety gives continued spice to the collection. Some are no more than sketches of life in New York or some place like it; others have matter in them to tempt a writer of less scrupulous restraint to make a novel of them. The last story, which gives its name to the collection, reveals where the author finds her stories. The attendant in the ladies' room at a night club hears a dozen scraps of conversation, each eloquent of a miniature drama of tragedy and comedy. But she finds it all very dull and uninteresting, and welcomes at last the interval during which she can read her fill in a magazine of true romances and candid confessions. Miss Brush, however, probably meets a dozen variations on the human comedy every time she walks down the street and of some of them she has made these stories.

There are some naughty tales in **THE EVANGELICAL COCKROACH**, by Jack Woodford (Carrier, \$2.50). Their author loudly asserts that these are all excellent stories but that publishers have not had sufficient nerve to publish them, since they deal with topics taboo in polite journalism. In some cases he is undoubtedly right, but in others the stories are not so much tough as underdone. There is a sting, however, to many of them and an astonishing variety throughout—the variety of a newspaper reporter's fragrant experiences and observations.

FOOD FOR SKEPTICS

IT IS SAID that thirty years of study have gone into **THE STORY OF RELIGIOUS CONTROVERSY**, by Joseph McCabe (Stratford, \$5.00). If this is so, the gentleman has not been concentrating. This bulky book contains not much that is new, though most of the available evidence as to what is wrong with religion and those who profess it is here marshalled for a frontal attack on all faith, hope, and charity.

But despite its pretensions to dismiss all religious belief as stupidity and all religious practice as cruelty, injustice, and criminal restraint on progress, there is not a completely convincing chapter in the book—unless, indeed, you are looking not for conviction but for confirmation of an adopted philosophy. Nor is there any successful analysis of the present condition of society or its probable future, but instead, a gratuitous assumption that built-in bathtubs are signs of spiritual emancipation and that science will somehow turn out to be the savior of the world.



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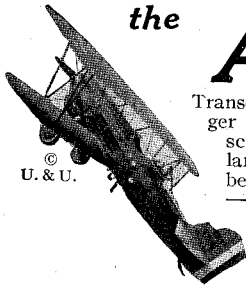
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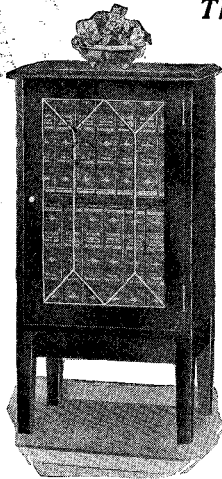
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OPINIONS about BOOKS



JOHN GULL

They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus.—KEATS

Departed Virtue

THEY STOOPED TO FOLLY, by Ellen Glasgow; Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50.
Reviewed by HERBERT GORMAN.

HOW OFTEN is it a fact that the American novel one is reading becomes suspect because of a sensed incompleteness behind it? Some quality necessary to the book is lacking, is dispiritedly thin, or is indifferently projected. Or else gross flaws of craftsmanship make themselves all too evident, or a lumbering style distorts an otherwise excellent edifice just as the stone-cleaner's wooden scaffold makes a church steeple ridiculous. Thus the indubitable strength and dogged integrity of Theodore Dreiser are obscured by an ungainly prose, or, to go back in literary history a little, the suavely fashioned novels of William Dean Howells are rendered anemic by the gentlemanly reticence of the author. Perhaps this incompleteness, this lack of *wholeness* in talent is the fault of our cultural background. It is a subject that would require an essay in itself.

There are exceptions, of course. And the one immediately at hand is Miss Ellen Glasgow's *They Stooped to Folly*. It is not completely free from this American one-sidedness, but it is so free in comparison to the bulk of books that it calls for sharp attention. Here is a novel that is excellently constructed, that is filled with admirable characterizations, and that is composed in a charming and witty prose. There is a sense of richness behind it, more than a hint of reservoirs of strength, and, above all, an abundant and worldly-wise intelligence that is not hampered by inhibitions, social weaknesses, or "the thousand natural shocks" that Americans (especially Americans below the Mason and Dixon line) are heir to. Miss Glasgow concerns herself with three fallen women — Aunt Agatha, who sinned in

the Victorian days and spent the rest of her life in a third-floor rear bedroom earnestly repenting. Mrs. Dalrymple, whose fall from grace changed her from a provincial widow to a sharp-eyed and sophisticated manipulator of the emotions of men, and Milly Burden, who sinned for love in this modern period of graceless time when one's personal sins become one's personal affairs.

No better picture of the changing morals and the shifted attitude of generations toward morals in the South can be found than in *They Stooped to Folly*. Miss Glasgow unmistakably carries a brief for the modern attitude although she is far too good a craftsman to force it upon the reader. It is through a series of admirably contrasted characterizations, of generations in juxtaposition, of periods that somehow overlap in this Southern town where the old has not quite given way to the new, that the author makes her points clear. All three women

either are seen through the eyes and mind of, or become pertinent to, the attitude of Virginius Littlepage, the middle-aged lawyer who holds the center of the stage throughout the book.

Virginius is one of the most satisfying portrayals I have had the pleasure of encountering in a long time and the schematic conception that put him in the very center of the narrative was an inspiration. Born and brought up in the old tradition, he is yet intelligent enough to feel himself moved and shaken by the new. He would seem to stand (somewhat uncomfortably, to be sure) between two traditions, his sympathies constantly flowing one way and his principles another. The theme circles him, then, like the periphery of a wheel. It is a glittering wheel which flings off an unending series of epigrams and astute comments on the peculiar divagations of the human animal.



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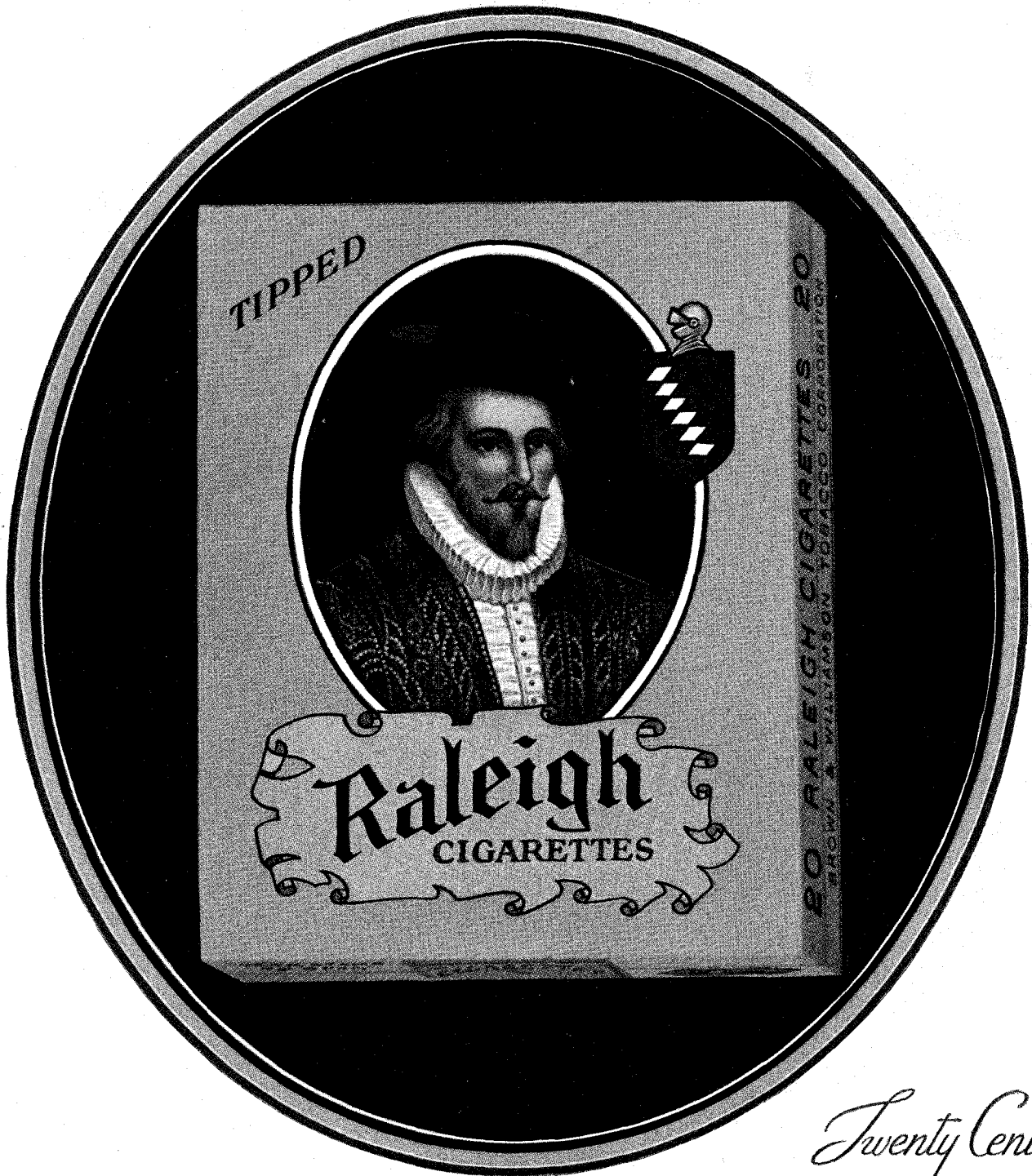
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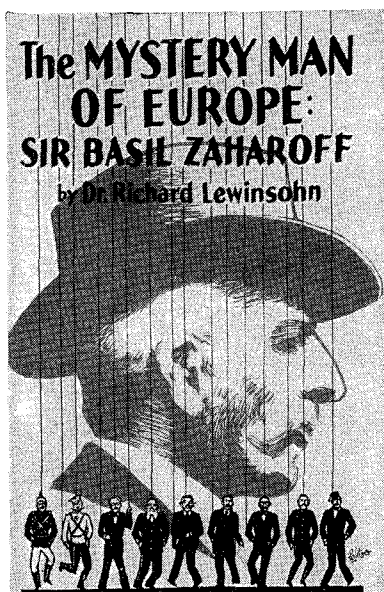
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Books

The three women stretched upon this wheel do not loom so large, it seems to me, as Virginius. Milly is large enough; her personality is endowed with the fire of action; she is, after all, the real motivating force of the book. But Aunt Agatha is static. Her tragedy was over long ago and she becomes no more than a rather drab contrast to the other women. She is the background for Milly, the dead shadow of Victorian self-immolation. Mrs. Dalrymple glows with a brighter color. She is responsible for the troubling of the waters in the depths of the mind of Virginius Littlepage. If she seems a little like an eighteen-ninety Scarlet Lady, Miss Glasgow must be forgiven the slight effect of caricature. After all, that is exactly what eighteen-ninety society made of them — caricatures.

The irony of Miss Glasgow's book is never obvious but it is always present, an integral part of the texture of the prose. Indeed, this wise and disciplined wit, this sophisticated comprehension of the absurdities of the social scene, this unmalicious pricking of the ridiculous bubbles of hypocrisy, become at times more European than American. Perhaps this is less the fault of American writers than the supreme virtue of the Europeans. There are moments in *They Stooped to Folly* when I cannot bring myself to believe that mortal Americans could possibly carry on such witty and wise conversations, could indulge in such apt repartee with so much sound sense behind the beautifully-turned phrases. But here again I may be at fault. It may be my bad fortune to have missed such mellowed and balanced people. Marmaduke Littlepage, for instance, would be worth traveling miles to see and hear. But however pleasing the wit and wisdom of the book, there is another quality that looms as more impressive — and that is its "knit" quality. I mean the sense of completion, of wholeness, of roundedness. It is a richness of the mind only that can provide so excellent a piece of craftsmanship.

Milton or Wordsworth?

THE CYCLE OF MODERN POETRY, by G. R. Elliott; Princeton University Press, \$2.50.

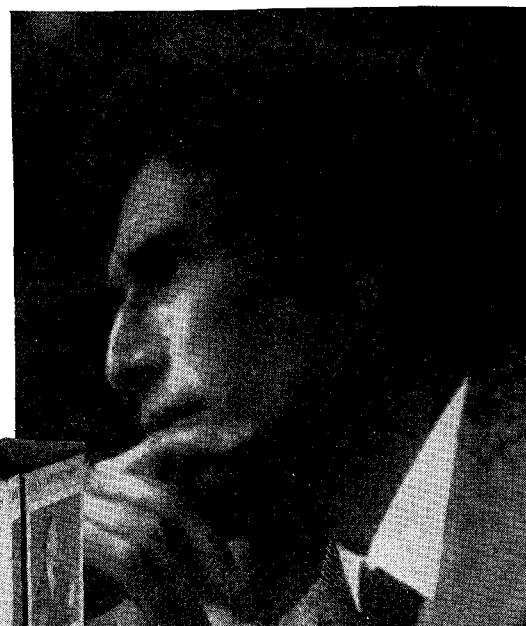
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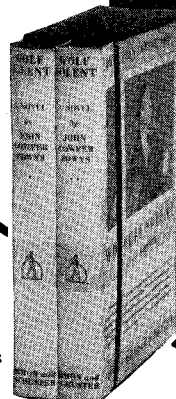
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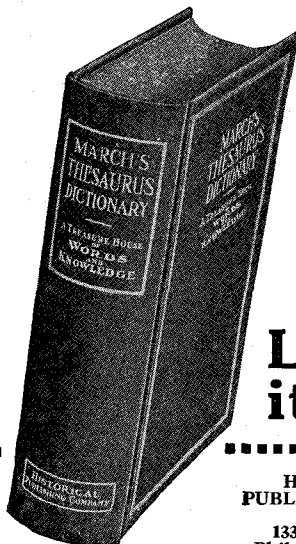
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poet and critic he tends in general to underestimate, that the "critical perception of poetic truth is of all things the most volatile, elusive, and evanescent." In his pursuit of this elusive truth, Professor Elliott is extremely subtle, so subtle indeed that occasionally he himself becomes elusive. At the same time his style is vividly metaphorical. The danger of a vividly metaphorical style in combination with subtlety of thought is *préciosité* and mannerism. One feels in places that Professor Elliott would have gained by a simpler and more straightforward expression.

One should hasten to add that the long concluding chapter on "Milton and the Present State of Poetry" (about one-third of the book) is subtle without being elusive. This chapter not only surpasses Professor Elliott's previous achievement but easily takes its place as one of the most notable critical essays that have been written in recent years in English. He here develops convincingly the assertion in his Introduction that poetry "is still caught in the dying orbit of the nineteenth century mind and art." It needs to take a new direction; above all to recover the human and dramatic quality of imagination. This quality of imagination rests on a recognition of the contrast in man between "the power of appetite and the power of control, the power that is shaped and the power that shapes — the dust and the deity."

The sense of this "vital and mysterious doubleness of human nature" was weakened from the very beginning of the modern poetical movement by Wordsworth's pantheistic myth of a "spirit" that "rolls through all things." Poets need to get back from the byway into which Wordsworth has led them to the highway; practically this means they need to get back to Milton, who was himself heir to what was best in the Renaissance. Professor Elliott makes a penetrating comparison of the dramatic opposition between the higher and the lower nature of man as it appears in *Macbeth* and *Paradise Lost* and concludes: "Our poetry cannot traverse anew the great zones of the religious and moral imagination, outside of which she is now becalmed and starving, until Milton, instead of being neglected and taken piece-meal, is fully accepted as a living classic and as our chief guide."

Professor Elliott does not, as one might perhaps infer from what has just been said, confuse poetry with philosophy or ethics. On the contrary, he insists repeatedly that poetry has its separate domain, a life that is peculiarly its own. At the same time it cannot exist in a vacuum. Poetry written from a naturalistic point of view will differ not merely in degree but in kind from poetry that is in its underlying assumptions, humanistic.



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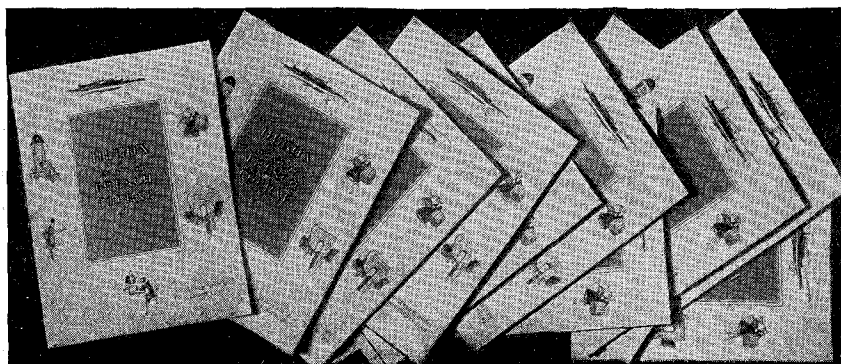
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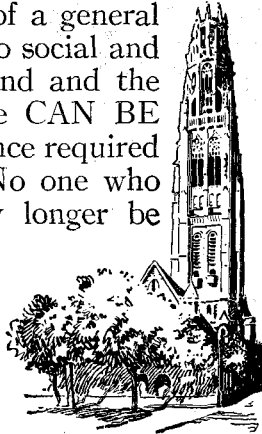


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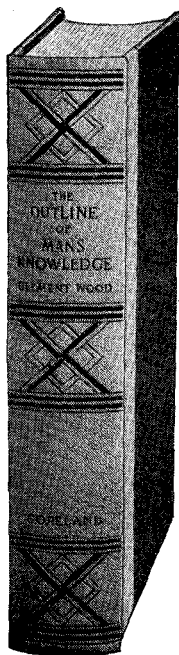
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Books

or religious. The philosophical issue raised by Professor Elliott cannot therefore be dismissed as irrelevant. One difficulty, indeed, he does not seem to have faced squarely. Granted that the human imagination is controlled by "myths" (in the good sense of the word) and that the poetical imagination has been unduly dominated by the pantheistic myth of Wordsworth, it yet remains true that the myth through which Milton conveyed the truths of dualism has lost its hold on the imagination of many persons, perhaps most persons, to-day. Some would even agree with Scherer that "if *Paradise Lost* still lives, it is in spite of its subject." A main aspect of the "tragedy" of Keats, as Professor Elliott portrays it, is that he deemed Wordsworth a sounder poetical guide than Milton. Keats was surely wrong in this preference, but he was no less surely right in thinking that much in Milton's Protestantism had become obsolete. Fortunately, one may be aided by Milton to escape from "the spent naturalism of the past century" and to rise to the humanistic or religious level, even if one is very far from being in accord with his theology.

A chief obstacle to any rebirth of poetry at the present time is, according to Professor Elliott, a false religion — humanitarianism. The poetic imagination "must," he says, "get rid of the dragging humanitarian superstition: the belief that human solidarity can be founded on emotional sympathy and material coöperation; that self-interest, with the aid of scientific magic, can be worked up into smooth mortar for Babel. This towering ruinous conceit must be left behind." He contrasts Whitman's declaration at the close of our Civil War: "Be not disheartened, affection shall solve the problems of freedom yet," with what Milton wrote at the close of the English Civil War: "Instead of fretting with vexation, or thinking that you can lay the blame on anyone but yourselves, know that to be free is the same thing as to be pious, to be wise, to be temperate and just, to be frugal and abstinent, and lastly, to be magnanimous and brave." "The first passage," Professor Elliott comments, "is the theme of nineteenth century poetry: its social unreality is now glaring; it is a worn-out imagining. The second passage speaks to us, in our post-war era, like the voice of destiny close to our ear." It is to be feared that the "us" refers to a comparatively small group. Humanitarianism in the form of the gospel of service still holds sway, especially in America. The members of our Rotary Clubs are hardly prepared to admit as yet that they are, in Professor Elliott's phrase, only "shipwrecked humanitarians treading water."

I have said enough to make clear that

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Changed Zero Rating Into Big Success

He stood in front of a bank in a southern town, when we first met him—about as discouraged as a human being could be.

For one month—after giving up a routine position in a bank—he had been trying to sell life insurance. Standing there in the rain, he was now trying to summon enough courage to ask for his old job back again!

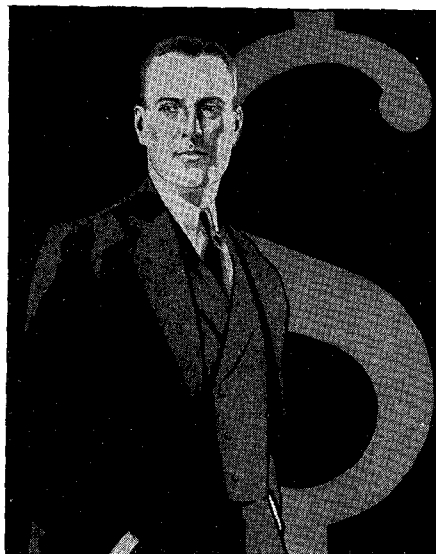
"I can't talk with you about enrolling with LaSalle," said he; "I couldn't pay for the training if I took it."

Nevertheless, he *did* talk with us—on our promise not to enroll him at that time, even if he asked us to. And later, of his own accord, he sent in his enrollment.

Result? Today—only six years later—he is area supervisor for a great insurance company—his territory an entire state. He has increased his income approximately 500 per cent—and in a recent letter he adds this: "Much of my success I attribute to the principles of salesmanship so ably presented by LaSalle Extension University."

He Turned a Laugh Into Envy

They laughed at him when he enrolled for training in Higher Accountancy—the other boys in the Indiana



drug store where he was a prescription clerk. They kept on laughing as he studied that summer—they enjoyed themselves evenings while he worked.

But they didn't laugh ten months later, for at that time he secured a bookkeeping position at a salary bigger than either he or they had ever received—nor did they laugh when he got his C. P. A. degree three years later and went on to open his own accounting office and earn five or six times what he had earned as a drug clerk.

Recently he wrote, "My nine years as a member of LaSalle have seen steady progress in my career. LaSalle training and service have been largely responsible."

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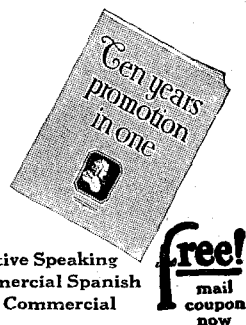
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Books

Professor Elliott's book is not likely to leave the reader neutral, that it is of a kind to elicit warm approval or equally sharp dissent. The Wordsworthians in particular are strongly entrenched in American academic circles and it will be surprising indeed if Professor Elliott does not hear from them.

Anarchy or Peace?

THE ORDEAL OF THIS GENERATION, by Gilbert Murray; Harper, \$3.00.

Reviewed by HIRAM MOTHERWELL.

AN ORDEAL is not merely an unpleasant experience. It is a test of guilt or innocence. The crime of which, in Professor Murray's view, this generation must prove itself guilty or innocent is that of international anarchy.

The thesis is a familiar one. In their relations to one another, the nations to-day stand very much where individuals stood in an early stage of barbarism. That is to say, there is no recognized law to which all acknowledge themselves bound to conform; there is no court which is recognized as competent to render final decision under that law; and there is no police body to enforce the decisions of such a court. Hence, the individual (in this case the nation) will in the last analysis settle his disputes by force.

Perhaps it is too much to say that international society is in a stage of early barbarism. Some prefer to think that it is in the "duelling stage," in which, although courts and laws exist, society considers them incompetent to decide certain cases touching honor and vital interest. In either case, despite the League of Nations, The World Court, and formal renunciation of war by the Kellogg Pact, the nations of the world are still preparing to settle their more serious potential quarrels by resort to arms.

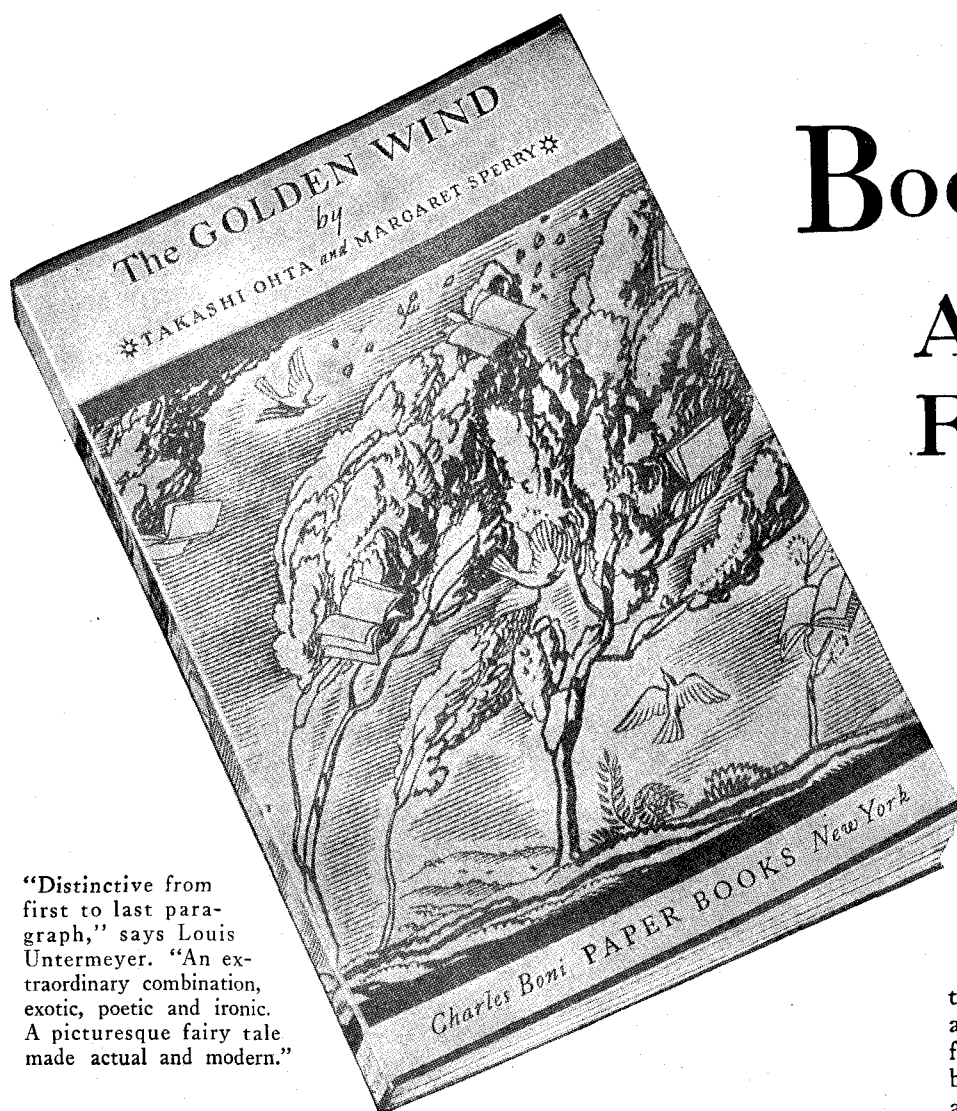
And they will continue to do so (here is the nub of the argument) until they are willing to submit their major quarrels to the decision of a court, fully prepared to accept an adverse decision without resisting. That is a great deal to ask of any nation, for it is to ask a surrender of the most cherished attribute of nationalism, the attribute of sovereignty. Yet the precious dogma of national sovereignty, says the author, was "the seed of destruction" in the otherwise brilliant nineteenth century.

With this idea as the germ of his thinking, Professor Murray studies and assesses the whole peace paraphernalia as it exists to-day. The man who once acclaimed the now somewhat discredited Lord Grey as the world's foremost peacemaker, and who later accepted the League of Nations as an almost certain guarantee of peace, is no longer under any illusions. He piti-

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"Two Months Ago My Friends Thought It Was a Joke—Now I Am the One Who Is Laughing."



"My friends laughed when I told them I was studying Speedwriting, but it has meant a better position and a 30% increase in salary to me!"

"JUST think — Brown is studying shorthand, and by correspondence, too! Can you beat it?"

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Books

lessly analyzes the failures and evasions of the League, and points out the "extremely large hole" in the Kellogg Peace Pact — the interpretation which makes each nation the judge of its own actions. But he resolutely insists that this generation can secure its salvation if it can compass a revolution in its political thought similar to that which surrendered the sovereignty of the feudal group to the nation-state of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

Such books as this will always have a different quality for the American than for the English reader. The American is likely to feel somewhat cold to this outpouring of combined pessimism and idealism. "Why so excited?" he is inclined to ask. "The end of the world is not coming to-morrow." But the intelligent Englishman cannot afford the luxury of this academic detachment toward the problem of world peace. For a score or so of miles across the English Channel are four thousand French airplanes which, as recent tests proved, could obliterate the city of London in half an hour. To the Englishman, the problem of how to sterilize the potential destructiveness of the world's airplanes, submarines, and poison gases is as immediate and desperate as is the problem of controlling an approaching flood to the resident on the banks of the Mississippi. The Channel no longer protects; militarily, England is no longer an island. That is one reason why English political thought, so well typified in this book, is so rapidly evolving from the insular to the international.

Behaviorism's Rival

GESTALT PSYCHOLOGY, by Dr. Wolfgang Köhler; Liveright, \$4.00.

Reviewed by V. F. CALVERTON.

A DYNAMIC psychology has risen into prominence in the last few years which augurs to replace behaviorism as a main trend. It is the Gestalt psychology of Wertheimer, Koffka, and Köhler. Gestaltism is a reaction against Behaviorism, and against the whole machine theory of behavior. In a sense, one might loosely say that it signifies the introduction of the relativity theory into psychological processes. Behavior, in the Gestalt system, is interpreted as dynamic instead of static, as complex instead of simple, as occurring in segregated wholes instead of in static segments. It endeavors to stress the multiple instead of specific nature of our reactions, and to interpret our responses in terms of the "total field" instead of its separate parts.

Köhler, in his *Gestalt Psychology*, has given us the clearest exposition and defense of the Gestalt theory that has been



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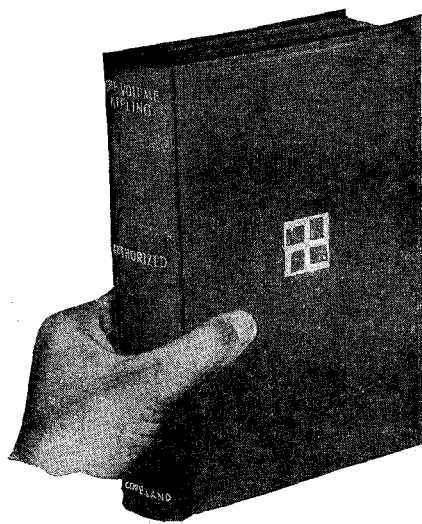
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made. The word *gestalt* literally means "form," or "shape," but is usually translated as "configuration." In reference to the theory, it means "segregated whole." The behaviorist deals with reaction in terms of specific or separate stimuli, whereas the gestaltist treats it in terms of a constellation of stimuli. The formula of reaction for the behaviorist is the simple, mechanistic one of stimulus-response; calculate your stimulus and you can determine your response. The gestaltist, on the other hand, envisioning a greater complexity in human behavior, has developed a different formula of reaction. For him reaction proceeds through the following arc: constellation of stimuli, organization, reaction to results of organization.

Now what is added here is very significant. To study any reaction, you must approach it in connection with its total environment. There is no such thing as a specific stimulus; there are only groups, or constellations, of stimuli. In many instances the fallacy in the behaviorist's theory of stimulus is immediately obvious. For example, to refer to a female bird as a "stimulus" for a male bird is, as Köhler states, "equivalent to completely closing one's eyes to the problem of gestalt and organization." Put in the simple fashion of an illustration, we can elucidate it in this way. You hear Massenet's *Elegy* for the first time at eighteen, and respond to it with great enthusiasm. If during the next five years you hear it many times its beauty may very easily be lost upon you. While the same piece is played before you that you first heard at eighteen, the same stimulus is involved although the response is different. We cannot interpret such a situation, then, in terms of a simple stimulus-response formula, but must consider it as part of a total situation in which the response varies according to the "organization" of the individual.

Thus you must introduce here another element in the reaction problem, that of "organization." This is a further removal, as can easily be seen, from the mechanistic hypothesis, because now the nature of the individual can no longer be expressed in the form of a straight line but only in the shape of curves and even zig-zag lines of response. In the problem of sensory organization a very striking contribution has been made by the gestaltists. The introspectionists had once shown the discrepancy between reality and the way our senses apprehend it. Things are not in reality as we actually see them. When we are ten yards away from a moving object, for example, retinal speed is one-half of what it is when we are five yards removed, and yet there is no appreciable difference in speed that we can actually detect.

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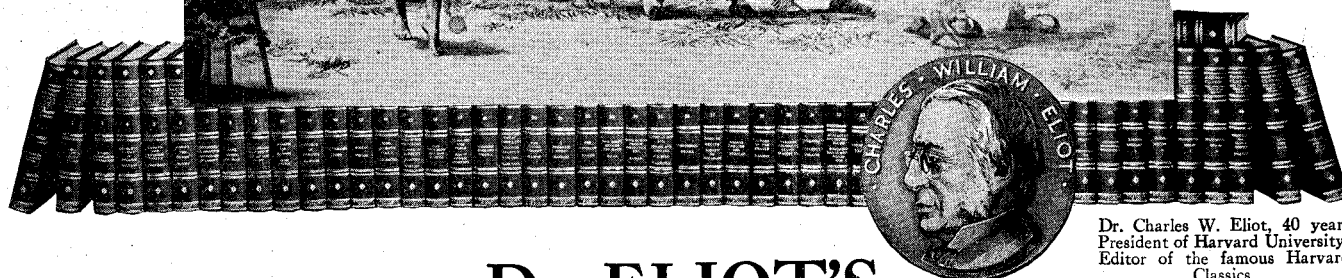
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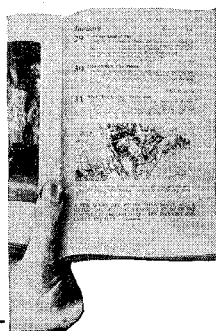
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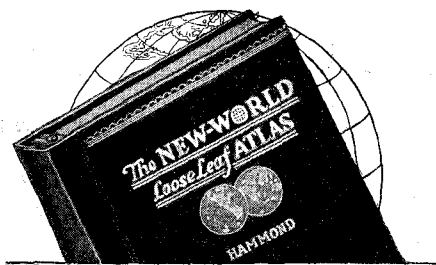
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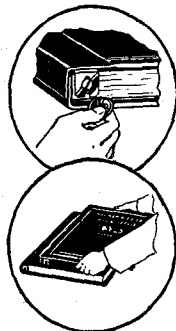
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than allude to in this review. What he finally shows, however, is what we have to consider here. It is because "organization in a sensory field . . . originates as a characteristic achievement of the nervous system," that we are able to see things as we do. We see things in segregated wholes, because "the segregation of wholes occurs in the nervous system." Waves of light reveal no organization, and that is all we can see; the retina itself, which is a surface of indifferently related spots, betrays no organizational scheme of its own; it is only the nervous system that can give organization to the material, create the sense of "belonging together," and bring about the aspect of "segregated wholes."

In the theory of dynamic distribution and interaction, we note another advance in the Gestalt method. While processes may seem separate, in reality they are not so. They are interlinked, and each has an influence upon the other. There is a dynamic connection between them all. A drop of water in a pipe will move differently from that same drop of water mingled in a large volume of water in the same pipe. Force enters and presses upon it from all sides. Its destiny will be determined by the dynamic interaction of the rest of the water. It is these inner stresses, these dynamic inner-connections, that are most active in the body and make any attempt to deal with it, aside from its "functional wholes," entirely hopeless. It is all very well to make an anatomical study of the heart, and discuss it as a separate organ, but, when all is said, we must remember, as Köhler has stated, that "in operation, a heart has much more to do with a lung than another heart." It is upon this dynamic context or relationship that Gestalt psychology throws a large part of its emphasis.

On the whole, from an objective point of view, it is very difficult to quarrel with the wisdom of the Gestalt method. It will be in consequence of its results later on, or perhaps lack of them, that it will ultimately rise or fall as a system. So far it has only begun its labors from an experimental point of view. What it has done already with vision, as we have seen, is very significant indeed. Nevertheless, the more intricate and extensive confirmation of certain of its underlying theories will have to wait for future investigations for their proof. As an inclusive hypothesis, there can be no question about its superiority to Behaviorism. The only danger is that, in the last analysis, it may find its hypothesis too inclusive. It is much more important to study a thing in terms of segregated wholes than of specific parts, but the question is whether one can deal satisfactorily with such "wholes" when one gets beyond the comparatively simpler phenomena of sensory organization and reproduction.



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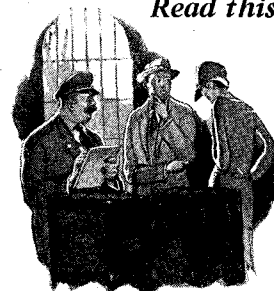
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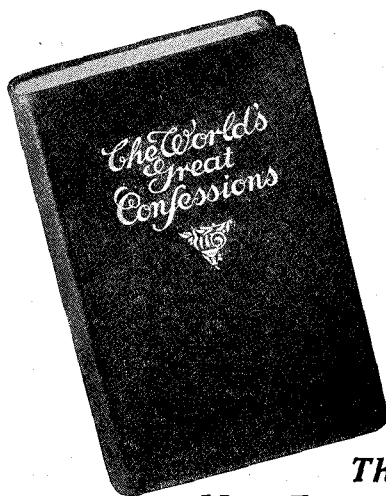
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Pages From My Journal

by SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN

THE FACT that a man is proud of his merits makes him no less meritorious. It only makes him rather unattractive. Nor does the sinner who confesses his sin automatically cease to be a sinner. He is merely, in his humility, bearable.

THE HOMAGE virtue pays to vice may go unacclaimed, but it is almost universal. The average reputable person reads his "sordid cases" and "horrible crimes" with a distaste that is merely simulated. If sin were not popular, the papers would ring with accounts of virtuous deeds instead of with accounts of vicious deeds. The preacher cannot fill his church until he talks heartily about sin. It must be that we are all sinners by nature and indulge ourselves thus vicariously. Nevertheless, after a time, a monotony of evil makes us yawn almost as widely as a monotony of good.

THERE IS not much difference in the contemplation of one death or a hundred thousand deaths. On the one hand, when the individual ends, the whole corporeal universe, as far as he is concerned, ends too. On the other hand, since no man can suffer more than it is possible for a man to suffer, the total of suffering is only one man's suffering.

IN THE END, where is the difference between aristocracy and democracy? This: that whereas among the aristocrats there are only a few to follow one man, among the democrats there are many to follow one man.

LOTS OF serious matters must seem amusing to the gods above. It is not contemptible to be a snob. It is merely human. If a man feels himself inferior, why should he submit to his shame? If he feels himself superior, why abandon his advantage? The inferior climbs. Clinging to sharp and rocky projections, his feet slipping, his hands tearing, his heart

straining, he climbs. The superior leans down. He hates the red and sweating face, the yearning eyes, the lacerated, dirty hands. He hates to abandon his cool advantage, he hates the thought of the sticky proximity. He takes his little switch, gives the clinging hands a tap and turns away. . . . The gods laugh because they are not human.

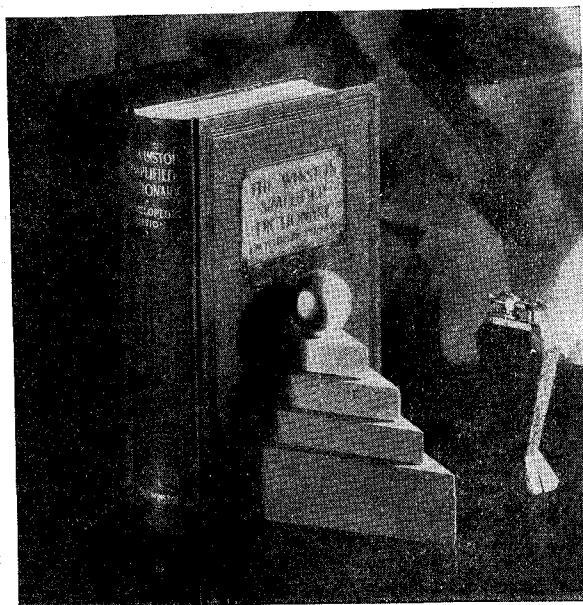
IT IS NOT that women — except in respect of possible parentage — become old sooner than men. They maintain the zest for life longer; they actually live longer. But as they have always been kept by men, and still are when they get married, and as men naturally prefer to keep young women rather than old, it is more important for women to be young than for men. If every woman were a Catherine the Great of Russia it would be more important for men to be young than for women. How terrible is life, any life: what grows must die, but the vomit of a volcano may remain forever.

THERE IS something disgusting about the comfortable man who is an optimist. What right has he to be satisfied with the world because he himself is fortunate? If only out of decent feeling and politeness — to express his sympathy with others, and to cheer them up with the dark suggestion that all is not right with him either — he ought to be a pessimist.

SUDDENLY the day comes when we look back and piece our lives together into a story: the time we found ourselves imperceptibly urged into this career or that; the meeting we had with such a person; the mistake we made here; the sorrow we suffered there; the inconsequent decisions that were not decisions at all, but merely a swinging to one side or the other until the final weary resting of the pendulum. . . . And the significant things that happened in an insignificant way. And the people who appeared and disappeared in an in-

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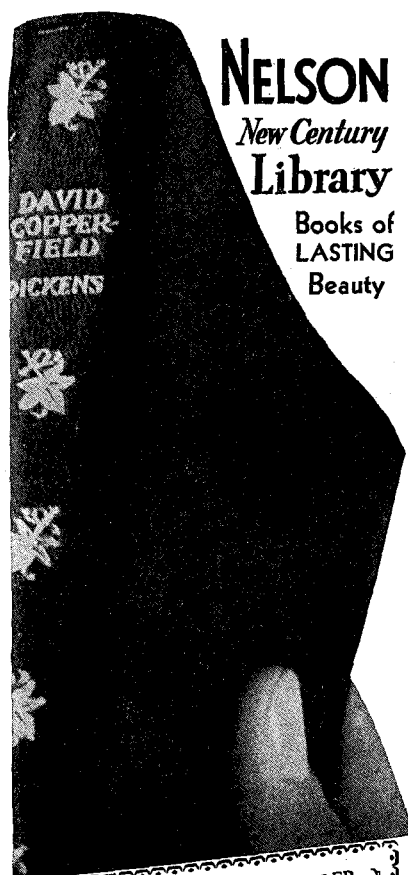
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consequential fashion. And the leading characters who received no limelight or heralding music. And the joys and the tragedies that brought no deep emotions. And the absurdities that insinuated themselves into favorable notice. And the awaited thrill that came not. . . . And this—we see it at last—this was *our* life. A story of a book, but not as we had plotted it, and in our living of it we did not recognize it as our own.

SOMETIMES a nation will say in excuse for its lack of achievement: "We are a young nation." As if it consisted of a number of babies, and not of beings born, like those of other nations, so many months after conception and dying so many years after birth, to whom the past of all the world is equally an inheritance and the present an open declaration.

HOW MANY people are aristocrats only because they came first!

MONEY MAY not be able to buy genius or even talent, but it can buy culture, and in that buying stir the deeper things. It may be contended that a good poem or a great deed outlasts money. But the sound comparison is not between dividends and divinities, between one man and another man. The sound thing to do is to consider the same man with money and without money. And the truth is that money improves him.

IS IT NOT the trouble with people married to geniuses that they are in the position of wagons hitched to stars—a sport of the gods? There they go, the star flashing along, and the poor, lumbering, earthly wagon creaking dismally after him, and they cannot tell who is to set the pace or who to choose the way.

THE WRITER who has the too conscious desire to yield himself up recklessly to paper, to conceal nothing—no, nothing—is not, as a rule, a savage glorying in his free nakedness: he is a highly civilized man taking his clothes off.

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THERE IS no such thing as standing still. Since one lives on a ball that moves, one must shuffle one's feet this way or that, lest one overbalance.

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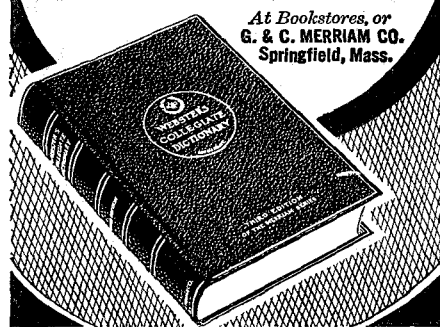
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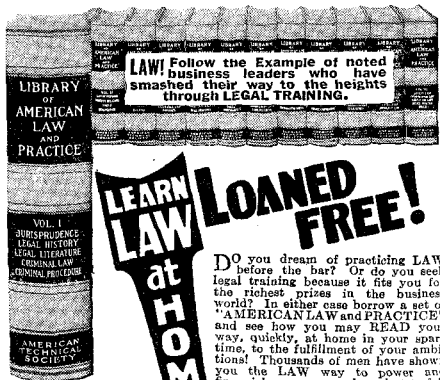
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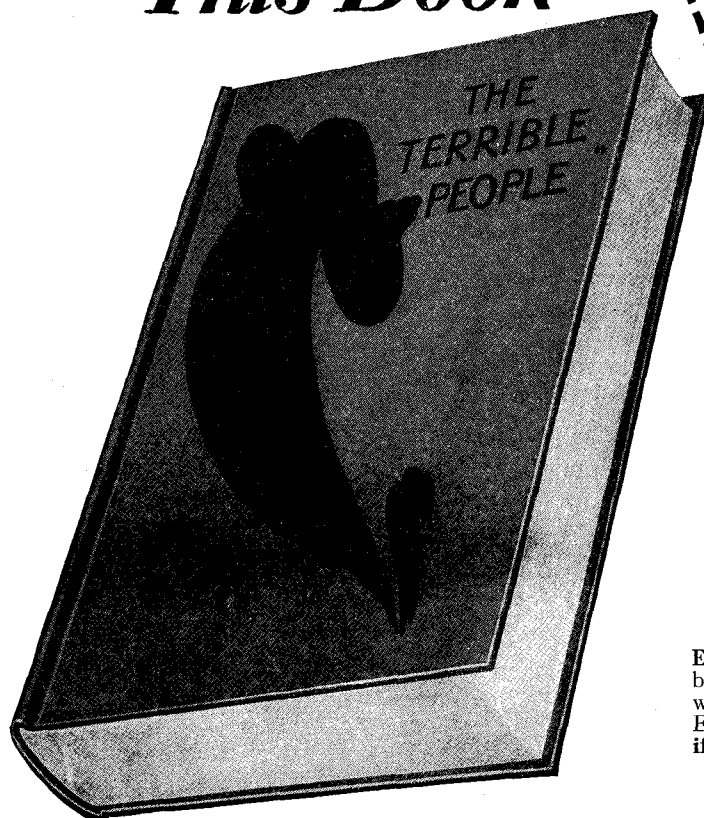
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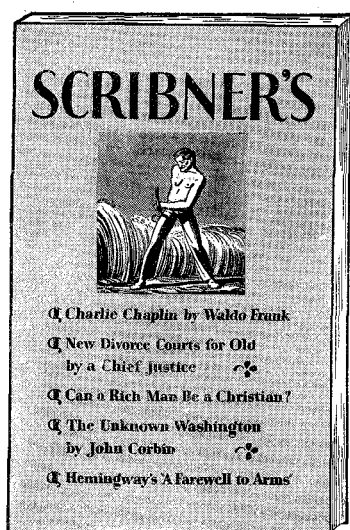


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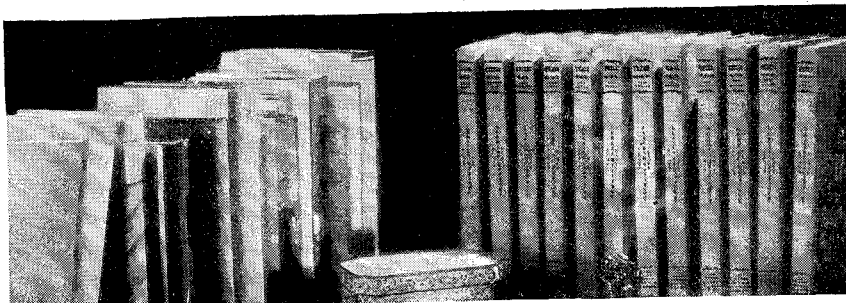
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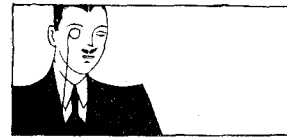
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THE present hour sees a great change taking place in business. Small businesses are being gathered together into great institutions. The position of Vice-President in charge of Production, or Sales or Finance, in one of these great institutions is a larger responsibility than the presidency of a small business used to be. There has come an increasing demand for an expansion of the Alexander Hamilton Institute's program to meet these changed conditions.

We now offer to business executives a four-fold service, incorporating the results of two years of work with leaders of business management and business education. From this four-fold service, executives may now choose any one of the following Courses, depending on their own particular business requirements:

1. The Complete Course and Service for General Executives
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We have prepared a special booklet describing the entire program, with particular reference to the new features. We should like to circulate this widely and to the following groups of men:

—*The heads of businesses* who recognize that the training of competent associates is their major problem.

—*Executives* interested especially in Marketing, Production and Finance, who want to concentrate their efforts along one of these branches of business.

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For convenience, a coupon is provided. We invite you to inform yourself on this great forward step in business education by mailing it at once.

FOR MEN

who want to become independent in the NEXT TEN YEARS

IN the Fall of 1939 two men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant.

"I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1929," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me*..."

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say. * * *

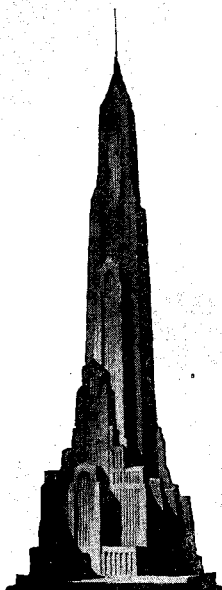
TODAY the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, the business men of the United States and Canada are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I've got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting



"Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before."

yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this—one class of men hope vaguely to be independent *someday*; the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 378,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

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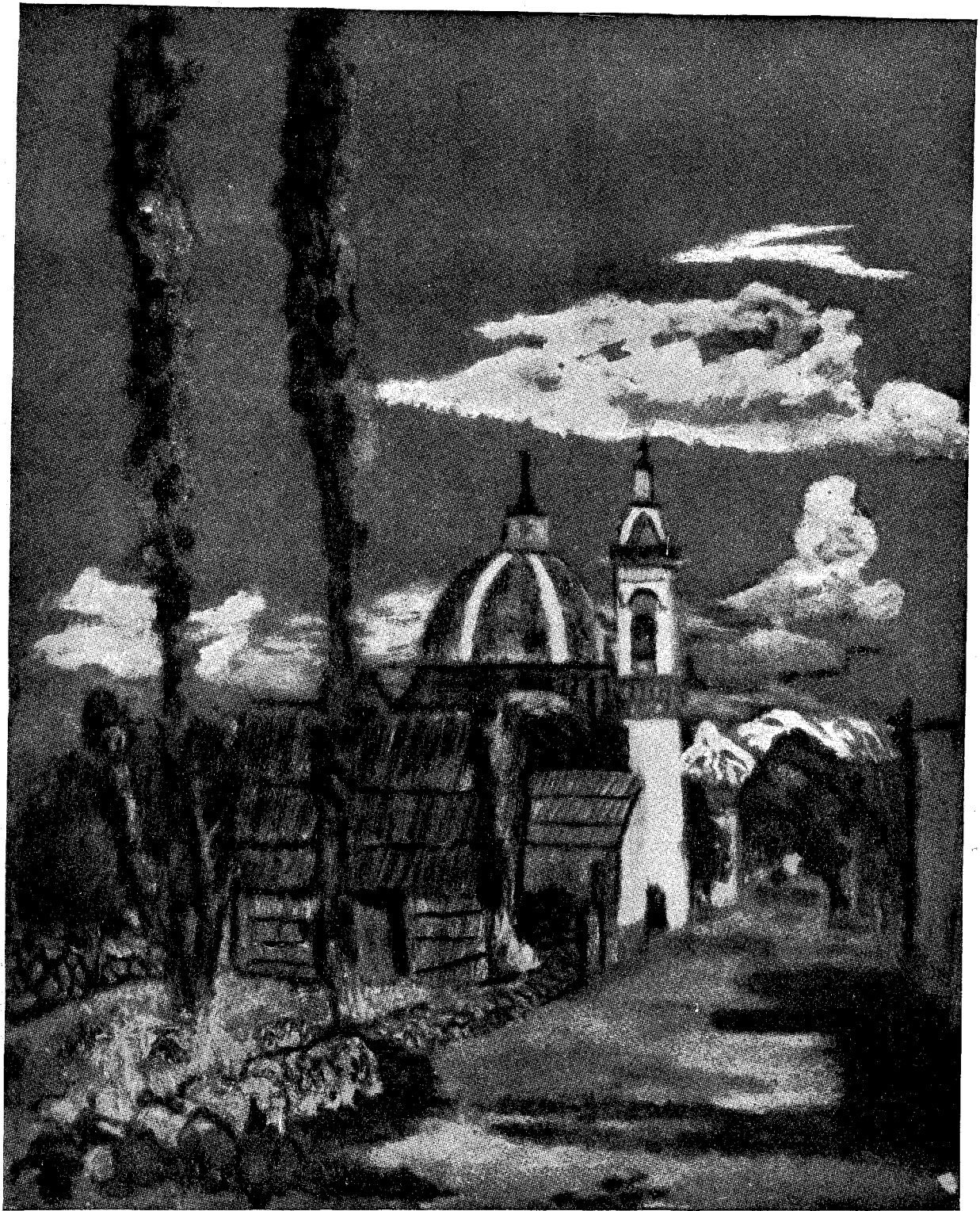
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A MEXICAN VILLAGE

THIS photograph of a painting by a Mexican Indian boy thirteen years old was chosen at random from a large collection of paintings by Indian children. They demonstrate that "back in the inner consciousness of the Indian is a love of beauty and a desire to express it, which servitude, exploitation, poverty, and miserable surroundings have never killed." (See "Aztecs of To-morrow," page 231.)



What I Believe

Living Philosophies—II

by **ROBERT ANDREWS MILLIKAN**

*Awarded the Nobel Prize in physics in 1923
for isolating and measuring the electron*

THERE ARE three ideas which seem to me to stand out above all others in the influence they have exerted and are destined to exert upon the development of the human race. They have appeared at widely separated epochs because they correspond to different stages in the growth of man's knowledge of himself and of his world. Each of these ideas can undoubtedly be traced back until its origins become lost in the dim mists of prehistoric times: for the sage and the prophet, the thinker and the dreamer, have probably existed since the days of the cave man, and the first has always seen, the second felt, truth to which his times were wholly unresponsive. But it is only *when the times are ripe* that an idea, which may have been adumbrated in individual minds millenniums earlier, begins to work its way into the consciousness of the race as a whole, and from that time on to exert a powerful influence upon the springs of human progress. In this sense these three ideas may be called discoveries, and times may be set at which they began to appear. The first of these, and the most important of the three, was the gift of religion to the race; the other two sprang from the

womb of science. They are the following —

1. The idea of the Golden Rule;
2. The idea of natural law;
3. The idea of age-long growth, or evolution.

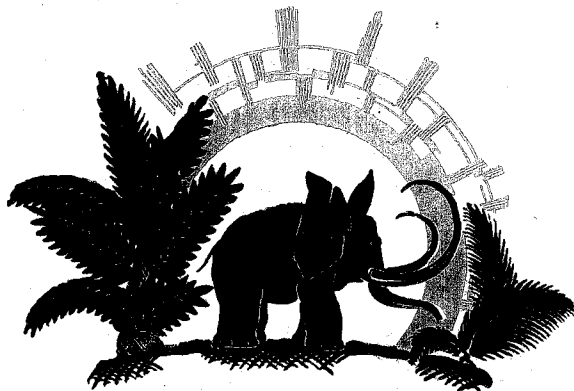
The first idea — namely, that one's own happiness, one's own most permanent satisfactions are to be found through trying to forget oneself and seeking, instead, the common good — is an altruistic ideal so contrary to the immediate promptings of the animal within us that it is not strange that it found little place in the thinking or acting of the ancient world, or, for that matter, in the acting of the modern world either, in spite of the professions of Christianity. There will be common consent, however, that the greatest, most consistent, most influential proponent of this idea who has ever lived was Jesus of Nazareth. Buddha, Confucius, Socrates, all had now and then given voice to it, but Jesus made it the sum and substance of his whole philosophy of life. When he said, "All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets," I take it that he meant by that last phrase that this precept epitomized in his mind

all that had been commanded and foretold — that it embodied the summation of duty and of aspiration.

Now, when the life and teachings of Jesus became the basis of the religion of the whole Western World, an event of stupendous importance for the destinies of mankind had certainly taken place, for a new set of ideals had been definitely and officially adopted by a very considerable fraction of the human race — a fraction which will be universally recognized to have held within it no small portion of the world's human energies and progressive capacities, and which has actually determined to no small degree the direction of human progress.

The significance of this event is completely independent even of the historicity of Jesus. The service of the Christian religion and my own faith in essential Christianity would not be diminished one iota if it should in some way be discovered that no such individual as Jesus ever existed. If the ideas and ideals for which he stood sprang up spontaneously in the minds of men without the stimulus of a single great character, the result would be even more wonderful and more inspiring than it is now, for it would mean that the spirit of Jesus is actually more widely spread throughout the world than we realize. In making this statement, I am endeavoring to say just as positively and emphatically as I can that the credentials of Jesus are found wholly in his teachings and in his character as recorded by his teachings, and not at all in any real or alleged historical events.

And in making that affirmation, let me also emphasize the fact that I am only paraphrasing Jesus' own words when he refused to let his disciples rest his credentials upon a sign.



Drawings by John Melching

RELIGIOUS ESSENTIALS

MY CONCEPTION, then, of the essentials of religion, at least of the Christian religion, is that they consist in just two things: first, in inspiring mankind with the Christlike ideal — that is, the altruistic ideal which means, specifically, concern for the common good as contrasted with one's own individual impulses and interests, wherever in one's own judgment the two come into conflict; and second, inspiring mankind to do, rather than merely to think about, its duty, the definition of duty for each individual being what he himself conceives to be for the common good. In three words, I conceive the essential task of religion to be “to develop the *consciences*, the *ideals*, and the *aspirations* of mankind.”

It is very important to notice that in the definitions I have given, duty has nothing to do with what somebody else conceives to be for the common good — that is, with morality in the derivative sense of the *mores* of a people. Endless confusion and no end of futility gets into popular discussion merely because of a failure to differentiate between these two conceptions. As I shall use the words, then, moral and immoral, or moral right and wrong, are purely subjective terms. The question of what actually is for the common good is the whole stupendous problem of science or of knowledge in the broad sense of that term; it has nothing to do with religion or with morals as I am using these words. There are only two kinds of immoral conduct. The first is due to indifference, thoughtlessness, failure to reflect upon what is for the common good; in other words, careless, impulsive, unreflective living on the part of people who know that they ought at least to try to think things through. I suspect that ninety-nine per cent of all immorality is of this type. This furnishes the chief reason for religious effort and the chief field for religious activity, for both example and precept unquestionably have the power to increase the relatively small fraction of the population that attempts to be reflectively moral. The second type of immorality is represented by “the unpardonable sin” of which Jesus spoke — deliberate refusal, after reflection, to follow the light when seen.

Thus far I have been dealing only with what seem to me to be obvious facts — mere platitudes, if you will — for the sake of not being

misunderstood when I speak about the essentials of religion. I am not at this moment concerned with how far the *practice* of religion has at times fallen short of the ideals stated in the foregoing essentials. I am now merely reaffirming the belief with which I began: that the discovery of the foregoing ideals and their official adoption as the basis of the religion of the Western World has within the past two thousand years exercised a stupendous influence upon the destinies of the race.

But I shall go further and express some convictions about the relation of those ideals, not only to the past, but also to the present and future. I am going to affirm that those ideals are the most potent and significant element in the religion of the Western World to-day. It is true that many individual Western religions contain some elements in addition to these — some of them good, some harmless, some bad — and that the good and the bad are so mixed in some of them that it is not always easy, even from my own point of view, to determine whether a given branch of religion is worth while or not. Nevertheless, looking at Western religion as a whole, the following facts seem to me obvious and very significant.

First, that if the basis of Western religion is to be found in the element that is common to all its branches, then the one indispensable element in it now is just that element which formed the center of Jesus' teaching, and which I have called above the essence of religion. Second, that no man who believes in the fundamental value for the modern world of the essentials of religion as defined above, and in the necessity for the definite organization of religion for the sake of making it socially effective, needs to withdraw himself from the religious groups, and thereby to exert his personal influence against the spread of the essential religious ideals. In America, at least, he will have no difficulty in finding religious groups who demand nothing of their adherents more than belief in the foregoing ideals, coupled with an honest effort to live in conformity with them. Third, that a very large fraction of the altruistic, humanitarian, and forward-looking work of the world, in all its forms, has to-day its mainsprings in the Christian churches. My own judgment is that about ninety-five per cent of it has come and is coming, directly or indirectly, from the influence

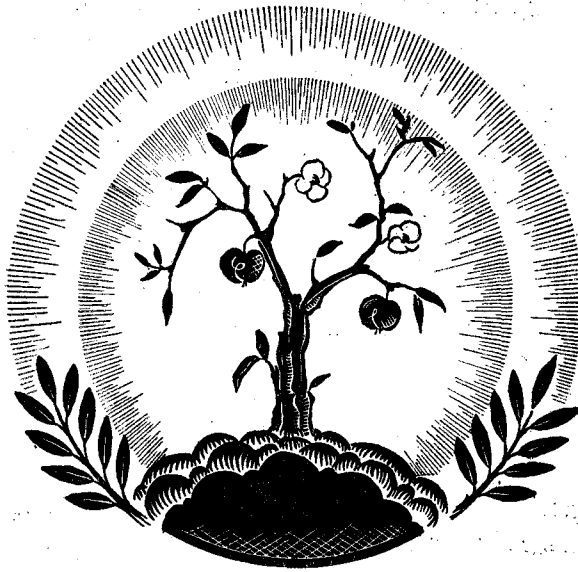
of organized religion in the United States. If the influence of American churches in the furtherance of socially wholesome and forward-looking movements, in the spread of conscientious and unselfish living of all sorts, were to be eliminated, it is my belief that our democracy would in a few years become so corrupt that it could not endure. These last two are, however, merely individual judgments, the correctness of which I cannot prove. Some will no doubt differ with them.

WHY WE NEED RELIGION

NOW, LOOKING to the influence of religion in the future, I have in the preceding paragraphs found the essence of the gospel of Jesus in the Golden Rule, which, broadly interpreted, means the development of a sense of social responsibility in the individual. In the last analysis, civilization itself is primarily dependent upon just this thing.

The change from the individual life of the animal to the group life of civilized man, which becomes a life of ever-expanding complexity as our scientific civilization advances, would obviously be impossible unless the individual learned in ever-increasing measure to subordinate his impulses and interests to the furtherance of the group life. The reason that the Western World adopted Christianity as its religion is to be found, I suspect, in the fact that Western civilization discovered that it could not possibly develop its highly organized group life without Christianity. If this is so, the future is certainly going to need the essentials of Christianity even more than the past has needed them. In other words, the principal job which the churches have been trying to do in the past, and which I think, on the whole, they have succeeded fairly well in doing in





spite of their weaknesses and follies — namely, the job of developing the consciences, the ideals, and the aspirations of mankind — must be done by some agency in the future even more effectively than it has been done in the past.

There are just two ways in which this can be done. The first is by destroying organized religion as Russia has recently been attempting to do, and building upon its ruins some other organization which will carry on the work of the church — some other organization which will embody the essentials of religion but be free from its faults. The second way is to assist organized religion as it now exists, helping it to eliminate its faults and to be more effective in emphasizing and spreading its essentials with ever-increasing vigor. The second method may perhaps be impossible in some countries. I should need to know those countries better than I do now before I could express an opinion. But, for our own country I feel altogether sure of my ground, and I suspect that most thinking men will agree with me that the second way is the only feasible way.

In the United States, organized religion has already undergone an amazing evolution, which shows its capacity to adapt itself to new conditions. It first sloughed off, or had cut away from it, the terrible incubus of political power when the complete separation of church and state was decreed by the far-visioned men who made our Constitution. Second, to a considerable degree it has freed itself from the shackles that are imposed by central authority and vested rights, and has thus left itself

free to evolve. Third, within recent years it has been rapidly freeing itself, despite some sporadic indications to the contrary, from the curse of superstition, and getting nearer and nearer to the essentials of religion. Finally, if the growth of modern science has taught anything to religion and to the modern world, it is that the method of progress is the method of evolution, not the method of revolution. Let every man reflect well on these things before he assists in stabbing to death, or in allowing to starve to death, organized religion in the United States.

THE REIGN OF LAW

THUS FAR I have presented the most conspicuous contribution of religion to the development of the race. I now turn to the two major contributions of science to human progress. The ancient world, in all the main body of its thinking, believed that God, or Nature, or the Universe, whichever term you prefer, was a being of caprice and whim. To-day, however, we think of a God who rules through law, or a Nature capable of being depended upon, or a Universe of consistency, of orderliness, and of the beauty that goes with order. This idea has made modern science, and it is unquestionably the foundation of modern civilization. Because of this discovery, or because of the introduction of this idea into human thinking, and because of the faith of the scientist in it, he has been able to harness the forces of nature and to make them do the work that enslaved human beings were forced to do in all preceding civilizations.

Yes, and much more than this; for it is not merely the material side of life that this idea has changed. It has also revolutionized the whole mode of thought of the race. It has changed the philosophical and religious conceptions of mankind. It has laid the foundations for a new and stupendous advance in man's conception of God, for a sublimer view of the world, and of man's place and destiny in it. The anthropomorphic God of the ancient world — the God of human passions, frailties, caprices, and whims — is gone, and with him the old duty to propitiate him, so that he might be induced to treat you better than your neighbor. Can anyone question the advance that has been made in diminishing the prevalence of these medieval, essentially child-

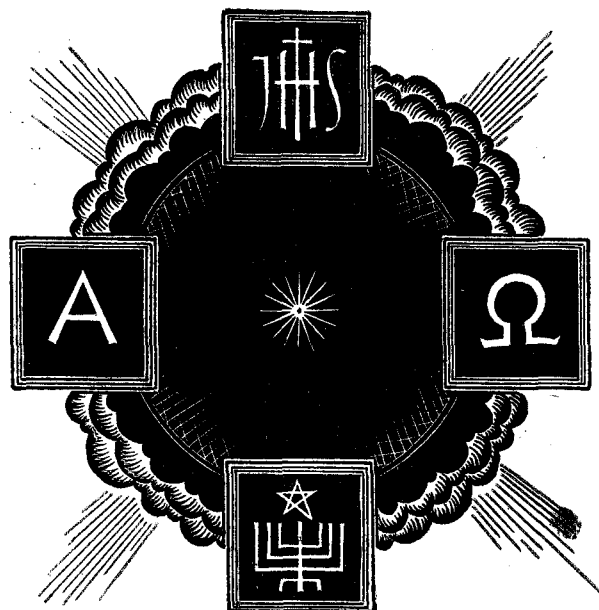
ish, and essentially selfish ideas? The new God is the God of law and order; the new duty, to know that order and to get into harmony with it, to learn how to make the world a better place for mankind to live in, not merely how to save your individual soul.* However, once destroy our confidence in the principle of uniformity, our belief in the rule of law, and our effectiveness immediately disappears, our method ceases to be dependable, and our laboratories become deserted.

HOW FREE ARE WE?

I AM NOT worrying here over the recent introduction of the so-called "principle of uncertainty" in microscopic processes — an event that is causing so much excitement among physicists just now. This may indeed be consoling, or, at least, illuminating to those non-physicists who have been worrying their heads over their inability to reconcile the principle of law with the facts of free will and of responsibility. We physicists have had much worse contradictions than that to put up with in the subject of physics alone, as, for example, the reconciliation of the wave theory of light with the essentially corpuscular light-quant theory. Experiment has told us that both theories are right, and we have had the limitations of our knowledge jolted into us enough times lately in physics to believe it, in spite of our inability to see as yet just how the reconciliation is to be made.

This fact worries Mr. Mencken, as it does all essentially assertive (that is, dogmatic) minds, so that in a recent review of Eddington's

* "Concerning what ultimately becomes of the individual in the (evolutionary) process, science has added nothing and it has subtracted nothing. So far as science is concerned, religion can treat that problem precisely as it has in the past, or it can treat it in some entirely new way if it wishes. For that problem is entirely outside the field of science now, though it need not necessarily always remain so. Science has undoubtedly been responsible for a certain change in religious thinking as to the relative values of individual and race salvation. For obviously, by definitely introducing the most stimulating and inspiring motive for altruistic effort which has ever been introduced, namely, the motive arising from the conviction that we ourselves may be vital agents in the march of things, science has provided a reason for altruistic effort which is quite independent of the ultimate destination of the individual and is also much more alluring to some sorts of minds than that of singing hosannas forever around the throne. To that extent science is undoubtedly influencing and changing religion quite profoundly now. The emphasis upon making this world better is certainly the dominant and characteristic element in the religion of today." — Robert A. Millikan, *Evolution in Science and Religion* (pp. 83 and 84), Yale University Press, 1927. The reader is referred to this volume for further elaboration of the author's point of view.



extraordinarily profound book, *The Nature of the Physical Universe*, he calls for another Huxley to tell us just exactly what is what in physics. But physicists have never been strong on dogmatism, not even in Huxley's day, and they are much less so now than then. We admit, to the complete bewilderment of minds like Mr. Mencken's, that we do not know everything yet. In this book, Eddington points out for the edification of those who worry about free will and determinism that the behavior of a very large number of human beings — such, for example, as the percentage of them who will get married each year — is accurately predictable on the basis of modern statistics, though the behavior of a particular individual in the group is completely unpredictable and his choice unhampered. Here is certainly a specific illustration of the coexistence of the reign of law with the practical freedom of choice which each individual knows he has.

But I don't think this particular problem ever worried the physicist, for he has always known that his ignorance was as yet quite ample enough to cover the links in the reconciliation that must exist. Eighteenth and nineteenth century materialism never had any lure for him, for it always represented quite as pure dogmatism — assertiveness without knowledge — as did medieval theology, and modern developments have pushed it completely out of sight. For *matter* is no longer a mere game of marbles played by blind men. An atom is now an amazingly complicated

organism, possessing many interrelated parts and exhibiting many functions and properties — energy properties, radiating properties, wave properties, and other properties quite as mysterious as any that used to masquerade under the name of “mind.” Hence the phrases — “All is matter,” and “All is mind” — have now become mere shibboleths completely devoid of meaning.

It is not important here, however, to inquire whether the principle of determinism applies to infinitely minute and practically unattainable processes. For it is the existence of the *idea* of natural law or orderliness with which we are concerned, rather than with the proof of its universality; and no one who has any conception of what science has done since about A.D. 1600 — the date at which this idea first began to spread throughout the consciousness of mankind — will be likely to question my initial statement that it is one of the three ideas which, whether true or false as a *universal* generalization, has at least exerted, and is undoubtedly still destined to exert, a stupendous influence upon the destinies of mankind.

EVOLUTION

THE THIRD, or evolutionary idea, is the youngest of the two great ideas born of modern science. It is not yet one hundred years old. Introduced by Darwin solely in its application to biological evolution, the evolutionary theory has come to dominate in a very broad way almost every aspect of human thought as discovery after discovery in modern science has pushed back farther and farther the age of the stars, the age of the solar system, the age of the earth, the age of the rocks, of fossil life, of prehistoric man, of recorded history, of social institutions. Thus we have discovered that our social institutions have evolved through a process identical with that which governed the evolution of biological forms. We have come to realize that if the family, the state, religion, or even war have survived, it is because, after ages of trial in which many other institutions have competed with them and disappeared, they have had survival value. Hence we have come to *study* institutions to see *why* they have survived.

And finally, if we wish to eliminate an old institution like war, for example, we have come

to realize that we are not likely to succeed simply by wishing it gone, nor, indeed, simply by pacifistic propaganda of any sort. We are likely to succeed only if the conditions which gave it its survival value have been or can be eliminated. Hence the establishment of a League of Nations and of a World Court, aimed precisely at eliminating some, at least, of these conditions. In my judgment, however, war is now in process of being abolished chiefly through the relentless advance of modern science — the principal diverter of man’s energies and interests from the warlike to the peaceful arts. War will disappear, like the dinosaur, when changes in world conditions have destroyed its survival value. Such changes are now being brought about primarily by the growth of modern science and its applications — changes due to the advent of world-wide and nearly instantaneous communication, to the enormous modern stimulation of international trade and commerce, bringing with it a sense of interdependence and of the necessity of international understandings.

Again, because of the growth of this evolutionary idea in human thinking, we have come to see that an institution like religion, in so far as it deals with conceptions of God — the integrating factor in this universe not merely of atoms but of ether and of mind, ideas, duties, and intelligence — has not been and cannot be a fixed thing; that it has been continually changing with the growth of human knowledge; and that it will continue to expand as knowledge continues to grow.

I have thus presented the most outstanding contribution of religion to human progress, and the two most representative and significant contributions of science. We are now ready to ask how they are interrelated. The answer is quite obvious. The world of science, dominated by the reign of law, has necessitated the increasing association of men into coöperating groups; but the effectiveness of those groups — indeed, the whole group life — becomes at once impossible unless the altruistic ideal of religion, the sense of social responsibility, permeates the whole; while the evolutionary concept is absolutely essential to an understanding of the development both of religion and of science. In a word, these three ideas and ideals interlock everywhere in a mutually helpful way. Not one of them can have a normal and effec-

tive existence without each of the other two.

Whence, then, arises this strange idea, so often heard in popular discussions, of an incompatibility between science and religion? Here again I think the answer is clear. There is obviously no incompatibility between science and *the essentials of religion* as I have defined them. But individual religions, or branches of a religion, often contain more than these essentials. Every movement which becomes popular and gains large numbers of adherents inevitably draws into itself men who are not actuated solely, or even at all, by its ideals, but who use it to further their own ends. Those ends may be very worthy ones, arising from the best of motives in minds of restricted understanding or limited intelligence, or they may be very unworthy ones, such as the desire for personal aggrandizement or political power. Everyone knows that the history of Christianity is not at all free even from influences of the latter sort. The so-called War of the Reformation is usually described as a religious war, and the horrors of it are sometimes attributed to the influence of Christianity; but I think that most historians will agree that it was not primarily a religious war at all, although both sides undoubtedly worked overtime, as they always do, to try to prove that God was on their side. In other words, religion was its shibboleth, not its cause. It represented simply the terrific struggle of a group of northern princes to free themselves from the yoke of a southern power which had used the machinery of a religious organization for cementing and perpetuating its control.

STRANGE BED-FELLOWS

GAIN, the anticlerical parties in many countries to-day represent, in part, the efforts of real reformers to break the *political* power of groups that have seized it and hold it in the *name* of religion, when the real issues obviously have nothing whatever to do with religion. Still again, Voltaire in his attack on the church was not attacking religious ideals in the least. He did not even call himself an atheist. He was far too intelligent for that. Fullness of knowledge always and necessarily means some understanding of the depths of our ignorance, and that is always conducive to both humility and reverence. If you and I lived in some country to-day, I have no doubt that we should be in the anticlerical groups; but it would not be because we had lost confidence in the essentials of religion, but rather because we thought that these essentials had become so buried under excrescences of the kind I have been describing that the net result was harmful rather than socially helpful.

I have here been talking, not about religion and science, but rather about organized religion and politics — a pair that all of us will agree ought never to have been mated. Where they have been so mated, they ought to be divorced with the same celerity that characterizes proceedings at Reno. Fortunately this problem does not exist for us in the United States. I have introduced the subject merely to show how the essentials of religion may, and sometimes do, become lost in the *organization* of religion. Present-day Buddhism is, I suppose,



a more striking illustration of this than is anything that can be found among the many ramifications of Christianity.

But by the very same method described above in the discussion of politics and religion, there has grown up, as I think, another excrescence upon the essentials of religion which introduces us at once into the very heart of the alleged conflict between science and religion. This has come about not so much because of the selfishness and ambition of men (real motives, though often masked even in the minds of their possessors under softer names); as through the ignorance of men. The amazing insight of Jesus is revealed in his having kept himself free from creedal statements, particularly statements that reflected the state of man's knowledge or ignorance of the universe that was characteristic of his times. In spite of our enormously increased knowledge of the universe, a large part of his sayings seem to us to be just as true now as they seemed to be then. The things that a man does not say often reveal the understanding and penetration of his mind even more than the things he says. The fact that Jesus confined himself so largely to the statement of truths that still seem to us to have eternal value is what has made him a leader and teacher of such supreme influence throughout the centuries.

But throughout the past two thousand years, his followers, unlike him, have in many instances *loaded* their various branches of his religion with creedal statements which are full of their own woefully human frailties. The difference is so enormous as to justify calling his statements Godlike in comparison. For what are these man-made creeds? Admittedly they have been written by men, or groups of men, called together for the purpose — men so uninspired that very few of them have ever left any lasting memory of themselves. How many people now know of any name that was ever associated with any one of them? In their creeds these men have often reflected in detail the state of knowledge, or the state of ignorance, of the universe, or of God — whichever term you prefer — characteristic of their times. If someone wishes me to change this implied definition of Deity so as to make it read, "the unifying principle in the universe," I shall not object; for there *is* a unity, an interrelatedness, a wholeness to it all, we ourselves being but parts

of that whole, and this is attested by all experience, including the amazing new scientific developments in the fields of ether physics, relativity, and wave-mechanics. That is only my prosaic paraphrase of the lines of Tennyson, the poet of science, when he says:

The sun, the moon, the stars, the hills and the plains,
Are not these, O Soul, the vision of Him who reigns?
The ear of man cannot hear, and the eye of man cannot see;

But if we could see and hear this vision — were it not He?

Speak to Him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit shall meet.

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet.

Now with the conception of God changing continuously as man has grown in knowledge, from the time when he pictured his God in the form of a calf, or a crocodile, or a monstrous man, to the time when the poet described God as the Soul of the Universe — what must be the relation between science, or the ever-expanding knowledge of man, and the long since vanished conceptions of the universe, or of God, frozen in ancient man-made creeds? Obviously one of inescapable conflict. And in so far as these creedal excrescences have covered up, or displaced, the essentials of religion, there are obviously no alternatives except (1) to remove that sort of a deadening growth from the heart of religion, or, failing that, either (2) to desert a hopeless religion or (3) to give up science.

A choice between the last two alternatives might be a necessity in some countries. Fortunately, no such choice is necessary in the United States. Since this nation is the widest flung democracy in the world, it needs — indeed, it must have — the essentials of religion more than any other country if it is to endure; and with us religion has been able to develop wholly untrammelled by political interference, and in many of its branches it has been absolutely free to evolve without the restraining influence of central authority. I have myself belonged to two churches, one a Union church and one a Congregational church, both of which were unhampered by a creed of any sort. Other churches are continually revising or modifying their creeds with our growing knowledge.

Within the United States, then, there is not the slightest reason why religion cannot keep completely in step with the demands of

our continuously growing understanding of the world. Here religious groups are to be found which correspond to practically every stage in the development of our knowledge and understanding. Personally, I believe that essential religion is one of the world's supremest needs, and I believe that one of the greatest contributions that the United States ever can, or ever

will, make to world progress — greater by far than any contribution which we ever have made, or can make, to the science of government — will consist in *furnishing an example to the world of how the religious life of a nation can evolve intelligently, inspiringly, reverently, completely divorced from all unreason, all superstition, and all unwholesome emotionalism.*

Next month Theodore Dreiser will explain his creed.

October Death

THESE TREES have drunk the sun.
Fire-filled, their strength
Breaks into clarion color on the hills —
Maples with a strange new energy
Burn in the wind,
And sumac kindles to a darker flame.
In all the torch-lit wood
Only the blanched ferns are dim,
Crushed beneath air they break
With a slight sound of foam.

— **Rachel Grant**

Stoic

I SEARCHED the history of grass,
Beneath hawk-shadows blowing past.

I learned the timelessness of stone;
Saw forest-flesh and forest-bone
Reach briefly up, go swiftly down,
Crash in green, dissolve to brown.

Taught by decay and schooled by molder,
I can turn a stoic shoulder
To beauty spiking searching eyes
And breasts defencelessly unwise.

Against impermanence I lock
My soul, confiding it to rock.

— **Frances M. Frost**



Scissor cut by Hunt Diederich, courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum

Should ADULTS Play Golf?



Cartoons by Clare Briggs
Courtesy Macmillan Co.

A Socratic Dialogue

Place: The home of Mr. Leach

Time: After dinner

Persons of the Dialogue

WILLIAM BOLITHO — A South African author who never played golf

"CHICK" EVANS — The only living man who has held the American amateur and open golf championships in the same year

THOMAS GOLD FROST — Golfer; lawyer in his spare time

BERNARD GIMBEL — Prominent New York merchant; occasional golfer

NUNNALLY JOHNSON — Journalist; the *New York Evening Post's* Rover Boy

HENRY GODDARD LEACH — Editor of *THE FORUM*; confesses to golf when cornered

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY — Dramatist; no golfer

M. LINCOLN SCHUSTER — Publisher; shies at a putter

W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M.D. — Psychoanalyst; but he plays golf just the same

MR. LEACH. There is a good deal of discussion nowadays as to what we should do with our leisure. Henry Ford has given us an extra day in which to do nothing, apparently, but run up mileage. The Life Extension people have added six years to our lives. Now that we have all this time on our hands, what are we going to do with it? What is the most profitable way to spend our leisure? Is golf the answer to these questions?

MR. MORLEY. I think it is a damned trivial question to get a lot of intelligent men together to talk about. If you are speaking of golf as golf, I say it is a useless question. If you regard it as a symbol of something else, then it may be important. It seems to me an intrusion on the life of the individual to express an opinion as to how he should spend his leisure. He should do it as he pleases. I know Chick wouldn't try to force me to play golf. I've never been

interested in it, but I may try it some time.

MR. EVANS. You will.

MR. MORLEY. Maybe after I get old and senseless.

MR. EVANS. When you become an adult.

MR. MORLEY. I don't have time to play golf. Why it takes two or three hours just to go one round.

MR. GIMBEL. Most people don't realize that out of those three hours, less than ten minutes are spent in actual playing.

MR. EVANS. I have never figured it out, but I don't suppose it is much more than ten minutes as far as the actual swinging of the club is concerned.

MR. MORLEY. What happens in the other 170 minutes?

MR. JOHNSON. That is golf. He meant ten minutes of real action.

MR. GIMBEL. Some of these fellows spend a lot of time addressing the ball.

MR. JOHNSON. In no uncertain terms. I do it myself. I've had words come into my mind, while I was digging in a bunker, that I never realized I knew.

MR. MORLEY. I'm concerned about those 170 minutes we haven't accounted for. Are you having a good time then? Are you getting any exciting thoughts, or is it just anæsthesia?

DR. WOLFE. You are a professional second-story thinker, and I venture to say that you spend a very minor fraction of your time in actual constructive thinking.

MR. MORLEY. Yes, the results show it. Man is a frail vessel.

DR. WOLFE. And a golfer is only a golfer.

MR. MORLEY. I am not arguing against golf. Golf doesn't need any defense. Anything people

get lots of fun out of needs no defense.

MR. SCHUSTER. Well, if it seems to be able to furnish enjoyment, why haven't you been tempted to play it?

MR. MORLEY. I think probably there are two reasons. First, because I am too busy with other things that interest me more, and second, because most of the people who play golf are not as interesting to me as others who don't. Most of the people whose ideas interest me don't play golf.

MR. EVANS. It is a good game for intellectual people.

MR. MORLEY. I don't doubt it. But I'm not intellectual; don't get me wrong.

DR. WOLFE. There are very few people whose occupations day in and day out are thrilling to them. To the business man, for instance, who has to slave in an office all day, golf offers the advantages of mental relaxation and a chance to develop social contacts.

MR. SCHUSTER. It seems to me that one of the grave difficulties about golf is the elaborate ritual it requires to get the benefit of those ten minutes of actual play. There is an expensive outfit to be bought, membership fees that would throw the average man into bankruptcy, and any amount of time wasted getting out to the club.

MR. MORLEY. A guy that works in Chambers Street, how much time does he have to play golf?

MR. EVANS. You strike a good point there. If golf had only started with the cities, there would have been golf clubs nearer where people work. The ideal arrangement is found in the Middle West, where the small towns have golf courses almost in their back yards.

MR. MORLEY. It's outrageous for a city the size of New York to have all its playgrounds so far away. But golf, of course, takes a lot of room. I'd like the idea of having people play croquet or clock golf in City Hall Park. Clock golf is something I can understand. A guy can play it in his back yard.

MR. LEACH. Why is it not possible to have golf played on smaller territory?

MR. JOHNSON. Shorter holes . . . that's my idea . . . about sixty feet.

MR. MORLEY. In my opinion, all the ideal sports are on or in the water.

MR. EVANS. There's plenty of water in a water hazard.

MR. FROST. It seems to me the chief advantage of golf is that it teaches so many men how to play who don't know the meaning of play, men whose lives have been entirely taken up with business. It shows them that there is something in life besides amassing wealth. I firmly believe that any man of middle age, by taking up golf, can add ten years at least to his life. I know that I would not be alive to-day if it had not been for golf. I devoted six months of my life to doing nothing but play golf, when the doctors had practically given me up. I brought myself back to as good health as I ever had.

MR. EVANS. It has added a great deal to the health and happiness of the country.

MR. JOHNSON. It made me happy when I gave it up. I played once with a guy who played in par. He made the first three holes in three, four, and three, or something like that; I played them in six, seven, and twelve. That was the last time I played. I have never felt better than since I gave up that game.

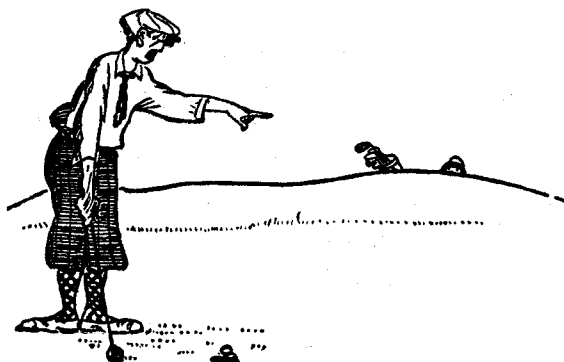
MR. MORLEY. There's another drawback. Isn't it very difficult for a good player and a beginner to play together with any happiness for either?

MR. EVANS. No. I can have just as much fun playing with a person who takes over a hundred. In fact, most of the people I have played with, outside of tournaments, have taken over a hundred.

DR. WOLFE. If you play a bad hand of bridge, people will snap at you and call you names and never invite you to their homes again. But if you dub around at golf, you only arouse a storm of friendly laughter.

MR. JOHNSON. *Friendly?* Huh, that's good!

MR. SCHUSTER. Another objection to golf is that people make a religion of it. They talk about it all the time and get to be awful bores. They think golf and talk golf and carry their business to the golf links. . . .



DR. WOLFE. Isn't it one of the frailties of human flesh to confuse means with ends? People do the same thing with eating and drinking, but that is no argument against eating and drinking. I know of no better cure for illusions of grandeur than a game of golf.

MR. SCHUSTER. Why cure them?

MR. MORLEY. For God's sake, let's encourage them!

MR. GIMBEL. Golf does a lot of good in just getting people out of doors.

MR. SCHUSTER. People can go outdoors without playing golf.

MR. GIMBEL. But they probably wouldn't unless they had some reason to. A lot of people who know what is good for them won't do it if they have to stop and think about it. Golf makes people eager to get out in the open. Perhaps you might write better plays, Mr. Morley, if you played golf.

MR. MORLEY. It is quite possible.

DR. WOLFE. Certainly Schopenhauer could have written a better system of philosophy if he had had a couple of sixes under his belt.

MR. SCHUSTER. Do you want to bet on that?

MR. JOHNSON. What if he'd had a couple of *twelves* under his belt?

DR. WOLFE. I don't think anybody champions golf as a panacea for all human ills.

MR. SCHUSTER. It has been held up here as a great humanitarian activity, a character builder, a disciplinarian of the soul, and all that sort of thing.

MR. EVANS. I used to think it taught self-control, but after seeing some of these golfers play, I have my doubts.



MR. LEACH. That's a question. Is golf good for a man of high tension?

MR. EVANS. I think so. It takes his mind off of what has made the tension.

MR. JOHNSON. What does it put his mind on?

MR. SCHUSTER. It gives him another cause for high tension.

MR. FROST. One of the elements that has brought that tension into golf is the universal habit of betting on the game — "just a little something to make it interesting."

But that isn't the fault of golf.

MR. EVANS. It is true of any game.

MR. FROST. Anyway, golf is a great boon to the business man who has to do a lot of traveling. It transforms a trip that used to be a burden into a continual pleasure jaunt.

MR. EVANS. And you can play it all over the world.

MR. MORLEY. In other words, wherever you go, all around the world, you would be doing pretty much the same thing. I think that is a hideous prospect.

MR. EVANS. If you had experienced the good feeling that comes from a round of golf, you would think it fine.

MR. MORLEY. I think you ought to have a different kind of good feeling in different places. For instance, if I should go to Cleveland or Detroit, I would want to see what Cleveland or Detroit look like. I would want to see what the buildings look like, and the people going up and down the streets. It is a terrible thought that you could play golf in Syria, or Palestine, or Germany, or Sweden. Great God! It is terrible!

DR. WOLFE. That is no objection at all.

MR. MORLEY. It may be fine if that is what you want to do: I am merely speaking for myself.

MR. EVANS. You get the life of a country you are visiting through the people who play golf better than you do through Cook's tours.

MR. MORLEY. I think you would get a good deal more out of it by going to some little tavern and drinking local drinks.

MR. EVANS. Every golf course has its nineteenth hole. You could still have your drinks.



MR. MORLEY. Even so, I maintain that golf is about as unimaginative a way for an intelligent man to spend his leisure as you could devise. Suppose it does leave you healthy and relaxed and all that. Does it ever give you some thrilling vision of human possibilities such as you can get by walking up Eighth Avenue where they are building a subway, or something like that? To me, that is infinitely more thrilling than any game of golf could be.

DR. WOLFE. As far as thrills are concerned, there are some golf courses in America situated in the most beautiful parts of the country. There is a course at Mackinac Island, way up high, with a view of Lake Superior and . . .

MR. MORLEY. How much time do those fellows spend looking at the view?

DR. WOLFE. It thrills you, nevertheless. It thrills you as much as the sight of the Taj Mahal.

MR. MORLEY. I would rather see a fellow go out on that course with a microscope and look for four-leaf clovers. It seems to me that it would be a more intelligent way of getting to the secrets of life and getting fresh air.

DR. WOLFE. I think you confuse the issue, Mr. Morley. Golf is not a substitute for intellectual pastimes.

MR. MORLEY. I don't think there *is* any issue. If I have confused it, I didn't know it was there.

MR. EVANS. What could a man do with his spare time that would be better for him than golf?

MR. SCHUSTER (*despairingly*). He might loaf or walk or plant trees, or, in a dire emergency, he might even read. . . .

MR. MORLEY. I don't care what a guy does as long as he does it because he wants to, and not because everybody else is doing it. I would rather see a man go make maps of spider webs, or anything that represented some mania of his own.

MR. EVANS. I would like to know what Mr. Leach does with his spare time.

MR. LEACH. I play golf occasionally, but I



do it questioningly. Half the time I wonder if I ought not to be doing something else. I find I can get as much exercise and relaxation in forty minutes of tennis as I can in four hours of golf. That makes me wonder if I haven't spent too much of my life playing golf.

MR. MORLEY. There is something rather deplorable to me — a sort of ethical infusion — in the way Henry Leach takes up sport. He admits he worries, when he is playing, about whether he ought not to be doing something else. I think that is a hideous way to approach sport.

MR. EVANS. Golf ought to be played for the fun in it, like any other game.

MR. MORLEY. There is a question I sometimes put to myself, and I suppose everyone does in his secret moments: When, if ever, am I actually happy? There are two situations in which I have unexpectedly found myself thinking, "Observe, I am perfectly happy." One of them is when I am reading a good detective story and feel I am about to go to sleep. The other happiness is sitting on a gravel path and pulling up weeds.

MR. EVANS. You are going to make a good golfer.

DR. WOLFE. You get the same satisfaction when you have just made a nice drive or a good putt.

MR. MORLEY. But why deliberately elect a game in which these moments of happiness are necessarily so few?

(*Mr. Bolitho enters the room.*)

MR. BOLITHO. So sorry to be late, gentlemen. Don't let me



interrupt the even flow of your conversation.

MR. LEACH. We were talking about golf.

MR. BOLITHO. Golf?

DR. WOLFE. Yes.

MR. EVANS. It's a game.

MR. SCHUSTER. Is it? I was beginning to think it was a religion, or a health-cure, or a business, or something of the sort.

MR. BOLITHO. Why don't sports stand on their own feet? I have never seen a golf game, but it is always advertised like a pill — good for your health. Isn't there anything in it except that it is good for your health?

MR. EVANS. I think it is damned good fun.

MR. SCHUSTER. Mr. Evans, is it your observation that the average golfer — otherwise known as the dub — gets any of this ecstasy from golf?

MR. EVANS. He gets just as much thrill from good shots as the champion player does.

MR. SCHUSTER. But does he get the good shots?

DR. WOLFE. The beauty of golf is that you remember your good shots and forget the bad ones. I never shot under 95 in my life, yet all my memories of golf are pleasant ones.

MR. BOLITHO. That is a pessimistic view of life, if you say the beauty of golf is a small thing like that. I don't want to pass my life in anything so mild as forgetting bad shots. In fact, I don't know whether it is mild or vicious. It is one of the two.

MR. SCHUSTER. Mr. Bolitho, you are an expert in mass social phenomena. Why do you think people in America play so much golf?

MR. BOLITHO. I should like to see it played first, but from what I have heard about golf I

should say it was a pleasure allied to that of dancing.

MR. MORLEY. How much more magnificent if thousands and thousands of people should burst out of the office buildings in the middle of the afternoon and go into City Hall Park or the Battery and dance folk dances. Marvelous! That would be real sport.

DR. WOLFE. I agree with you. But our Puritan ancestors have precluded that.

MR. MORLEY. I started folk dancing in the offices of the *Evening Post* years ago. I very nearly lost my job because they thought I was crazy. That was my idea of real fun — to get the office staff out in St. Paul's graveyard and do a little folk dance. That is perfect.

MR. SCHUSTER. Where the green begins . . .

MR. MORLEY. No caddies, no sticks, no memberships. Just go dance in the streets.

DR. WOLFE. It should appeal to our motor civilization.

MR. BOLITHO. I like that word "motor" civilization. That is a swell word.

MR. GIMBEL. That is a seven-dollar word.

MR. JOHNSON. Gimbel's quotes it at seven dollars. And a bargain at the price.

MR. BOLITHO. I am interested in the American millionaire and what he gets out of life. It seems to me it boils down to comfortable transport and golf.

MR. SCHUSTER. Usually comfortable transport to golf.

DR. WOLFE. I think Mr. Gimbel ought to answer that question.

MR. GIMBEL. Probably I play less golf than anyone here in the room. But there are more people playing now than there used to be, and there will be more playing next year, whether we hold this discussion or not.

MR. MORLEY. Don't you think it is largely because golf has been whooped up so unparadoxably by the newspapers?

MR. GIMBEL. You can't analyze it. But if golf persuades people who live in steam-heated buildings to get out one or two days a week, and makes them think they are having a good time, I say it has served its purpose.

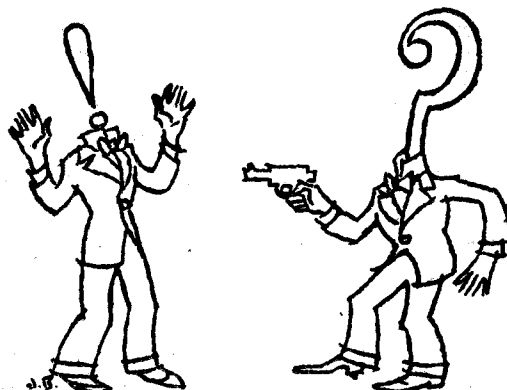
MR. EVANS. And a darned good purpose!

MR. SCHUSTER. Then the hope of civilization is on the golf links?

MR. MORLEY. If it is, there is about as much hope for civilization as there is of my making a hole in one.



May I Ask . . . ?



Drawings by Johan Bull

by **JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS**

OUR CRITICS have often assured us that the dollar sign is the symbol of America. I am coming to the conclusion that our more characteristic symbol is the question mark. I have just typed them side by side on my Corona and have been looking at them. — \$ and ? We may read the dollar sign as two parallel lines with a swirl trying to bring them together. One of these lines, as I see it, is expense and the other income. Parallel lines never meet in a Euclidean world. The S imposed on them represents the frantic effort of the individual to refute this geometrical finance. In this respect my present wanderings over a postwar world show me that there is nothing typically American about this symbol. The striving, the manifold tragedy, the wrung soul of an era concealed in this new swastika are universal. In England, France, Italy, Austria, Czechoslovakia, Holland, Belgium — I find it wherever I have lately been, even when the expense line does not, as at home, insist upon describing a hopeless tangential curve away from its parallel. However, when one has once finally escaped from the smoking room of the liner, landed at Southampton or Havre, Hamburg or Genoa, and lost oneself among the foreigners, one does escape from the question mark in its typical American repetitive usage.

One does not, it is true, escape entirely. The mails still function, and a good part of this long sunny afternoon which should have been devoted to work on my book, a stroll in the sunshine, or letters to old friends has been spent

in my study typing answers to letters from strangers asking questions which any local librarian or even a little intelligent thought and work on the part of the questioners should have been able to answer. "Where can I find such-and-such a quotation?" "Ought I to encourage my son to become a teacher?" "What would be a good list of books to read?" "How can I make my boy take an interest in history?" As I respond as courteously as I can to this constant questioning from my native land — a usual part of my week's chores — I wonder what sort of minds ask all these and innumerable other questions. (One thing I know, and that is: I shall never be thanked; for it is a sad statistical fact that in ten years of answering questions from American strangers I have never but twice had even the courtesy of an acknowledgment of my reply. But that is beside the present point.)

That I am not alone in my pondering over this American question mark is indicated by another letter, lately received, from a man with a very different type of mind from those of the correspondents just noted. "A six weeks' lecture tour," he writes, "including Texas, California, and Colorado, brings me back to New York with the major impression that all America is asking questions. Healthy mental curiosity is not a thing to be condemned in children, but it is a healthier sign in adults when they occasionally take the trouble to think out the answers for themselves. My limited experience in France has convinced me that the average

Frenchman is ashamed to ask a question without volunteering at least part of the answer. In England, questions are apt to be either rhetorical or veiled in the form of statements open to correction. I am told that the problem is the decay of conversation in America, but I doubt whether we ever had any conversation to decay. Sophisticated New York is no exception."

Questions and converse are closely linked, but it is easier in our social history to trace the continuance of the former than of the latter. We have, indeed, an occasional comment, such as that of John Adams, who noted in his diary when passing through New York in 1774 on his way to the Continental Congress that in spite "of all the opulence and splendor of this city, there is very little good breeding to be found" and "no conversation that is agreeable; there is no modesty, no attention to one another. They talk very loud, very fast, and all together." Alexander Hamilton — not the celebrated statesman but a Baltimore doctor — is the only man I know of who tried to report Colonial conversations verbatim, as may be found in his little-known but immensely entertaining *Itinerarium*. With almost complete unanimity, however, all travelers for a couple of centuries comment on the, to them, curious American habit of asking questions in every part of the country. It begins as early as 1710, perhaps earlier, and becomes marked as the travel literature rapidly increases after the French and Indian War. It is a habit, therefore, which obviously has a long history behind it, and for which the first explanation sought must be a historical one.

II

THE FRONTIER — that omnipresent although often unrecognized influence in so many departments of American life — is probably at the bottom of it. In a sparsely settled section there are two good reasons for putting a stranger through his catechism — danger, and paucity of intellectual interest. Even to-day, in the remoter parts of the Carolina Mountains, to quote a bit of personal experience, the opening of conversation is still stereotyped when a mountaineer meets a stranger on the road. "Howdy?" Then, with no show of diffidence, "What mought your name be?" And when this has been satisfactorily answered, comes inevitably next, "Whar mought you be goin'?"

Thus far the opening of the conversational game is evidently a cautious play for safety, so well understood that it is assumed that no offense could possibly be taken. What, however, so many of the early American tourists complained of in New England and elsewhere was the merciless catechizing that followed — questions as to one's age, married state, one's relatives, every imaginable detail of a personal sort by which the stranger's mind, history, cir-



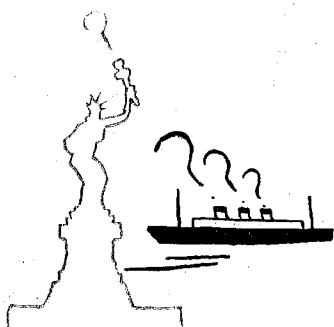
cumstances, and opinions were ruthlessly explored so long as he continued to submit. The American jaw possesses an idiosyncratic restlessness, which has been the foundation and prime cause of the rise of the Beeman, Adams, Wrigley, and other gum fortunes, but I am inclined to trace the source of the second type of American questioning less to the extreme irritability of the maxillary muscles than to a psychological vacuity. The trick of questioning, instead of conversing, which developed among the dwellers in the towns, villages, and frontier fringes of Colonial America and which so disturbed the horde of French tourists who came to look us over following the Seven Years' and Revolutionary Wars, and the English who came from 1820 to 1850, was merely the rude effort of a primitive, predatory, and half-starved brain to grab at food. The spider simply sucked the blood out of any insect that got caught in his web.

The communal mental life of any village or provincial town for most folk in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was hardly stimulating, but, as compared with those in Europe, that of the American towns, villages, and lonely clearings became a good deal like what the landscape must have looked like after the last great thaw of the Ice Age revealed it under the melted glacier. As I have pointed out elsewhere, a struggle for life under primitive, even savage, conditions does not preclude the growth of an artistic and intellectual life, as the

arts and mythologies of any primitive people from the African Negroes to the Pacific Islanders testify. What saps the white man and empties his mind of cultural elements when he struggles to subdue a wilderness is the effort to maintain, as far as possible, a civilized standard of material comfort under wilderness opposition. Something has to be jettisoned from his cargo or he sinks. He always naturally elects to throw culture overboard until such time as, the storm weathered, he thinks he may salvage it again.

Hard as the life had been in the old lands from which our first immigrants came — English in New England, German in Pennsylvania — there had been many means of self-expression and leisure, and a social consciousness that made such self-expression natural. For example, among other things they brought with them their arts and crafts. They carved the end beams of their houses; painted designs on the overhang; designed, carved, and painted their furniture. Little by little all this was dropped. The struggle proved too hard. A Negro who lived in a grass hut in the jungle had time to carve wooden sculpture, play music, weave legends; but the white man who wanted in a few years to make a European homestead out of a patch of the American primeval forest had no leisure or surplus energy for anything else.

On the other hand, the struggle against new conditions sharpened his wits just at the time that he was throwing overboard everything they could work on other than practical daily needs. They began to be ingrowing. In these new communities there was practically no diversification of labor or interest. Everyone was doing everything for himself, and almost all doing just the same thing. On the voyages from the old countries, in the eighteenth century, the food supply frequently ran out and in some instances the immigrants actually ate each other.



In the new communities to which they came, the mental food supply also ran out. There was often no food for conversation. It is not strange that they ate the strangers, mentally.

III

WE HAVE thus developed a working hypothesis as to where the question mark originated in American life. We will now consider its persistence. Why *does* it persist? And why, in the rich and diversified America of to-day, does not conversation take its place?

For one thing, there is the inheritance from the past. In the eighteenth century the man who lived in a clearing or even a small village with no public library, newspapers, magazines, and scarcely any neighbors had some excuse for not giving his mind good food, and letting it get so starved that it would chew on anything that came its way. But to-day there can hardly be an American who has any such excuse for mental under-nourishment; but habits were formed. The American mind is full of the quaintest and most curious anomalies. In business, for example, it is the most radical and innovating mind (within the limits of the capitalistic system) in existence. Politically, it is eighteenth century if not earlier. In the same way the average American youth of either sex, though self-reliant socially to a marked and even startling degree, intellectually lacks, almost as markedly, all initiative. He, or she, studies his lessons and recites them, even in college, like a good little grade boy or girl. The habit of wide-ranging intellectual curiosity and of self-reliance in satisfying it has been lost. The habit of asking questions has persisted. Everyone wants to be told what to read (mark the success of the book clubs), what he should think, what is good and what is bad. Perhaps the most encouraging part of the prohibition muddle is in showing that at least the American will kick and balk when told what he must drink.

The first factor, then, is that the American mind has behind it no long habit of indulgence in intellectual curiosity, understood in the best sense. Through a long period it got out of the way of being interested in things other than those of the daily environment of work and play, or of the rag, tag, and bobtail of disconnected facts that might turn up with any stranger. There could be no more coherency

among these topics than among the stray items one picks up by glancing through a popular magazine and a village newspaper. They kept the mind from eating into its own fibers, perhaps, but they did nothing to train it as an instrument of thought.

Moreover, America is still, to a great extent, provincial and frontier. I am not speaking solely of the international aspect of this. For the most part it is, of course, utterly ignorant of the rest of the world. (I am speaking generally and not of select groups.) It is one of the quaint anomalies of which I spoke above that the nation whose public mind is the least international of any of the great nations should publish the best journal dealing solely with international affairs. That, however, has nothing to do with the problem. The magazine is not self-supporting and has a limited circulation. The editor of several magazines of extremely wide circulation told me that they could publish nothing that did not directly deal with America, that their readers were interested in nothing else. The editor of another magazine, one of the best in the country, told me that, although for his own intellectual satisfaction he did occasionally publish an article on a foreign country, there was no reaction to it among his readers and, as far as circulation went, the pages might as well have been left blank.

It is not, however, in this sense only that I mean we are still provincial and frontier. I noted above that the reason why a savage had the time and inclination to express his æsthetic personality, whereas a white man as a pioneer did not, was because the white man was trying to establish a high standard of material comfort under conditions which took too much of his time and energy to leave him any remainder for cultural pursuits. In this sense America is still in the frontier stage and it is becoming questionable if it will ever be anything else. The difference between the Indian and the Englishman was that the Englishman wanted all the physical comforts of old England set up in the wilderness in his own generation as fast as possible. He measured his own minimum standard of living by that to which he had been accustomed or which he had seen. The attainment of this absorbed all his energy, and he let the rest go. Could the first settlers of Boston in 1630 have seen the comfortable town of 1800, they would have believed that a settled, or-

derly, and comely cultural life must surely by then have been attained. The trouble is that America never has attained such a life. This, I well know, is by many considered as a virtue, and I am discussing it here only from the standpoint of the main topic of this article.

The seaboard was soon comfortably settled, but the frontier kept extending and absorbing the interest and energies of the people. In 1890 the physical frontier was officially declared closed and ended by the government; but it made no difference, for the people were as busy and worn out as ever settling themselves in a wholly new country — the country of “the high standard of living.” The settlers of two centuries ago, who had to jettison their cultural heritage and interests in order to cut down trees and snipe at Indians skulking behind those that had not yet been cut, have been replaced by settlers in the Country of the High Standard who have had to throw overboard their cultural tastes (the heritage has gone) in order to pay rent, get a cook, have two or three bathrooms, and a motor car or two. They are just as pressed, hard-working, and weary as their forefathers — and for the same reason. They are trying to attain a standard of physical well-being to which they think they ought to attain in their own generation in an environment in which the old physical difficulties have merely been replaced by economic ones.

I have not, as yet, had a chance to read Mr. and Mrs. Lynd’s *Middletown*, but it is, I understand, a very careful and not exaggerated study of a town of forty thousand people in the Middle West. A review says that it shows that “literature and art have virtually disappeared as male interests.” It is what always happens in any frontier life, and America has replaced the old geographical frontier by the frontier of the living-standard. In the old days we used to tell critical foreigners that we had been so busy settling and subduing a continent that we had had no time for culture. Well, we have jolly well settled and subdued it. We have roped it, and thrown it, and eaten a good part of it up. But before we had time to get our breath, we have gone off on a gold rush to this new Land of the High Standard. Because it is on no map, there is no telling how big it is or how long it will take to settle and subdue it. Meanwhile the total energies of a good many of us are absorbed in “sawing wood” like our ancestors and pro-

tecting ourselves from the savages under the changed conditions imposed by settling this new country that can be found in no atlas. When the old frontier ended at the Pacific Ocean, we had at least some limit set to the physical and mental energy necessary to make it habitable for civilized man; but one wonders to-day, as one swings one's economic ax and turns one's back on the shelf of books one would like to have time to read, where to look for the Pacific Coast of this new country we have started to subdue.

This new country is a rushing, busy, hustling, restless one. Not long ago I dined in America with an old friend I had not seen in some years. After dinner we walked into the library to have our coffee before the open fire. After we had sipped it and had a puff or two of our cigars, my host said, with the inevitability of after-dinner New Yorkers, "Where do you want to go now?" I suggested that as I had not seen him for a long time I would much prefer to sit just where I was, before the fire, and talk to him. His reply was: "Thank Heaven. I haven't had a good talk with anybody in ages." Last year when I was at home, a New York boy of about seventeen — a thoughtful lad — complained of his inability to find any men to talk with. "They always want to go somewhere or turn on the radio," he commented. "How is a boy to learn if he can never talk to a man?" At least for ordinary conversation there used to be the home, the piazza in the evenings, or a tramp through the country. The motor car, the small apartment, and the rest of the factors in the new high standard have largely done away with such opportunities. But as far as good conversation, and not mere talk, is concerned, I think these are surface symptoms, secondary influences.

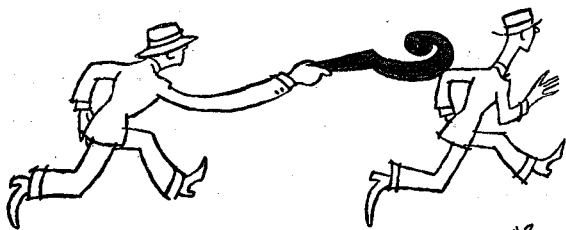
IV
MANY ELEMENTS are necessary for good conversation. For one thing there must be a sense of leisure. The talk may last only an hour, but an absence of any sense of hurry is essential. We may get through a business interview in five minutes, like rushing a bucket to a fire, but good talk should be like a stream on which we can float leisurely without knowing what may appear beyond the next bend. In order that there should be bends, however, each mind must have many interests. It is by

no means necessary that the major interest of each of the talkers should be the same or even similar. As a rule, indeed, for the best of talk, it is just as well that they should not be. If they are, the talk is too likely to become and stay mere "shop." The talkers, however, must have backgrounds that afford ample points of contact. One must be able to range over fields of fact and thought without having forever to be adding interpretative footnotes.

It is the lack of this background that accounts in good part for America's lack of conversation in the European sense, even among the professional and university classes. Too often in America, so long as one keeps to a man's "subject," one may get a good deal that is interesting, even if it is imparted too much like a lecture; but once get off that, and one is lost. It is like getting off a road in the dark.

In contrast, I well recall an evening spent with a Frenchman, whose "subject" happens to be American history. As we had both written books known to the other on the topic, we started on that, and I very soon found that he was better grounded in it than many American professors. There was not a source to which I referred with which he was not well acquainted and which he did not quickly and accurately appraise. Soon the talk wandered to other matters. In a very amateurish way I had been interested in the Minoan civilization of Crete and had been to the Ashmolean Museum to hunt up some pottery. In a casual way he took up the topic, discussed the various stages of the civilization, the changes in pottery design, and as we drifted from that to Greece and philosophy and literature, the talk flowed on and on, without effort or pedantry, until we found it was one in the morning. He was, of course, a far abler and better educated man than myself, but outside of American history, perhaps, we were both amateurs in all we discussed. What I enjoyed was the breadth of the discussion, the wealth of background he had, the ability to illustrate some point by another in a wholly different field. It is just this that is lacking for the most part in American talk, which is likely to be narrow, professional, and all too often pedantic.

The European mind at its best is both fuller and more flexible than ours, although in many practical ways the American is perhaps the more flexible. It is not simply in the number of



facts absorbed, but in the play of mind and the fields covered. We have had our own examples of the scholar in politics — for instance, the man of fairly wide interests, such as Wilson, Lodge, Roosevelt, to name three very different types — but they have been, so to speak, practical minds working in history, law, or natural science. We note the intrinsic difference when we run over the English list — Morley, Balfour, Haldane, Smuts, and others. In all of them, Morley least, philosophy has been a major interest, and it is in the philosophical outlook that we find another essential factor in good conversation. It cannot be sustained long on mere facts. The philosophy need not — indeed, should not — be technical, but there must be a philosophical attitude, an ability and willingness to see all round a subject and to trace its implications. Talk, in fact, should never be exclusively technical, any more than it should deal solely in facts. Talk to facts is much like wine to grapes: they should be there as a foundation, but the aroma and full flavor of a rich Burgundy are far removed from the individual grapes that were crushed in order that the wine might flow and slowly mature.

V

ONE FACTOR that has played a large part in the de-specializing of talk in Europe, and which is responsible for good talk everywhere, has been curiously lacking in America — woman. Talk is possibly best between socialized, civilized men, but the process of socializing, civilizing, and de-specializing them has been largely the task of woman, a task in which she has signally failed in America. This topic is complex enough to call for a paper wholly devoted to it, but I think it cannot be denied that woman in America has failed in her age-long duty of civilizing her man. She has merely appropriated leisure and culture to herself. Woman has never made anything of culture without man. As a result of the complete social dichotomy in America, the women have developed an anæmic, uncreative cultural at-

mosphere and the social life of both sexes has become uncivilized in a very real sense. A broadly humane culture has suffered in the hands of the women until it has come to be regarded as effeminate dilettanteism; and the man, engrossed in his office, shop, study, or laboratory, leading his social life by talking shop — whether business, art, or profession — to his male fellow workers, has narrowed also into specialism and one-track interests. Yet, on the whole, I think to-day, in spite of all the Women's Clubs with their papers, the Brown-ing Societies, and the rest of the feminine cultural flubdub, there is more chance for the growth of a genuine cultivated life among the men than among the women of America. Woman having failed to socialize and humanize her man, it may yet be his job to civilize *her*.

I am very far from meaning that good talk must deal with Shakespeare and the musical classics. What I mean is that good conversation is something quite different from obtaining verbal instruction. We may get an amazing amount of interesting information from a specialist discoursing on his subject, but so can we from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Good talk affords, perhaps, the best instruction in the world, but it is not the instruction of a textbook. A scientist who knew all there was to know about the common house fly might give us an extremely interesting evening; but if it were solely limited to the objective aspects of this one subject, it obviously would not be good conversation in any civilized sense. For that, as we have said, a wide background of knowledge and experience and a completely de-specialized attitude of mind are required.

There is, perhaps, one other point about American talk that may be noted. I have already touched upon another aspect of the problem in my article on "The Mucker Pose" in *Harper's*. There seems to be a rather widespread fear that to indulge in intelligent conversation is to make oneself suspect in a nation of "go-getters" and "he-men." The dominance of business interests and the business type undoubtedly have much to do with this; but tracing it back, I think we meet the influences of both the frontier and of the American woman again. "He-men," of course, are at a premium on the frontier. Moreover, the experience to be derived in a frontier life, if intensive, is extremely narrow. Like a small farm, it may be a

good place to start from, but it is intellectually killing to remain on it. Not only does the frontier stunt the intellectual life, but it makes it suspect. A frontier is essentially democratic, and in all democracies it is damning to be high-brow. In this respect the influence of the frontier has been deeply felt in America since the days of Andrew Jackson.

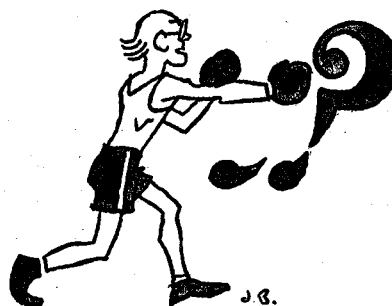
But if for this reason good conversation is more or less taboo, so it is for another. By failing to civilize her man and make him a part of any real social life, woman has, as we have said, feminized American culture and conversation to such an extent as to make anything beyond shop-talk appear as effeminate. For this double reason a certain atmosphere has been created in America that is inimical to good talk. There are, of course, many men who can talk well under the right conditions, but the social atmosphere in America all too often does not provide them. Thus Henry Adams, when teaching at Harvard, in spite, as he said, of the "presence of some of the liveliest and most agreeable of men, who would have made the joy of London or Paris," found that Cambridge offered only "a social desert that would have starved a polar bear." Even Russell Lowell, William James, John Fiske, and Francis Child could not make it blossom.

VI

CONVERSATION is distinctly a social art, and it can flourish only where society itself has come to be something of a practiced art. It cannot succeed, any more than an orchestra can, with one or two competent players amid a lot of others with no ear for music. One has got to be able to count upon all the members of the group having a certain background and attitude, even when the major interests and occupations of every member of the group are different. For various reasons the old type of society, in which, from a social point of view, such counting upon could be made with certainty, is breaking down everywhere; but in America the social mixture has always been more heterogeneous than in Europe. I am not speaking in a snobbish sense, any more than it would be snobbish to object to a saxophone and a bass drum taking part in a piece prepared solely for strings. The mental backgrounds, even when there are any that deserve the name, of any ordinarily gathered group of men

in America are so different that within their circumscribed spheres they offer but narrow range for talk to wander in. It is continually being brought up against this wall and that. When the right group gets together in America, there can be as good talk as anywhere; but it rarely happens, and for the most part even those capable of it have learned to hold their tongues and play safe.

Coming back to what seems to me to be the main point, the question mark is likely to continue to be the symbol of the United States so long as its men remain frontiersmen, so long as they continue to devote all their time and strength to subduing a wilderness instead of living in it, whether the wilderness is one of woods and Red Indians or of the stony fields of ever-increasing economic wants. If the new Land of the High Standard proves to be illimitable, with a frontier retreating farther ahead of each succeeding generation, the question mark — sign of hungry and empty frontier minds — is not soon to be replaced by civilized conversation. The discussion of an endless succession of things — motors, radios, airplanes — or of facts, is not conversation. A full mind, a philosophic outlook, a disinterested interest, so to speak, a broad and varied background, are not frontier products. Here and there in America a settler has decided that he will move no farther, that he will content himself with the patch he has already cleared, and begin really to live instead of always getting ready to. He has ceased to be a frontiersman and has begun to build the next stage of civilization. His talk is likely to be good. Conversation will begin when we cease to expand and begin to concentrate. I read to-day in a European newspaper that "what Denmark thinks to-day, Europe thinks to-morrow." Look for little Denmark on the map, and think that over. But, you say, "May I ask . . . ?" Go to!



The Parson's Cows



Drawings by Julian de Miskey

by HJALMAR SÖDERBERG

Translation by Charles Wharton Stork

I HAD NOT seen my old student comrade, Pastor Torelius of Lerkila, for ten years when, on a fine warm summer evening just a little while ago, we ran into each other on the corner of the sidewalk in front of the Grand Hotel. We had been at the same mess table at Upsala, where I was studying something, I don't remember what — probably the piano — but he was studying “divvers” and was a very serious young man, except on Saturday nights. For he had regular habits and was exact in everything, even in the matter of youthful indulgence. He had an excellent head, and as he was also of a good old clerical family and had more than one bishop, if not for blood uncle at least for uncle by courtesy, he had made his way quickly, so that while he was still quite young he had been assigned to a fairly good parish. All this has given him a predominantly bright and harmonious conception of Christianity, and when I saw him coming toward me on the sidewalk with arms outspread, as if it had been only a week ago we had parted at Taddi's café, I should have believed from his expression that it was Saturday

night, if I hadn't known it was only Friday.

We sat us down at a table under the awning of the restaurant and were served with various refreshments. It so happened that we came to the end of our student memories more quickly than we expected, and our conversation dealt mostly with the present. I was informed that he had already been married for the second time and that his second venture promised to be as happy as his first would have been, had the Lord so ordained. He talked about his charming life out in the country, which he wouldn't change for anything else in the world. He was fond of his congregation and believed that they in turn respected him. We also touched on the subject of present religious tendencies, and I asked, among other things, if he was much bothered by revivalists in his community.

“You mean the Independents?” he said. “No, I can't say that I am. It was vexatious when the Archbishop came on his visitation and saw that more people streamed into the meeting-house than into church. But I was new in the district, my predecessor was made

the scapegoat, and since then conditions have changed for the better. There is a more conciliatory spirit, and though I can't exactly say I have more people in church than before, at least — God be thanked! — there are fewer in the meeting-house. Ah well, and there's a special reason for that. . . ."

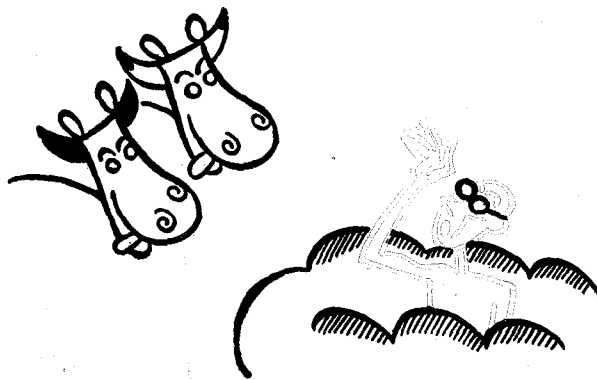
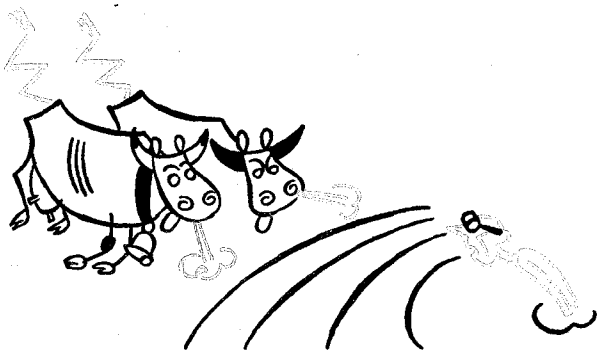
He broke off and looked very mysterious, but I asked no further questions, and we sat silent for a minute. On the sidewalk in front of us an occasional lean Yankee was parading amid the fat Stockholmers; from the river terrace came the last bars of a Viennese waltz, which left behind a strange stillness; and through the midst of this stillness burst the lowing of a cow. It proceeded from one of the coast boats which had just come in at the dock; a moment later we could hear the cow trampling on the gangway, another followed, and we saw a little old peasant leading both the cows after him on one rope.

"They are beautiful cows," said the clergyman, "though not so beautiful as mine. I have the fattest and handsomest in the whole parish. But one must see cows in a green landscape to appreciate them. There is nothing I'm fonder of than my cows — among the things of this world, I mean, of course. But for that too there's —"

"A special reason?"

"Precisely. Let me tell you the whole story, about the cows, the Independents, and my marriage. It all belongs together.

"YOU MAY, perhaps, remember that it was very warm last summer, especially just before midsummer. One day I was going the rounds of my place as usual. I went out along the ditches in the full sunlight, crossed a meadow where my people were cutting hay,



and came to the pasture where my cows were grazing. You can't imagine how handsome they looked between the birch trunks. I scratched them behind the horns and talked to them the way I do, to Primrose and Buttercup and White Girl — she is my bell-cow; she has no horns and is as white as milk — and to Hercules, my bull, who is a combination of strength and mildness. No animal is better tempered than a bull if only one doesn't irritate him at the start.

"I talked to them all, and they answered me as well as they could, lowing after me when I left. I also talked with an 'enlightened' tailor whom I met on the slope, a man who was a pillar of strength among the 'awakened' in the parish. I've even heard tell that he used to drive out devils. He responded a bit wryly, of course — and then I came down to the lake. There it lay still and shining. It's a principle with me never to go in swimming before midsummer; but it was only a couple of days till then, and I was perspiring with the heat. I couldn't resist. In a twinkling my clothes were off, I jumped into the water, and swam out. However, it was colder than I had thought, and I didn't stay in long.

"But when I came out, what did I see but all the cows coming toward me? I called to them, and they came nearer, but slowly and cautiously. White Girl came first, with Hercules close beside her. When they were ten or fifteen paces away, I suddenly saw by their expression that they didn't recognize me, that they didn't even take me for a human being! And in Hercules' look I thought I saw something I had never seen there before. I confess that all at once I got frightfully scared. If you want to know what panic terror means, picture yourself stark naked in front of a dozen large beasts with sharp horns — I have eleven cows



and a bull — with a lake behind you!

"I for my part went half crazy with fear and began to run along the shore. Then some life came into the cows. I heard them behind me at a sharp trot. What was I to do? I caught hold of a bough that was fairly low and swung myself up into a tree. It was high time; the whole herd was upon me, and Hercules snorted at me and butted the tree with his horns. Well, he couldn't reach me, and luckily it was so warm that I didn't catch a chill, though ordinarily my stomach is very sensitive. I tried to talk sense to them, but there was no possibility of such a thing. White Girl responded only with contempt, Primrose lowered her head and gave me an ugly look, and Hercules lost his composure for the first time.

"And in their way they were right. How could they conceive that this strange white thing, which took flight at their coming and climbed into a tree, this animal which had neither black clothes, nor spectacles, nor a straw hat with a wide brim, was identical with their master and good friend? This creature must then inevitably be their enemy, or at least a strange, ridiculous, and indecent phenomenon which ought to be combated.

III

"**I**T IS, however, luckily a fact that a violent emotion is seldom long-lived, at least not with animals. After a while the luscious grass began to distract their attention, and I hid myself in the leaves as much as I could, in the hope of being forgotten. The beasts had

already begun to spread out and I began to hope for liberation — the rough bark was most uncomfortable to my skin — when I heard the prattle and laughter of girls' voices. It was the schoolmistress and the enlightened tailor's two daughters — all of them enlightened, of course — who were coming with towels in their hands to bathe!

"I can't deny that I whispered to myself, 'This is the very devil!' I only hoped that they wouldn't see me and I vowed in turn to look the other way. As far as that goes, there wasn't much to look at, if I except the youngest. They were, I must say, so quick in their motions that I had hardly time to think what I should do before the younger girl was standing with one foot in the water and all her clothes neatly laid on a stone. To be frank, I didn't dare to turn my head away for fear of making a rustle in the leaves. Well, soon all three of the girls were splashing in the water, while I was sitting in my tree as silent as a little rat. There's nothing like getting used to things: the bark no longer hurt my poor skin as much as before, and I began to submit to my fate and hope for a happy end to the story. So there was, too, in the end, though not in the way I imagined.

"The girls came out of the lake again, but the schoolmistress happened to come ashore a bit farther away, of course just where my clothes were. She came running to tell of her discovery: 'A man's clothes are over there; there's a man bathing right by us!'

"'But where has he gone?'

"'He must have swum far out.'

"They dressed in a great hurry, then stood and listened. They could hear nothing, could see nothing out in the lake. Had he been drowned? And who could it be? They would have to look more carefully at the clothes. The youngest was the boldest; she stole off and came back with the news: 'It's the parson. Only think — if he's been drowned!'

"'What will become of his poor soul?' the schoolmistress wondered.

"'His soul, nothing!' responded the youngest girl, angry and at the same time with a sob in her throat; 'He confirmed me three years ago and I was very fond of him, even if he didn't have the true revelation. But God isn't as spiteful as you are.'

"Suddenly they all grew silent and began

to stare up into the tree as if they were bewitched. Then they let out a triple shriek and the next instant they were off like the wind.

"Finally I got down out of the tree and dressed. I was comparatively calm. You must admit I hadn't much more to lose. Never, surely, was a poor servant of the Lord so innocently placed in such a damning situation. It wasn't long before the tailor came to the spot with two more of the faithful. They looked a bit grim, all three of them, but in the tailor's eyes was a gleam of secret fire. You can imagine the rascal's delight at the thought of driving out the devil from no less a person than the lawful guardian of his soul, the parish minister. However, by the greatest luck I had already managed to get my clothes on, and with them the dignity of which I was now in so much need. Before the tailor could open his mouth, I told him I should call on him in the afternoon and explain everything; whereupon I dismissed them with a wave and went off with firm composure.

IV

THAT AFTERNOON I fortunately met the girl first. She was standing by a bush in the orchard eating gooseberries. Her father, I should mention, had a fine place with an excellent orchard; he had been blessed outwardly as well as inwardly, had saved his money and bought this house. I explained everything to her, and the dear child believed me at once. She was the only sensible one of the lot. First she had thought I was crazy to have climbed up naked into a tree, but when she heard me talk and saw that I had my wits in control, she believed me right away. She was a simple-

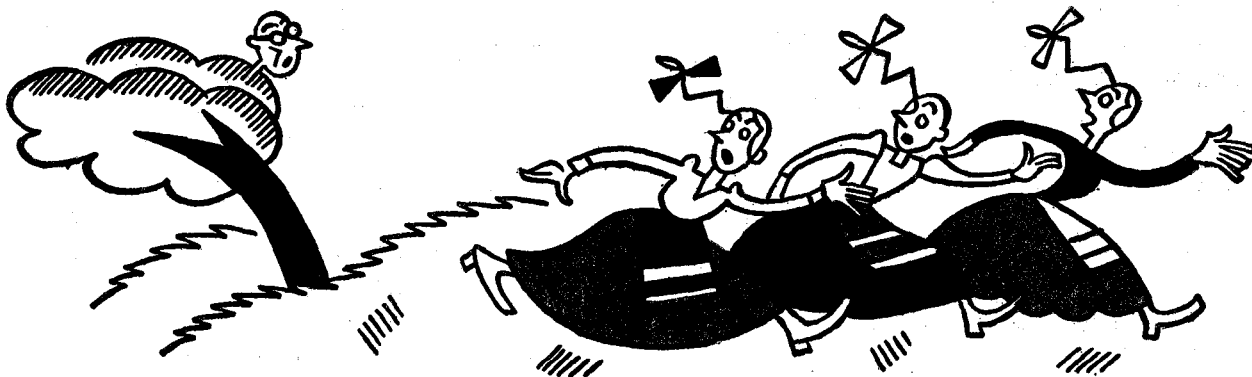
hearted, unsophisticated girl, and what had happened did not seem to her nearly so dreadful as I had thought. It is assuredly true, as someone has said, that woman is closer to nature than man, and that she feels much less shame about natural things than do we, although we always think the opposite when we are young and do not know her."

"But what about the tailor?"

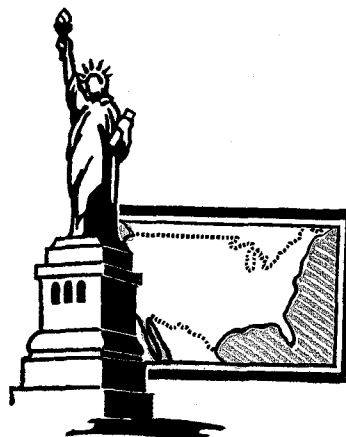
"He never would believe me. But that didn't, of course, prevent him from feeling flattered when a couple of months later I came to ask for the hand of his daughter. You will have gathered by this time that it is she who is now my wife. But my father-in-law still believes I climbed up into a tree naked to see the girls bathe. For his family's sake, however, he regards this as a very natural and pardonable fault, which I have completely atoned for since. But among his fellow believers his indulgence toward me has awakened surprise and displeasure, and that is why the services at the meeting-house which he and his family conduct are no longer so well attended as formerly."

As it was getting late, we rose to depart. When we separated, we shook hands heartily and I wished him all success, both for the victory of the true church and for the good turn which the affair had taken in respect to him personally.

"Thanks," said he, "I am happy already. It is, to be sure, a fact that my wife has not had the same intellectual advantages as I; but she has the culture of the heart. And it made an impression on me, too, that she laid down her clothes so neatly, whereas the others threw them all higgledy-piggledy."



The FALLACIES of Prohibition



Drawings by Geoffrey Norman

by **FABIAN FRANKLIN**

THE PROHIBITION question has been treated from three different standpoints in the articles which have appeared in the last three issues of *THE FORUM*. The present contribution is not designed as a comprehensive criticism or estimate of those articles, but will deal with only a few salient points; and these not because they are peculiar to the articles but because they form part of the general stream of prohibition discussion.

Mr. Coudert* strikes the keynote of his article at the very outset. He says:

Prohibition is not a question of gastronomy, nor even of religion; it is a problem in government. Reluctance or inability to grasp this simple truth is at the root of the present intolerable situation.

How vital this question of government is, how profoundly the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment and the statutes for its enforcement violate the fundamental principles of our government, how dangerous to our institutions will be a persistence in this violation — all this is brought out with great clearness and with abundant illustration in Mr. Coudert's article; and to all this Mr. McBride† makes no attempt to reply. He is content to wave it aside, without any argument whatsoever, in these few words of mere denial:

Is it true that the dry laws are incompatible with the spirit of our government, and therefore that citizens need not respect them? This theory is entirely false.

*Frederic R. Coudert, Jr., "Repeal the Jones Act!"—*THE FORUM*, August, 1929.

†F. Scott McBride, "Enforce Prohibition!"—*THE FORUM*, September, 1929.

No law ever was adopted in this country in more strict conformity with the democratic rules of self-government.

If this calls for any remark, it is only that the Eighteenth Amendment is incompatible with the spirit of our government, not because of any irregularity in the process of its adoption, but because of the nature of the Amendment.

Since Mr. Coudert's presentation is so forcible, and Mr. McBride attempts no reply to his argument, there might appear to be no occasion for saying anything further on this head. It seems desirable, however, to supplement Mr. Coudert's treatment by calling attention to some vital points which are so elementary and so evident that they ought to be familiar to everyone, but which are far too seldom impressed upon the public mind.

The object of any constitution like ours is to place beyond the reach of the ordinary processes of legislative change certain fundamental features of the government and certain fundamental rights of the people. The Constitution of the United States undertook to do this, and nothing more. It provided a certain framework for the Federal Government which it created; it fixed the limits of the power of that government, as distinguished from the state governments; and it guaranteed certain essentials of liberty and property.

Into this great instrument there was injected for the first time by the Eighteenth Amendment matter of a wholly different kind — not only a different kind but the opposite kind.

Whether prohibition is right or wrong, wise or unwise, it is certainly a denial of personal liberty; and to entrench a denial of personal liberty behind the mighty ramparts of our Constitution is to do precisely the opposite of what our Constitution — or any constitution like ours — is designed to do. The Constitution withdraws certain things from the immediate control of the majority, withdraws them from the province of ordinary legislation, for the purpose of *safeguarding liberty*; the Eighteenth Amendment seizes upon the mechanism designed for this purpose, and perverts it to the diametrically opposite end, that of *safeguarding the denial of liberty*.

The old Constitution — the Constitution as it was before the Eighteenth Amendment — not only contained no prohibition of drink; it contained no prohibition of any personal act, however criminal. It left the question of crime to be dealt with by ordinary legislation. It contained many prohibitions; but in every instance its “Thou shalt not” was addressed to the government, State or Federal, not to the citizen. The object in every case was to set limits to governmental power, in no case to control individual conduct. It contained no prohibition of murder, or arson, or forgery, or perjury, or robbery; it contains no such prohibition now. The only personal act that the Constitution of the United States makes a crime to-day is the manufacture, sale, transportation, or importation of intoxicating liquor.

There is one crime with which the Constitution does deal — the crime of treason; but it deals with it in a way that brings out only the more clearly the spirit of the whole Constitution. Treason stands apart from all other crimes in that it aims directly against the very existence of the constituted government; it might therefore be supposed that in the case of treason the Constitution would naturally depart from its position in regard to crimes in general and lay down a positive law concerning it. But even in dealing with treason, the Constitution does nothing of the kind; on the contrary, its provisions on this serious crime are directed solely to setting limits to governmental power. The subject is dealt with in Article III, Section 3, of the Constitution, which reads (in full) as follows:

1. Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to

their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court.

2. The Congress shall have power to declare the punishment of treason, but no attainder of treason shall work corruption of blood or forfeiture except during the life of the person attainted.

That is all. Even in the case of the crime of treason, the sole concern of the Constitution is to protect individuals against the excesses of governmental zeal or popular frenzy.

Resistance to the enforcement of national prohibition has its source in many causes; but the moral backbone of that resistance has been supplied by the passionate resentment aroused by its gross perversion of the Constitution and its flagrant violation of the principle of state self-government which has been the very life blood of our institutions. From the very first moment that this resistance manifested itself, it has been the boast of prohibition spokesmen that the law could never be repealed because it was embedded in the Constitution, and that no amount of discontent or condemnation on the part of the people of great states like New York or Massachusetts or Wisconsin could avail to effect any relief; but this contemptuous arrogance, far from quenching the spirit of resistance, has served only to make it more intense, more widespread, more determined. Nor can it ever be otherwise, unless or until the American people shall have lost all trace of the spirit of liberty and completely forgotten the history of their own institutions.

PROHIBITION A UNIQUE PROBLEM

MR. ADAMS* has made an important contribution to public enlightenment by stressing, as a background of the whole situation, the multiplicity and diversity of our laws relating to almost every conceivable aspect of daily life. The point has often been made, but perhaps never so effectively. But, valuable as is his discussion of this subject, I feel constrained to enter some objections which seem to me of great importance.

In dealing with the question of prohibition, it is well that Mr. Hoover's commission should recognize its connection with the more comprehensive problem to which Mr. Adams so strenuously directs attention. But to overstress

* James Truslow Adams, “Hoover and Law Observance,” — THE FORUM, July, 1929.

that connection would be an infinitely more disastrous error than to ignore it altogether; and this for two distinct reasons. In the first place, the prohibition problem differs from the general problem of law observance and law enforcement in such vital ways as to require a wholly different diagnosis and a wholly different treatment. And secondly, the broader problem is so vast, the difficulties that beset any serious attempt at dealing with it are so immense, that to let the prohibition wound continue to fester until those difficulties are overcome is a counsel of despair. Of neither of these considerations does Mr. Adams seem to be conscious. Let me say a few words about them both.

It is perfectly true, as Mr. Adams says, that there are a great many laws which are generally recognized as unwise, which are accordingly held in no respect, and which, instead of being repealed, "are allowed simply to lapse in observance." But nowhere does he give an example — nor could he give an example — of a law of this kind which enlists the constant attention of the authorities, which the authorities strain every effort to enforce, and which accordingly gives rise to a nationwide struggle between the law on the one hand and millions of violators of the law on the other. Nor is the prohibition situation singular in this outward aspect only. It is equally singular in its inward nature; for these millions of breakers of the prohibition law, including a large proportion of the most intelligent and most high-minded of our people, do not experience the slightest sense of guilt in breaking the law. It is in the instance of prohibition, and in no other, that vast multitudes of our people are definitely arrayed against a law which our government is making a constant and strenuous effort to enforce. To treat this portentous situation as a mere part of our familiar experience of law-laxity would be like treating the Mississippi flood as if it were a mountain freshet.

A CRITICAL SITUATION

THE DIFFERENCE in character between the prohibition problem and that of general law improvement is not more marked than the difference in its urgency. Perhaps I may here be permitted to remark parenthetically that, much as I have written in opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment, I have never charged

it with having created the "crime wave" of which we have been hearing so much during the past half-dozen years. I have even expressed doubt whether there has been, in any true and grave sense, any such thing. Government statistics, so far as I have observed, do not bear out the notion. The statistics suffice to do away with any possible claim that prohibition has reduced crime; but they do not indicate any such alarming increase of crime as it is customary nowadays to allege. But, whatever may be the exact facts, and however anxious we must all be — and should have been these many years and decades — to remove the disgrace of our crime record, it is an extravagance to speak of it as in any sense a menace to the foundations of the nation, or even to the general welfare. We should give ourselves up to a worthy effort to deal with it — an effort comparable with that which we make in dealing with physical disease. But the reduction of the crime rate, important as it is, is no more essential to the integrity of our national life, no more vital to the preservation of our civic ideals, than is the reduction of the death rate from tuberculosis or cancer.

Far different is the prohibition situation. The Eighteenth Amendment, with its sequels — the Volstead Act and the Jones Act — has not only generated a vast crop of crimes of violence by bootleggers and hijackers, of lawlessness on the part of enforcement officers, of contempt for the law on the part of millions of good citizens, but has introduced into our civic life a division of feeling which is charged with an enormous potentiality of evil.

No division comparable to this has been known in our country since the slavery question was settled. We have had political battles over the tariff, the currency, League of Nations, and so on. But, however high feeling may have run in these matters, they were issues which everybody looked forward to seeing disposed of in the normal course of things. Moreover, they did not enter into the very fabric of daily life as does the prohibition issue; people were stirred up about them when elections were coming on, and then dismissed them from their minds until the next campaign.

This was not so with the slavery question; it is not so with the prohibition question. As for slavery, there gradually arose so intense a feeling between North and South that it

finally became evident that the problem had to be settled if the country was to survive. The North was finding it more and more intolerable that human beings should, in any part of the country, be owned as chattels by other human beings; the South was finding it more and more intolerable that an institution which it regarded as essential to the well-being of the Southern States should be threatened with extinction by the Northern States. It came to be more and more widely felt that this state of things could not continue permanently without destroying the Union; that, as Lincoln put it in a memorable speech, "A house divided against itself cannot stand."

The division of feeling which threatened the very life of the nation, and which culminated in a gigantic Civil War, was the result of deep-seated historic causes, in the face of which the wisdom and patriotism of three generations of Americans found itself powerless. I do not say that the division which prohibition has created threatens the very life of the nation, as did the slavery issue; but no one who seriously considers the situation can fail to see that it impairs in the most serious way the spirit upon which our whole-hearted devotion to the institutions of our country depends.

This is a situation that demands treatment not as part of a comprehensive program of legislative and judicial reform, but as an urgent, a vital, an immediate need of the nation.

KNOCKING DOWN STRAW MEN

IN MR. MCBRIDE'S article there is hardly a position that I do not feel tempted to challenge, hardly a statement of fact that I do not feel tempted to controvert. Limitation of space forbids anything of this kind. But there are three examples of fallacy which are of special interest because they are so often encountered in the pleas of leading prohibitionists. I will take them up in the order in which they occur in the article.

Mr. McBride sets out by asserting that opponents of prohibition are guilty of "confused thinking and unsound argumentation" when they ascribe the evils of the existing situation to the prohibition law. "The true

cause of existing evils," he says, "is not prohibition but non-observance of the law and laxity of enforcement." This would throw a wonderful light on the subject if there were anybody who stood in need of the information. Everybody, including the most intense opponents of prohibition, is perfectly aware that if all men obeyed the law, or if the law could be enforced effectively, decently, and without outraging the instincts of multitudes of good American citizens, the crying evils of the present situation would not exist. But it is not "confused thinking" or "unsound argumentation" to ascribe to a law the evils which it inevitably produces. To judge of the desirability of a law by the way it would operate if everybody acted as we should wish them to act, is truly to be guilty of "confused thinking and unsound argumentation."

A little further on, Mr. McBride says:

What confusion would exist, what disorder would result, what a tangle of conflicting action would paralyze us if we attempted to operate on the theory that any law may be ignored at the discretion of any citizen or public official. It would mean the end of lawful liberty, of security, of coöperation for the general welfare and every objective for which our government was formed.

But no opponent of the prohibition law advances — or implies — any such theory. To hold that "any law may be ignored at the discretion of any citizen or public official" would be worthy only of an imbecile; to hold that there are *some* laws which may rightly be so ignored is a very different thing. Whether the prohibition law is such a law or not is a fair subject for discussion; but when a man asserts that it is, he does so precisely on the ground that the law is not like "any law" but is in flagrant violation of the basic principles of our institutions and a tyrannical exercise of governmental power. It would have been perfectly proper for Mr. McBride to try to prove that this charge against the prohibition law is not well founded; but to attempt to dispose of it by knocking down a silly theory that nobody advances is a performance almost too childish to be dignified by the name of fallacy.

The third instance of fallacy to which I wish to call attention is one in which the unsoundness is not so obvious. Toward the close of his



article Mr. McBride volunteers this comment:

Should the Eighteenth Amendment be nullified because it cannot be repealed? Nonsense! The procedure for amending the Constitution has not been changed. The prohibition amendment can be repealed in exactly the same way that it was adopted.

This is a favorite answer of prohibitionists to the complaint that the Eighteenth Amendment has embedded in the Constitution an almost irrepealable police regulation. "It took us fifty years to put the Amendment into the Constitution," they say, "and you can't complain if it will take you fifty years to get it out." This may sound plausible; but in reality there is no parallel between the two cases. What the prohibitionists waited fifty years to get was a law imposing their will upon the rest of us; what we are asked to do is to submit to the restraint which they have put upon our liberty. *They* were not asked to submit to *our* notions as to how they should live; nobody sought to compel them to drink, or to put upon them any restraint whatsoever. Prohibitionists may have waited fifty years to get their law, but there was nothing else for them to do. They were not asked to obey or enforce a law which they resented as odious, but only to wait a long time before they could get a law enacted which millions of their fellow citizens do so resent. The question of how long it may have taken to establish a tyranny has no relation whatsoever to the question of how long those subjected to the tyranny should be content to endure it.

With this I must leave Mr. McBride's paper, though there are a multitude of features which I find it difficult to refrain from commenting on. The points in it that I have selected to discuss seemed to me to have more interest than attaches to his particular assertions either of fact or of opinion. And in conclusion I will permit myself a few words on the development of the prohibition situation into its present phase.

THE LIMITS OF OBEDIENCE

FROM THE VERY beginning the Eighteenth Amendment was treated with contempt, the Volstead Act for its enforcement violated without compunction, by thousands of our

best citizens. But it was not until several years later that public attention was in any notable degree expressly directed to the doctrine that such disregard of law is in some instances the right, and in some instances even the duty, of the citizens of a republic. Among the earliest — and certainly among the ablest — of the expositions of this doctrine was that presented by Dr. Hadley, President Emeritus of Yale University, in the leading article of *Harper's Magazine* for November, 1925. But in the past four or five years the doctrine that there are limits to the obligation of law observance has become familiar to millions of men and women who had never before thought of such a thing.

It is easy to account for the slowness with which this doctrine gained currency. For the general principle that all laws should be obeyed is a sound and even a necessary one, and to weaken its hold on the people at large is to assume a grave responsibility. Of those who from the beginning *acted* upon the conviction that there was nothing wrong in breaking the prohibition law, very few were willing to make public avowal of that conviction. Most of them were doubtless not quite clear in their own minds about it; and of those who were, nearly all refrained from open expression of their conviction either out of timidity or out of genuine scruple — that is, either because they did not wish to incur odium or because they really felt that more harm than good would come from the dissemination of the doctrine that not all laws are entitled to obedience.

Nor is it difficult to explain the change that has taken place in the last few years. That change is simply part of the general development of the great struggle. When it became clear that opposition to the Eighteenth Amendment was not a matter of mere passing discontent, but of a hostility as serious and resolute as it was widespread; when year after year, instead of witnessing a mitigation of the struggle, saw the lines drawn ever more and more sharply; when the resistance with which the law was met led to ever greater extremes in the measures put through or proposed by the prohibition leaders; when, in short, it be-



came plain that we were confronted with a conflict as irrepressible as was the conflict over slavery seventy-five years ago — then it became a clear duty to look the question of the obligation of obedience squarely in the face.

And when this question, taken in the abstract, is looked squarely in the face, only one answer is possible. The doctrine that *every law* must be obeyed, no matter how oppressive, no matter how inhuman, no matter how silly, is one that no sane man, when driven to a direct answer to a plain question, will maintain. It is safe to say that the heads of the Methodist Church would no more admit the moral obligation of a law requiring them to perform or to attend the rites of the Roman Catholic Church than the heads of the Catholic Church would admit the moral obligation of a law forbidding the performance of those rites. But it is not necessary to cite hypothetical cases. In the colloquy with which this series

began,* neither Professor Fisher nor any other representative of the prohibition side dared to declare that it was morally wrong for opponents of slavery to violate the Fugitive Slave Law or for the English dissenters in the time of the Stuarts to violate the laws forbidding their form of worship. Every man draws the line somewhere: to do otherwise would be to degrade the principle of obedience to law to the level of an abject superstition.

On the concrete question of our prohibition law, there is of course room for the widest possible difference of opinion. The considerations that justify the defiance which it has encountered — on a colossal scale in action and on a constantly growing scale in the expression of opinion — have been in some slight measure indicated in some parts of this article; to go into them more fully would be beyond its scope. But I cannot close without expressing, with all the earnestness at my command, my sense of the deplorable consequences of this defiance of law. Those consequences do not follow, or follow in but slight measure, when laws become obsolete or obsolescent by something

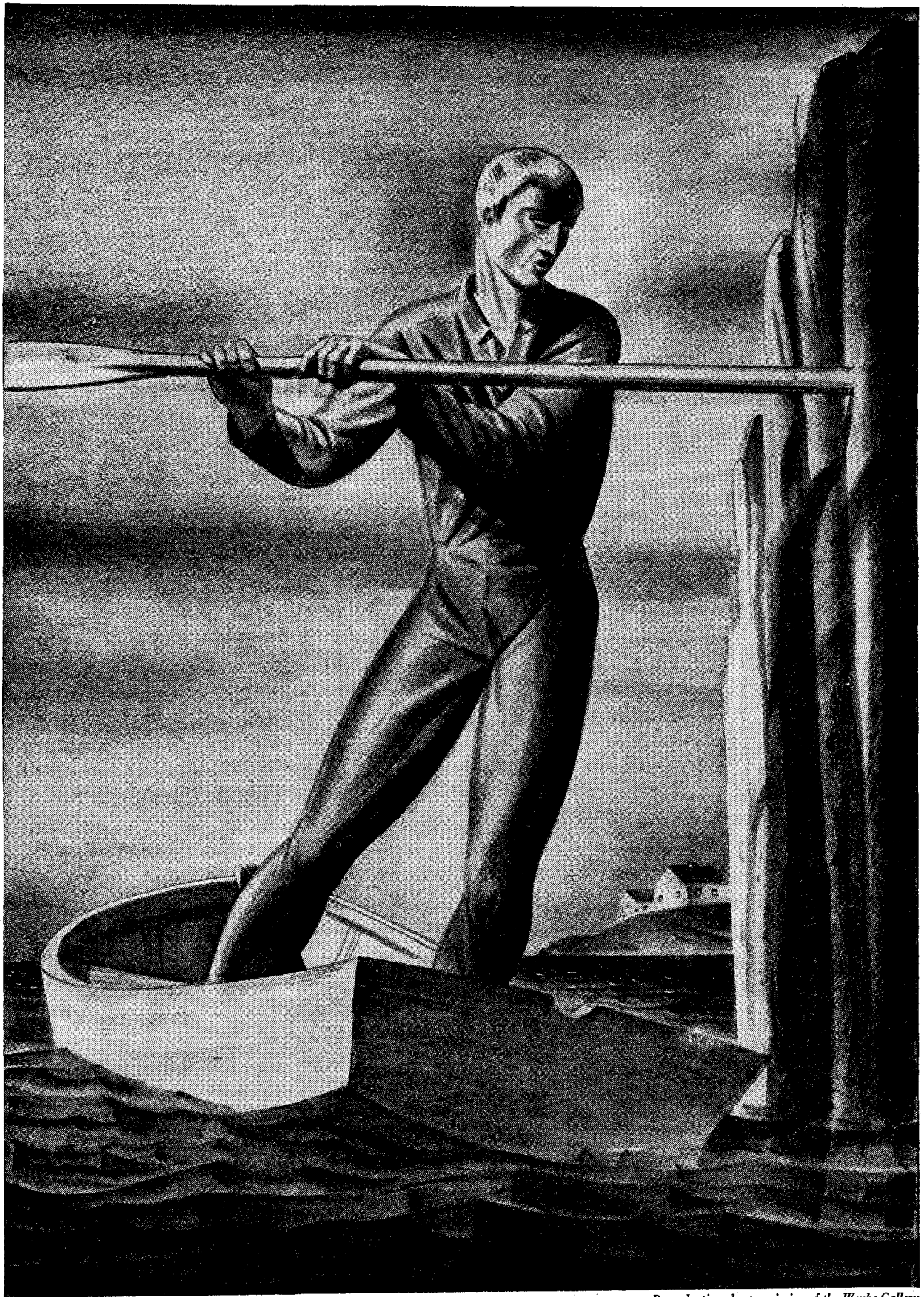
like unanimous consent; they do not follow when, even though the law is not obsolete, its violation occurs only sporadically, or as the result of laxity or thoughtlessness rather than of a deliberate attitude of contempt or hostility toward the law. But when the spectacle of such contempt or hostility, on the part of something like half the nation, is constantly before the eyes of the people; when, intensely as this is objected to by advocates of the law, thousands of our best and most intelligent citizens witness it without a word or sign of rebuke; when this state of things results in weakening the hold of the principle of law observance upon the general mind — then it needs no argument to show that the consequences are very serious and must be more and more serious, year after year, so long as these conditions continue.

To defy a law, however bad, which has behind it the full authority of the government is a course which may be necessary, but it is inevitably attended with great evils. Not the least of these evils is the effect it must have upon multitudes who, seeing this course adopted by men of the highest standing but not capable of understanding the ground of it, *do* actually commit the error which Mr. McBride imputes to acknowledged leaders of anti-prohibition opin-



ion — they do not distinguish between disobedience to a law on the ground of a vital principle which the law violates and disobedience to it simply because of dislike or disapproval of the law. For this gross aggravation of the spirit of lawlessness, as well as for the creation of a portentous division of feeling throughout the nation, the Eighteenth Amendment is responsible. It is idle to contend that these things would not have happened if the people had been wholly different from what they actually are. A law may be ever so noble in motive and yet be pernicious in effect. It is not by the motives of its proposers, but by its actual working — above all, if that working is manifestly the result of fundamental causes — that a law must be judged. And judged by that test, as well as by the general principles of rational lawmaking, the Eighteenth Amendment stands hopelessly condemned.

* See the Socratic dialogues — “Can Prohibition Succeed?” and “Should We Obey the Prohibition Laws?” — in *THE FORUM* for May and June, 1929.



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Two Rockwell Kents

Boatman

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THE FORUM



Man at Mast

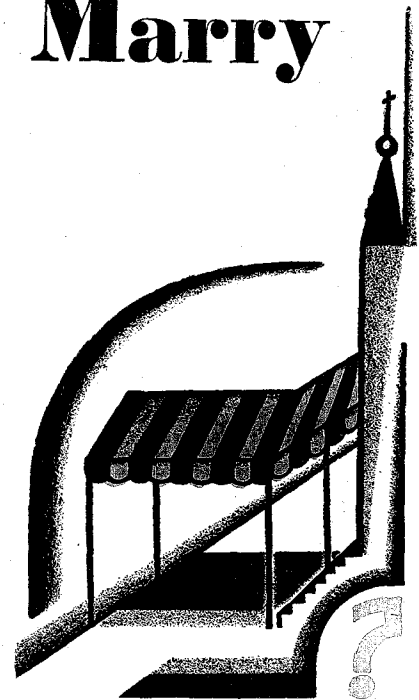
OCTOBER 1929

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What it Means to Marry a Protestant

THIS ARTICLE is the best of several dozen submitted by readers in reply to "What it Means to Marry a Catholic," by "One Who Did" (June, 1929). In that article a Protestant woman drew upon her own intensely personal experience to prove that mixed marriages are likely to be unhappy marriages. And now a Catholic who married a Protestant paints his side of the picture. He starts with different assumptions from those of our Protestant writer; he challenges nearly all of her "facts"; and yet, curiously enough, he arrives at practically the same conclusion as hers.

by
**THOMAS
QUINN
BEESLEY**



Drawings by Lloyd Coe

ARGUED WITH strict logic, and on the plane of spiritual relationship, the ideal state is either celibacy, or, as a compromise, the non-cohabitant marriage, such as that of Joseph and Mary. Neither, however, can be recommended to those who are children of their generation, for whom marriage with its attendant physical consummation seems to be the most satisfactory arrangement. I think it is wise to decorate its biologic and economic purposes with the conventional orange blossoms of sentiment, but the intensely practical and permanent business of living, which St. Paul must have had partly in mind when he wrote, "he who giveth his virgin in marriage doth well, and he who giveth her not doth better," should not be obscured or excluded. Marriage is not easy, even under the best circumstances. It depends on the character and mental attitude of the two persons whether they will live in a state of grace or a state of disgrace. Mixed marriage merely introduces a special set of complications to be met, special adjustments to be made.

This the author of *What It Means to Marry a Catholic* does not seem to recognize. To her, mixed marriage is the cause of all her troubles. That is, marriage between a Protestant and a Catholic, for apparently she does not admit the possibility of mixed marriage between two Protestants — an error which leads her to as-

sume that when two Protestants unite the chances for a successful partnership are better than if either had married a Catholic. The truth is that it is no greater strain for a Catholic and a non-Catholic to live in matrimony than it is for a devout Presbyterian and an earnest, "hard-shell" Baptist, a high church and a low church Episcopalian, a Unitarian and a Christian Scientist, or any similar combination of explosives that might be devised and which one meets frequently. All of these are potential dynamite, as is attested both by the doctrinal conflict which constitutes a large part of their history and which has nullified all efforts at church union, and by their current attitudes toward each other. Therefore it is not unlikely or improbable that the Protestant plaintiff might have made a complete failure of marriage with a Protestant of some sect other than her own, and that her difficulties therein might reduce her present mountains to mole-hills. I have known it to happen. And as for marriages between members of the same church — I can recall pitched verbal battles over sermons, trustees, and church society offices, between husband and wife, sharers in an otherwise placid household, which lead me to believe that even denominational unity is not necessarily productive of sweetness and light.

The Protestant lady has revealed every de-

tail of her domestic situation and somehow she gives a disturbing picture of sectarian bias and a tinge of mental snobbishness. I say this not unkindly but only to clarify the issue. She describes her husband as one who "adheres to a religion belonging to a bygone age." She grieves for her children because "there is no way they can escape paying the price of their parents' ignorance." She disparages "Romanist habits of mind" and sets up instead her own criteria as a "modern-minded person." Did she really intend to give such a picture of her husband? Surely she must have realized that in regard to Catholic practices and doctrines, her facts, as well as the deductions she bases upon them, are all second-hand and valuable only as such. Her private life, however, she renders first-hand, and it is impossible for me to reply to her without doing the same — or at least rendering enough of it to illustrate my points.

My father was converted to Catholicism by the influence of the Oxford movement, during the lifetime of his first wife, a Protestant, and shortly before he met and later married my mother, a Catholic girl. Although my brothers and sisters took their stepmother into their hearts and affectionately named her "Aunt Mary," they remained true to their several varieties of Protestantism. My Catholicism they attribute to "Aunt Mary's" influence; they cannot comprehend its being a reasoned belief for either our father or myself, and they are frightfully irritated by my bland air of religious equality. (This self-confidence is, I suppose, one reason why a Catholic husband is likely to be more than the usual husbandly trial to his Protestant wife: he seldom has an inferiority complex, and thus outrages the accepted domestic and religious conventions.) My first wife was a Catholic, and after her death I married, following a four-year interval, a Protestant Episcopalian; it was her second marriage also, her first having been with a Protestant of the same denomination. Propriety restrains me from any description of the results other than to say that we both reject Disraeli's cynical jeer that "second marriage is the triumph of hope

over experience." We merely rediscovered what I have already stated — that a successful marriage depends largely on character and attitude.

MIXED UNIONS ALWAYS PRECARIOUS

WE DO NOT "to the marriage of true minds admit impediments," for we realize that such a condition is the chief justification for a mixed union. But we do advise marriage within the circle of your own religious belief, if heart interest is encountered there. We believe that the chances of harmony, happiness, and success are far greater from the start when the husband and wife have like religious views. There is nothing startling in this joint opinion: it is taught by every philosopher and theologian of first rank who ever considered the problem, and is sanctioned by the regulations of every religious code ever formulated. To those who hold me illogical in marrying a non-Catholic and then saying, "Do not thou go and do likewise," I have but one answer: "Each marriage is an individual case, and the chances are one hundred to one that where a particular mixed marriage is a success, the next ninety-nine will result in the domestic picture revealed in 'What It Means to Marry a Catholic.'"

I base my pessimism on an analysis of the meaning and purpose of marriage as outlined by the Catholic Church. It means, or should mean, a solemn, irrevocable step, not to be undertaken lightly. The church does its best to make sure of at least a three-weeks interval for reflection by requiring a triple publication

of the banns. Furthermore, only death can terminate the marriage contract. In short — and this is the foundation of the Catholic procedure in mixed marriages — *marriage is a sacrament*. St. Paul, the noblest Roman of them all, a man of the world who was not dictated to by theologians and catechists, understood this when, in his famous first letter to the church at Corinth (where marriage conditions were no different than they are to-day in Chicago or New York), he wrote: "If any brother hath





a wife that believeth not, and she consent to dwell with him, let him not put her away. And if any woman hath a husband that believeth not, let her not put away her husband. For the unbelieving husband is sanctified by the believing wife, and the unbelieving wife is sanctified by the believing husband; otherwise your children should be unclean; but now they are holy." Thus for Paul, as for Catholics today, marriage is a sacrament, an outward sign of an inward grace, instituted by Christ.

This view is not shared by most Protestants and therein lies one of the most prolific sources of misunderstanding of the Catholic attitude. So important a sacrament is marriage that its administration is wholly outside the powers conferred on the priest: it is the only one of the seven sacraments which the laity alone administer and the only one which a baptized non-Catholic validly receives without first becoming a Catholic. The bride and groom administer the sacrament to each other. With the physical consummation of the union, the sacrament is complete. The priest, even the Pope himself, is merely an authorized witness, serving the dual purpose of providing legal ratification under civil law and preventing clandestinity.

WHAT GOD HATH JOINED

IF MARRIAGE did not partake of this sacramental character, how could there be any point in entering into such a relationship? How, too, could there be any point to Christ's famous reply to the Pharisees when they asked him, "Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife?"

And he answered and said unto them, What did Moses command you?

And they said, Moses suffered to write a bill of divorcement, and to put her away.

And Jesus answered and said unto them, For the hardness of your heart he wrote you this precept.

But from the beginning of the creation God made them male and female.

For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother, and cleave to his wife;

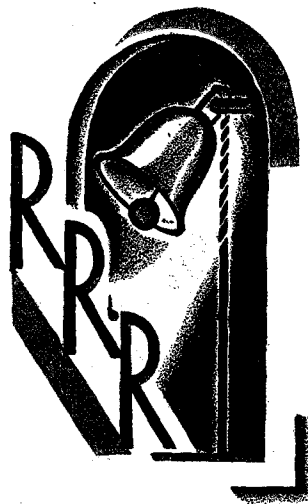
And they twain shall be one flesh: so then they are no more twain, but one flesh.

What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.

That concluding sentence profoundly affects the Catholic's view of marriage. Looking to no civil or ecclesiastical authority for grace or salvation in the married state, he must depend entirely upon supernatural grace and natural wisdom to sustain him in those sometimes terribly heavy obligations and difficulties which he encounters in the vow — "for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part." To him marriage is a spiritual as well as a physical union. Moreover, either the sacrament has been received or it has not. For this reason "trial marriage" and "companionate marriage" are, to a Catholic, hilariously funny contradictions in terms. As well speak of a bigamous celibate or a set of three twins.

This entire philosophy of marriage is built to withstand — and anticipate — "worse" and "poorer" and "sickness" and the rest. Certainly this attitude is to the advantage of the wife. The church insists that marriage is a vocation to which one is called, not a legalized social, sexual, and economic experiment. The rule that only crime, ill-treatment, or adultery justify even so little as separation from bed and board, may be austere, but it is an excellent preventive to hasty and intemperate action, and it elevates the virtues of hope and faith to an equal place with that of charity, while at the same time subordinating the large amount of the animal in human nature to the lesser but more important mental and spiritual qualities. The Protestant lady can hardly take exception to the church's insisting, within the realms of its jurisdiction, on the safeguards and restrictions which make possible this better and more permanent state of matrimony

when other faiths have done the same — the Protestant Episcopal in its Twenty-third Canon, which forbids a minister of any other denomination officiating at *any* ceremony within a Protestant Episcopal edifice; and the Lutheran,



which at a recent synod called for "a halt in the social breakdown in which marriage has become a matter of convenience, to be discarded at will."

BIRTH CONTROL

AND NOW to consider some of the specific complaints of this Protestant wife. First she mentions the church's attitude on birth control. Materially viewed, the purposes of marriage can be only biological and economic. It is quietly ceasing to be the latter in the United States where more than eight million women hold jobs. The procreation of children remains one of its primary aims, as well as one of its usual consequences, and the fact that, with this in mind, Christ included it among His sacraments, is, for me, one of the surest proofs both of His divine nature and of His humanity. Perhaps it is the good Protestant example of my ancestors who brought forth sturdy and numerous flocks of vigorous parentage, which causes me to wonder whether this primary idea of marriage is not all right, and only the overstimulated bodies and enervating tendencies of our time that are wrong. For I am fully aware of how agitated are most women of fashion and education concerning birth control. Yet I also know that they are still subject to misgivings and hesitations. They are not entirely comforted by advertisements of various prophylactics or by the more explicit birth control information given out at clinics staffed principally by widows and spinsters. They appear, these agitated women, to be hampered subconsciously by their racial inheritances or by their early religious training, however diluted either may be.

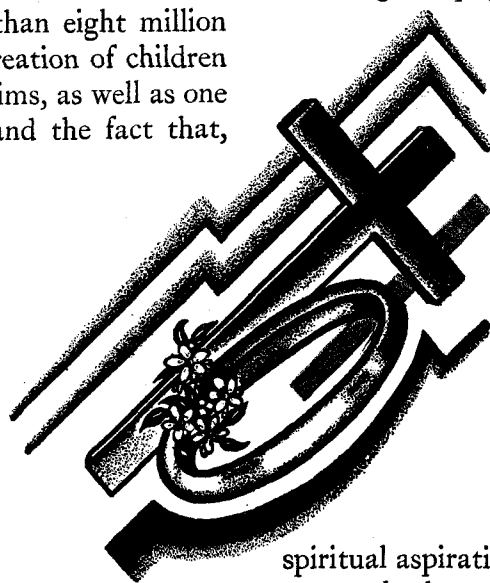
What really troubles them, I think, is that having children apparently is coming to be regarded as an entirely animal process, selective and occasional; and that the spiritual factor has disappeared. Now if this were true, why marry? Make procreation a state function, as the extreme Communists contend. To continue

reasoning in this strain, every argument of economics is in favor of large families, for they will provide cheap labor, more farm hands, and increased distributional outlets. Are these statements cynical and materialistic? No more so than the aim of the Brush Foundation for Birth Control at Cleveland, Ohio — "to contribute to the betterment of the human stock, and to the regulation of the increase of population, to the end that children shall be begotten only under conditions which make possible a heritage of physical health and a favorable

environment." Animal husbandry agencies have said the same, in slightly less lofty words, concerning the improvement of Holsteins and Durocs.

But this is not the way human beings improve. It may be his handicap, but man is set off from his fellow brutes by his intelligence and

spiritual aspirations, and his improvement will come only through them. Periodic continence is practiced by animals higher up in the evolutionary scale; surely it ought to be acceptable to man. It is practical: it is imposed on athletes training for contests; priests are considered excellent insurance risks. This, then — abstinence at and for stated intervals — is the method of birth control advocated by Catholic philosophy. I believe it to be the only sound and advisable method. Mechanical limitation does not reach the class whose children should be limited, as is proved by the ascending curve of venereal disease the world over. From the purely human side, a husband certainly ought to conserve his wife's strength during the periods of gestation and lactation. For these reasons, the economic and personal arguments in favor of contraceptives sound to a Catholic suspiciously like an admission either that the parties are unwilling to live within their means, or else want to eat their cake and have it too. If one marries with a mental reservation to avoid or limit the birth of children, there is no element of true consent to the contract as a sacrament, and the marriage is of no value.



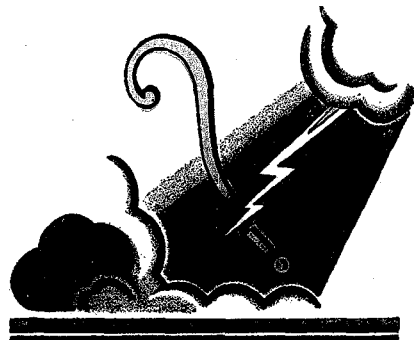
There can be no compromise on this subject between the Catholic and the non-Catholic parties.

As for the Catholic schools, the Protestant author inquires, "What on earth is a sectarian school for if it is not to thwart independence of thought, at least in matters of dogma?" I should say, offhand, that it is largely for the purpose of giving a good education. I admit that parochial institutions drill terrifically on elementary fundamentals, but, being a business man, this is rather refreshing to me. And in regard to the catechism, the Baltimore version seems about on a par with some of the Protestant catechisms with which I am familiar. Let me say in concluding with this particular phase of the argument, that the lady is hopelessly uninformed when she asserts that "the economic burden imposed by the parochial school is greater than the Catholic population can safely carry." Is she aware that the voluntary tax per head which Catholics in this country impose upon themselves for their schools is only *sixteen cents a month*? The 1926 official figures show that 18,605,003 Catholics spent \$35,592,300 on their educational system. Like all such taxes, the bulk is paid by those who can afford to. I dislike to rebuke a lady publicly, but I am compelled to characterize as sheer nonsense the assertion that "thousands of children are deprived of proper food, clothing, and recreation" because of contributions exacted from their parents for the parish schools. I cannot sympathize with her even when she speaks of "the difficulties of any person who marries a Catholic without considerable means." It is my observation that these difficulties, for Protestants as well as Catholics, are not matters of religion but of management.

"There is no such disparity in marriage as unsuitability of mind and purpose," Dickens said in *David Copperfield*. Assuming that suita-

bility, the mixed marriage still remains one of the most delicate of marital obligations. The problem will not be solved if the non-Catholic embraces Catholicism merely as an effort to remove a barrier. Unless conversion is a matter of absolute and unshakable conviction, then in God's name remain as you are and marry as Catholic and non-Catholic. If you wish to go with your husband or wife to church, that is for your conscience to decide — but unless you can go in a spirit of reverence and honest inquiry, stay away. One of the difficulties of mixed marriage is the question why father or why mother does not accompany the rest of the family to church. This is an inescapable hazard that must be faced and, sooner or later, met. Other hazards, too, must be met. For one thing, you promise to carry out during the lifetime of your Catholic husband or wife the work which both of you began on your wedding day, when you took a solemn vow in the sight of God to educate and rear your children as Catholics. And should death leave you, a non-Catholic, alone, you must fulfill that vow made in the enthusiasm of a living love — even though you should afterwards marry a member of a Protestant denomination.

If a mixed marriage demands from one party an abrogation of important parental rights in the fundamental matter of the religious training of the children, it also requires of the other party more than the usual tolerance, sympathetic consideration, and forbearance. On both sides one is faced with a complicated situation, a barrier, and a difficult requirement, known in advance and accepted in free will and presumably in good faith. Once accepted it becomes a moral obligation, binding on conscience, and to be carried out willingly and with love. The only road through the obstacles is to adopt and live up to this pledge from the very start — "We expect, and will respect, our differences."



Aztecs of To-morrow



by **FRANK W. CREIGHTON, D.D.**

Episcopal Bishop of Mexico

THE VISITOR to Mexico City who takes a Sunday morning drive on the beautiful Paseo de la Reforma to Chapultepec Park and Castle, is mildly amused when he sees Juan and his family, in from the country for a holiday, firmly stationed at some prominent corner, oblivious to the fact that they are blocking traffic and making general nuisances of themselves. Juan, holding his balloon; his wife, carrying the bottle of *pulque*; his grandfather, entranced by a pinwheel — they and the numerous offspring are all happy; so what matter if they are, as one is constantly told, *muy bobeados* (very boobish). The men will probably be drunk by night and in the gutter, but that will make no difference — the women and children will sit on the curb and wait patiently for morning, when they will all return to the country after a happy holiday.

Bobeados — a perfect description. One day a friend of mine and his wife overtook an Indian carrying a heavy crate of berries to the city market. He had struggled on for many miles and his back was bent under the burden. The lady wanted berries for preserving, so they negotiated for some and put them in their car. Then as the Indian was starting off again, his load somewhat lightened, my friends decided that they would take his entire stock. But to their amazement he would sell them no more. "No," he said, "if I let you have all my berries, I will have nothing to sell when I get to the city." So on he labored for many more miles. "The prize boob," as my friend said.

With every dawn in Mexico City a wretched horde of filthy, diseased, vermin-infested Indians emerges from unspeakable hovels —

sunless slums, shacks along the railroad — to prey upon the city. Tattered women with emaciated, sore-skinned babies, dirty, red-eyed men simulating every type of deformity — they block your path, offering lottery tickets and *dulces*. One wonders how a city claiming to be civilized can tolerate such specimens. Yet these are the descendants of the once proud Aztecs. They remain on the scene of their ancestors' perfidious betrayal of their own great Cuauhtemoc, whose nobility and bravery against overwhelming odds are at once their only boast and their everlasting shame.

For more than three years I have lived in Mexico. My home is in Mexico City, but I have spent much time in the country — visiting Indians, living with them, listening to their quietly expressed hopes and aspirations, observing their habits and their potentialities. I feel that I know at least something about these people. I know, for one thing, that what is true of the unfortunates in the city — and all the city's Indians are not unfortunate by any means — is not true of the Indian in the *campo*.

I have sometimes heard travelers in Mexico say that it would have been better if the Spanish had wiped out this race. Quite true, they did not. But they did sow the seed of intestine war, burn the forests, and introduce cruelty on a large scale. They let the Indian live because they needed him in exploiting the country; and he did live — in a condition of servility which for four centuries has plagued and thwarted him and which in itself would have been fatal to a less virile people.

There were advantages, of course. Conscien-

tious priests, educators, and benevolent *hacendados* followed the *conquistadores*. Human sacrifice was banned, roads were built, mines opened. But the Indian was not his own master. Little by little he lost his spirit. In the face of conflicting forces he was unable to analyze his own condition. Gradually the church and powerful *hacendados* took over the little plots of ground assigned him outside his village. His means of livelihood was gone and he accepted anything in its place. Bound by debt, he became virtually a slave whose life was forfeit if he tried to escape. Eventually he lost capacity to think for himself and came to rely on mere cunning. He became improvident, an abject dependent, doing no more than his barest needs required.

And the church, the one organization able to help him, was the ally of his master. As the dumping ground for venal and mercenary foreign priests, Mexico came under the dominance of a hideous caricature of Roman Catholicism which more than anything else is responsible for her backwardness and the condition of her Indians. The fierce onslaught on the church conducted recently by the revolutionary leaders and by the intellectual element in her population was an inevitable reaction to four hundred years of failure to seize a God-given opportunity and make the most of it. The Roman Catholic Church, whose tremendous appeal to the Indian population no one can deny, ought to be stirring and leading the aspirations of a people whose aspirations are infinite. But, in the grim record of Mexico's moral and spiritual collapse and the backwardness of her Indian population, the perverted Romanism which for so long has dominated her, bears a great share of guilt. May we hope that now the "religious question" is settled, a type of Catholicism such as we know in the United States and England may take its rightful and leading place in Mexico and make amends for the sins of the past?

STRICT SOCIAL DIVISIONS

ANOTHER FACTOR in the present condition of the Indian is the Mexican social structure. In my limited experience I have never seen such sharp caste divisions. The Indian, naturally, is at the bottom of the ladder; no one thinks of anything else — even he himself. Theoretically and by constitutional enactment

"all sons of Mexican parents born within or without the Republic are Mexicans by birth." The custom, however, is to regard one drop of Spanish blood as an element of separation. Those born of unmixed Spanish blood — the Creoles — have nothing but contempt for the Indian and think him good only as a servant or as a peon. Fortunately, the Creole's influence is waning. He is decidedly unfriendly to the government and out of sympathy with its program of social advancement of the Indian. He is a reactionary, unable to adjust himself to the new movement.

The third class is the Mestizo, of mixed Spanish and Indian blood — the largest and most influential group in Mexico. The intermixture of the two races, the conquered and the conquerors, has been subject to infinite modifications, and there are Mestizos who assume the Creole attitude toward the Indian, and Mestizos who assume the Indian attitude toward the Creole. But whatever his proportion of Indian or Spanish blood, the Mestizo is to-day the ruler of Mexico and it is to him that the Indians may look for either help or hindrance in their struggle forward.

The attitude of the Mestizos has been largely one of superiority, and it is partly justified, for, as a rule, they think more quickly, are more astute and more ambitious, have more capacity for progress, and demand self-expression. Yet they know that the national life of Mexico can never develop without the Indian. They know that he ought to be free, that he ought to have his plot of land to work, that he ought to have schools for his children, and that he ought to have the advantages which must be released to him before he can be the factor in Mexico's advancement which his numbers, his character, and his position warrant. These things are his right.

Of course, certain Mestizos have exploited, beguiled, and disappointed the Indian; but this is but a corrupt part of the deep solicitude which has been felt for him since the days of Madero, in the first decade of this century. These men have made him a political prize — although he would not run the physical risk of voting, even if he could read his ballot. There are thousands of Mestizos, however, who are his sincere friends and helpers, proud to be bound to him by blood ties, and who consider that blood the most virile and worthwhile

element in themselves. The present Mexican Government has been accused of Indianism, and if that means an honest attempt to awaken the Indian so that he may emerge to his rightful place, all honor to that government. Its efforts are sometimes abortive, exaggerated, ill-conceived, and often thwarted by dishonest politicians, but they deserve praise because they are benefiting the Indian, however irritating they may be to the reactionary.

THE INDIAN'S VIRTUES

MOREOVER, these efforts are supplemented by the Indian's inherent qualities and mental attitude, both of which the careful and sympathetic observer may discover for himself. One of these qualities is courtesy, and although it is often taken advantage of, it will be a factor for good when the Indian comes into his own.

I have been the recipient of such courtesy many times. Once — when I had been in Mexico only a week — I got lost in a strange section of the city and merely had to speak the name of my destination (knowing no Spanish, it was all I could speak), "*Hospital Americano*," to enlist the aid of an Indian policeman. He accompanied me the seven blocks to the hospital and when I tried to thank him, forestalled me with a "*Por nada*." Similarly in the country. On one occasion, in the State of Hidalgo, when I had ridden in from a ranch to Danu, where I was to take a ten o'clock train for Guadalajara, my six-hour wait was made pleasant by the Indian station agent, who, unasked, introduced me to friends of his — also Indians — one of whom took me to his house, provided me with a bed where I might rest, and asked me to partake of a *cena* of fried chicken to which he had invited a number of guests. At train time the whole company took lanterns and accompanied me — a total stranger — to the station.

Another outstanding Indian trait is affection for children. In fact, they often spoil their boys and girls, but as self-development will come later in life, it is a characteristic in which there is infinite hope. They are also astoundingly patient. They do not look for quick results. If they fail, they try again. Time is no object. But when they set out to do a thing, they want to do it. While the Indian's stubbornness about small things may irritate and

inconvenience his neighbors now, who will say that in the future his stubbornness about the greater, finer things may not guide his destiny and prove his chief asset?

Those who, like myself, see favorable potentialities in the Mexican Indian, are prone to draw attention to the great characters, such as Juárez, whose pure Indian origin makes unique the valuable parts they have played in Mexico's history and development. But I think there is even more to hope for from the general movement which is stirring the Indian conscience. There are signs of a widespread awakening and of ambition; there is a demand for rights, a desire to be and live like other people. Problems have arisen from these demands and desires, and while it is beyond the ability of the government to solve them equitably and with common sense, they at least are hopeful and portentous.

INSISTENT PROBLEMS

ONE OF THESE is the agrarian problem, which, with the possible exception of the religious question, is the most prolific source of ill will in the Mexican social program. The best discussion of it I know is in Dr. Ernest Gruening's *Mexico and Its Heritage*. There the despicable attitude of Mexico's agrarian politician is set forth in all its true ugliness, and along with it is related the patriotic service of sincere agrarians. I have talked with men of this latter type, agents of agrarian banks whose loans and sale of seed and implements on deferred payments have been of great service to the Indians. Their advice and help are giving an entirely new character to vast regions, raising their inhabitants from helpless, hopeless, plodding peons to self-respecting small farmers. I have sat with agrarian committees — all Indians — and listened to them discuss their problems. The seriousness of these meetings, the evident desire to do the best thing possible for all concerned, and the subtle wisdom displayed in the face of situations heretofore unknown, evince a determination to make good and augur well for the future of the Indian farmer.

Another problem is that of public health. Mexican diet is notoriously bad. Corn — ground in lye water, fried, and served wet and heavy — and tortillas are a dietary nightmare; and chilies can never take the place of fresh

vegetables. These things are national institutions. *Pulque* and living in damp, dark, floorless houses — whose discomforts no flowers on the outside can lessen — pile up additional handicaps. Furthermore, probably because safety demands that his home be tight shut, the Indian insists on sleeping without fresh air. Sanitation in general is bad. The elementary rules of disease prevention are unknown and the infant mortality is terrific.

Naturally, there is difficulty in introducing and enforcing the government's health program. Attempts at vaccination have produced riots in Mexico City and stubborn resistance in the country. But a coördination of government agencies and coöperation with local authorities are having their effect. The project of the Department of Education this year is public health. Twice I have heard lectures on health at the Hooker School, both treating the subject in a simple, sensible, and memorable way. Such talks will be given all over the republic this year, and over a million children will be reached.

Fortunately, the Indian's natural health and strength do much to counteract his bad living conditions. He is no weakling. I remember crossing a mountain range on horseback. With me and my party started an Aztec boy carrying a cabinet organ on his back. Our route was steep and dangerous, but when we arrived at our destination the boy was there ahead of us, patiently waiting. The Indian's ability to withstand pain is simply incomprehensible. I have seen injured and wounded men come into our first aid station at Nopala, silent under suffering which seemed unbearable.

EDUCATION GROWING POPULAR

THESE AND OTHER problems are being dealt with by the Department of Education, which is in direct and intimate contact with the Indians. Little schoolhouses are going up all over the country and they are being attended by Indians, for the Indian parent wants his children to have an education and, inordinately proud that they can read and write (accomplishments unavailable to him), glories in every step of their progress. In rural districts, practical farming is part of the curriculum.

One of the marvels of Mexico City is the School for *Indigenas*. It is really not a school,

but a dormitory housing boys who come from all parts of the republic in order to attend the regular government schools. To be eligible for this institution one must be a full-blooded Indian. The students' community life is under a supervision which extends to their sports, games, and moral welfare. In this school I have seen athletic contests characterized by a good spirit and sportsmanship which are remarkable when one considers that just a short while before, the players were long-haired mountain boys who knew no Spanish. Their sincerity is equaled only by their Indianism. The day I was there, their enthusiasm knew no bounds because the Ambassador from Guatemala, in presenting a cup on behalf of the Indian boys of that republic, announced that he was Indian and proud of it.

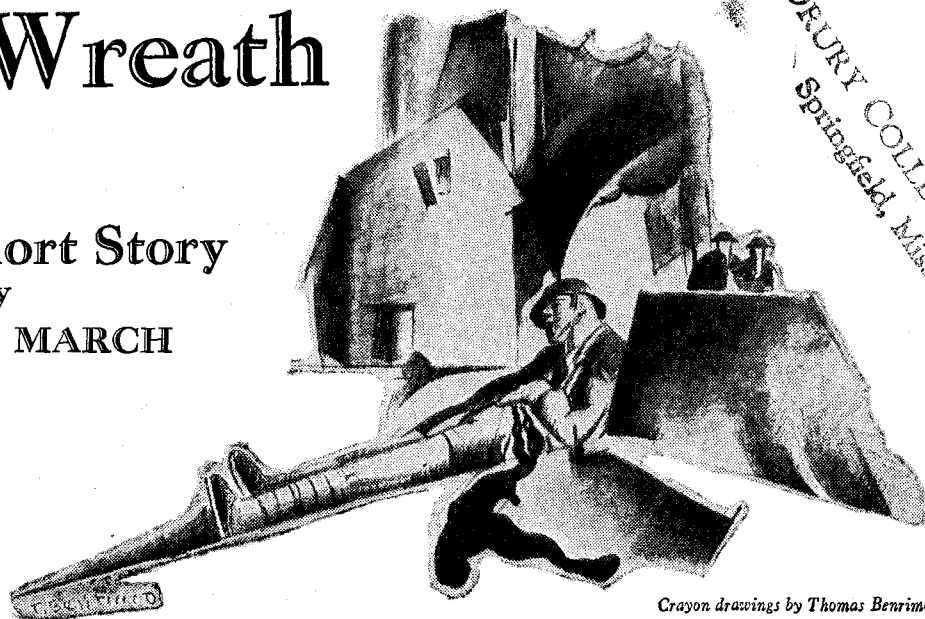
One other feature of the educational program which is fulfilling a real need and aspiration is the open air school of painting, the result of a movement, begun in 1913, to develop the artistic tendencies of the Mexican children. Although the response from all the children was immediate, the most remarkable thing is the number of Indians who attend these schools. In the one in Xochimilco all the students are Indians; in Tlalpan seventy per cent are Indians; and in Guadalupe, Hidalgo, and Churubusco fifty per cent. This demonstrates that back in the inner consciousness of the Indian is a love of beauty and a desire to express it, which servitude, exploitation, poverty, and miserable surroundings have never killed.* It has manifested itself all during the years in small and trifling ways, but the love of the beautiful which created and adorned the old cities of Palenque, Chichen Itza, Mitla, and Teotihuacan, has never been extinguished. It is bound to play its part in shaping Indian destiny.

What that destiny is, no one knows. Potentially, the Indian is a factor of importance. The Mestizo needs him and he needs the Mestizo. Spanish blood flows in nearly half of Mexico's population; Indian blood flows in nearly all of it. Mexico cannot escape the Indian's influence. She can, however, make it a force which will be a credit to her and a unique contribution. She can use it in her progress toward the great, enlightened nation which she has the will and the power to be.

* See the Frontispiece to this issue.

Holly Wreath

A First Short Story
by
WILLIAM MARCH



Crayon drawings by Thomas Benrimo

TO THE LEFT of the village square, a dead mule lay on a manure heap. Its stiff legs were stretched to the June sky and its glazed eyes, wide open and rolled backward, were like two pieces of dirty mica. Its yellow teeth were bared in a fixed snarl. From between its teeth there hung a swollen purple tongue, and over it flies crawled and disputed and lived amorously.

Corporal Reagan and his water detail surveyed the wrecked village with interest. After a moment they saw the well at which they were to fill their canteens: it was in the center of the ruined square.

"The Germans sure gave this place hell!" said Reagan.

"You said it!" agreed Private Bouton.

Leaning against the well, his chin held high and his helmet set rakishly on one side of his head, lay a dead man. His left hand was pressed against a wound in his side, but the blood had flowed through his fingers and onto his uniform. His right hand, which still clutched the well rope, had been flung wide in his pain and rested now on the stone lip of the trough that carried away the waste water.

"He looks like he might make a speech any minute," said Corporal Reagan. Keeney said nothing, but Bouton rubbed his chin and stated very sensibly that the man would *have* to be moved, or he would be in their way when they were filling the canteens.

As the men stood there, a soft humming sound came to their ears, followed by the sharp explosion of a shell. There was the faint neigh-

ing of flying steel and a series of soft, kissing sounds as the shrapnel found its mark. Corporal Reagan and his two men ran quickly across the street and down a long flight of stairs into a deep cellar. Bouton had a sack of tobacco and a package of brown cigarette papers which he passed to his companions. After they had lighted their cigarettes they felt better.

Bouton grew slightly boastful. "If it's me the Heinies are after, they're wasting their ammunition," he said. "They haven't made the shell that can get this baby."

"I don't mind shrapnel so much," said Charlie Keeney; "it's machine gun bullets that get on my nerves. I don't like the way they whine about your ears. They remind me of a sick woman quarreling in the dark." He paused a moment, ashamed of his imagination. "You've got a chance to duck a shell, but machine gun bullets get you before you know it," he finished lamely.

Reagan understood his embarrassment. "Well, I suppose you're right at that, Keeney," he said, "but I think they're all pretty damned bad."

"The thing I hate most is not having your meals regular or a decent place to sleep," said Bouton. "I never think about getting hit: I'm too lucky for any squarehead to get me. Before I left home an old nigger woman told my fortune. She said I was going through the war without a scratch and that I was going to get a lot of fame and all that."

Before the men had finished their cigarettes,

the shelling stopped as suddenly as it had begun, but Reagan thought it safer to wait for a few minutes, as he didn't want to be caught by any artilleryman's trick. When he heard the shells passing far overhead, he knew that everything was all right. The batteries were now shelling the Lucy road — serious business which should keep them busy for an hour or two.

After a brief survey Corporal Reagan turned to his men and said, "Now let's get these canteens filled and get to hell out of here while we got a chance. Keeney, you get that dead man away from the well. Drag him over behind that wall where he won't get hit again."

II

KEEENEY FOUND it difficult to loosen the dead man's grip on the rope, but with the assistance of Reagan he finally succeeded. He grasped the rigid corpse firmly under the arms and walked slowly backward. The stiff heels of the dead man dragging over the square made two furrows in the white dust and collected half-moons of straw and refuse. Before he was at the well again Bouton had drawn a bucket of water. Reagan passed the first canteen to Keeney, who held it in his hand and tilted the side of the bucket, but his arm shook so that the water spilled over his hand and ran down into the stone trough.

Reagan looked up in surprise: "For the love of Christ! Don't you know how to fill a canteen? That's no way to do it, lad. Put the canteen in the bucket and let it sink. There, you can fill three at one time, that way."

"They didn't have wells in Brooklyn where I lived," said Keeney sullenly.

"Well, they didn't have them in Topeka either, but I got sense enough to know how to fill a canteen."

"If you don't like the way I'm doing this, you know what you can do!" said Keeney.

Bouton hastened to avoid the impending clash. "Say, Reagan, are you from Topeka?" he asked.

"That's the place: Topeka, Kansas. Why?"

"Oh, nothing, except a girl out there used to send us candy and knit socks for us when I was in training camp," lied Bouton.

"What's her name? I might know her; I know almost everybody in Topeka."

"Well, I can't think of her name just this

minute, but she sure wrote a good letter."

"What part of the world do you come from, Bouton?" asked Reagan, after a pause.

"Oh, I come from Memphis, Tennessee."

"That's a good town, I've heard."

"You said it! I wish to Christ I was back there."

"I suppose we all do; I know I wish this lousy war was over and I was back in Topeka. My mother and I are going to move out in the country to her father's old place when I get back. We're going to start a chicken farm. Later we're going to put in greenhouses and grow for the Kansas City florists. That's the only life. I wouldn't give two cents to live in a town for the rest of my days. — Say, what's the matter with Keeney? What's the matter, kid?"

Keeney had slipped down and lay with his back against the well. His face was white and his teeth chattered slightly. "I never had my hands on a dead man before," he said.

"Oh, that's all right; take it easy. Lots of fellows are like that at first. You'll get over it," said Reagan.

"It was the way he looked at me when I was trying to open his hand, and when I left him by the wall, he —"

"Forget it, lad. You'll see a hell of a lot worse before you get through with this outfit. Just sit there until you feel all right. Bouton and I will finish up the canteens."

Keeney rose to his feet. "No, thanks, Reagan; I'll finish them up. I'm all right. I'm not a baby, you know." After a silence he said awkwardly, "You were right about the best way to fill canteens."

III

WHEN THE LAST canteen had been filled and placed on the notched sticks, shells were flying thickly overhead and exploding with great rocking blasts on the Lucy road.

"Say, we can't get back through that barrage," said Bouton.

"Well, we'll have to stay here until it lifts, unless one of you boys knows another way back to the outfit," Reagan answered. Bouton laughed suddenly. "I don't give a damn how much they shell the road, if they leave this place alone," he said.

As they stood smoking their cigarettes and watching the ever-increasing barrage on the road, they were suddenly jarred almost off

their feet by a heavy explosion, followed by a series of blasts which seemingly increased in intensity.

"What the hell do you suppose that was?" asked Bouton.

"It sounded like they got an ammunition train," Reagan replied.

They waited a short time, long enough for a few more cigarettes. The pounding had once more settled into a dull rumbling. Then Reagan said, "That's what it was all right. They're shelling that road out to beat hell." Keeney and Bouton were silent. Reagan spoke again: "Come on, let's get going. If we go across country, we'll be able to come out on the road above the barrage."

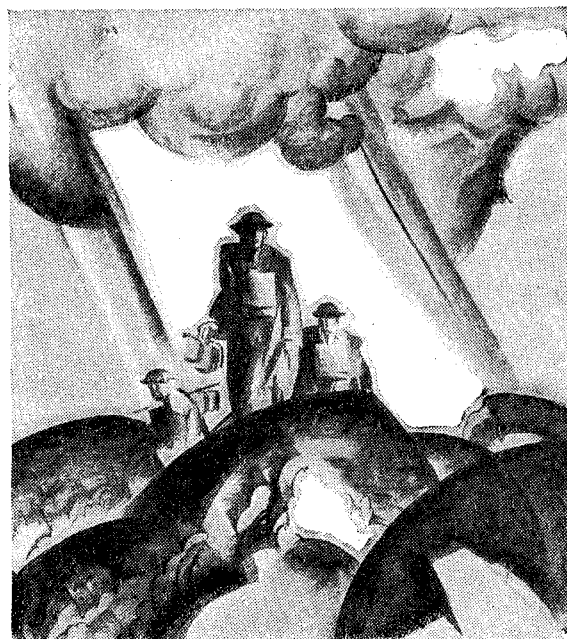
The three men picked their way across the square and through the littered main street of the wrecked village. Presently they came to a long lane, which finally led into a field of yellow flowers that resembled mustard in bloom. A sudden breeze ran over the flowers and across the faces of the men. They removed their helmets and walked in silence. When they came to the end of the first field, they saw another in front of them, wider than the first one; poppies were growing in it and it was studded with large stone boulders. Corporal Reagan was frankly worried. "Seems as if we've gone far enough," he said irritably, "but that shelling is still pretty loud. If it doesn't get any quieter after we're through these flowers, I think we'd better go back to Lucy and wait until the barrage lifts."

"All right, Reagan; you're in charge of the outfit," said Bouton.

When the party was halfway across the field, there suddenly came the staccato tapping of a machine gun and a hundred bullets sang through the poppies and struck the ground at their feet. Before the gunner could get their range, they were safe behind a wide boulder about four feet high and deeply rooted in the green field. They lay there huddled and silent, their green uniforms scarcely distinguishable from the wheat. The bullets chipped the solid rock over their heads in sudden rushes that sounded like the faint, irregular breathing of a man suffering with asthma.

After a time Keeney said, "How long will we have to stay here?"

"Until it gets too dark for the gunners to spot us."



"But it won't be dark before ten o'clock. Do you mean we've got to stay here listening to those machine gun bullets for six hours?"

"That's the way it looks to me," said Reagan.

"Oh, well," said Bouton, "I'd rather be lying here resting than digging silly, God-damned trenches for them lazy Frogs!"

IV

THE MEN LAY in silence, each occupied with his thoughts. It was Reagan who spoke first: "Say, this is Wednesday, isn't it!" he said suddenly.

"Yeah, I think so; but what the hell difference does it make?" Bouton slid down lazily and rested his head against his helmet.

"Nothing, except my mother always writes to me on Wednesday night. She writes me on Sunday nights, too, but the Wednesday letters are always the best." He carefully unloosened his ammunition belt and unhooked his blouse at the throat.

Closing his eyes, Reagan thought of home. He saw his mother seated at her desk, writing to him. He saw her finish the letter and gather the neatly written pages together. She folded them into an envelope and placed it, carefully addressed, on the hall tree beside her hat, her school papers, and the black handbag with the broken catch. Then she set her metal alarm clock to ring for half-past seven and pattered about the house for a time, locking doors and

seeing that everything was safe for the night. He saw her comb out her thin hair and plait it into a scant gray braid. A sudden wave of tenderness came over him. He hadn't felt that way for a long time. He opened his eyes and smiled dreamily. "It will be pretty nice when we get home again, won't it?" he said.

"It sure will," said Bouton; "I hate like hell losing all this time. It don't get you anywhere. The best you can hope for is a commission, and that's no good in peace times."

Keeney faced them suddenly, his lips twisted more than ever. "You fellows give me a pain, mooning like sentimental shopgirls!" he said furiously.

Bouton looked up in surprise and rubbed his stubble of a beard with his forefinger. People like Keeney were beyond him. Reagan was inclined to be angry at first, but when he saw Keeney's face he changed his mind. "Oh, all right, Keeney," he said.

Again the men lay in silence and stared at the sky. After a while Keeney said, "Do you think we could make it if we ran for those trees?"

"Better wait," said Reagan. "Better wait until dark."

"Let's see how good those gunners are," said Bouton. He broke a small stick and with it slowly raised his helmet above the rock. Instantly a flock of bullets came flying in their direction, striking the rock and ringing off his helmet. Bouton lowered it quickly and regarded the dents in it. "If you boys want to run for the woods, go to it — but don't count me in. I think I'll take a little nap; God knows I need sleep. You better do the same. You won't get a chance like this every day."

The men stretched themselves out as comfortably as possible. After an hour Bouton was asleep and snoring softly, his lips alternately pursed and relaxed. But Reagan, feeling his responsibility as corporal (particularly since the other two men belonged to replacement troops which had only recently joined the company), fought down his drowsiness. Keeney lay flat on his belly, his face cupped in his hands. Each time the gunners raked the rock with their fire and he heard the bullets striking the rock and ricocheting into the air with a high querulous note, he trembled slightly and pressed his face against his bent arm. Reagan noticed this with alarm.

"Say, Keeney, don't let it worry you that way; they can't get you here."

"It's those damned machine gun bullets — they get on my nerves!"

"Then don't pay any attention to them. Get your mind on something else. Look at Bouton there: that's the way to take it."

"Yes, you're right. Bouton's got the right idea. — Oh, I don't know what's the matter with me. — Let me alone, can't you?"

"You haven't any business in this outfit," said Reagan kindly.

"Do you think I don't know that?"

After a long silence Keeney said, "Reagan, do you think I'm yellow?"

"I don't know. Are you?"

Keeney waited for a long time, turning the matter over in his mind. Finally he said, "I don't know." A little later he asked, "How long have we been here, Reagan?"

Reagan's answer was lost in a rain of bullets striking the rock and whizzing overhead. Bouton turned over suddenly and sat up. He glanced at Keeney. Keeney was trembling violently and sucking in his breath with a hissing noise through his chattering teeth. "Say, listen kid," said Bouton, "you want to cut that out. Get yourself in hand, or you'll wind up in a shellshock ward."

Keeney didn't answer. He lay there trembling and making sobbing noises for a long time. Finally he sat up against the rock and reached for his rack of canteens. "I can't stand this any longer," he said.

"Get down, Keeney. Don't be a God-damned fool!"

"Say, what are you trying to do, kid?"

"I'm going to run. I can't stand this quarreling in the dark, I tell you!" He stood upright and swung his canteens across his shoulder; then he started running awkwardly, his head lowered and the canteens swaying to his stride.

"Keeney, for Christ's sake!"

"Keeney, come back, you fool!"

There came a sharp splutter of machine guns and a quick rush of bullets. Jets of water gushed from the filled canteens and shone for an instant crystal clear in the afternoon light. Suddenly Keeney stopped and threw the canteens from him with a wide, convulsive gesture. He began zigzagging crazily from side to side and running in sudden broken circles. Then he turned squarely and faced the gunners. A cur-

tain of blood ran down his face. The sound of the bullets whipping his body was the sound of an old rug being beaten with a muffled stick. He lifted his arms to the gunners: "Don't! — Don't!" he screamed. Finally he toppled over into the field, thrashing about like an animal, and uprooting with his dying hands great bunches of poppies and wheat. At length he stiffened, contorted with pain, his head almost touching his feet and his green uniform stained with his blood.

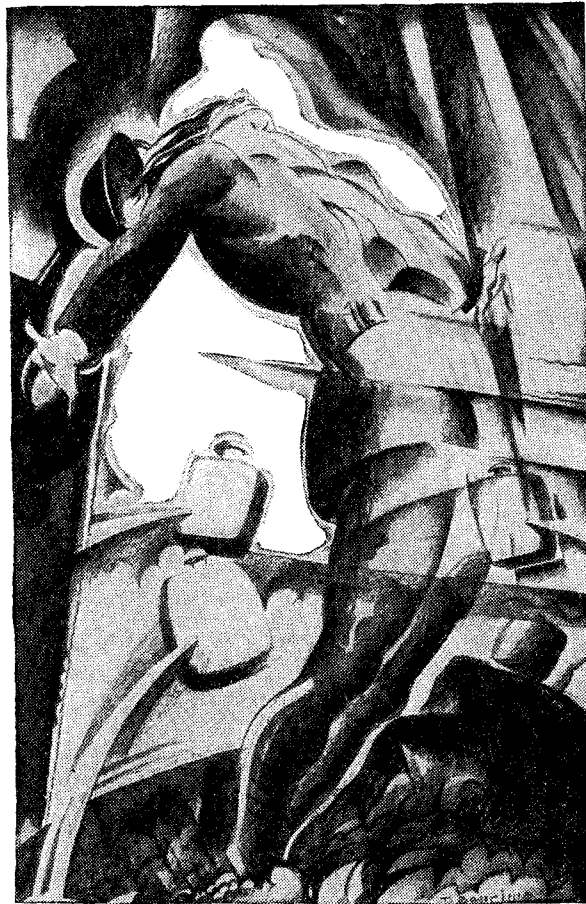
REAGAN LAY staring at the twisted body for a long time. It reminded him of something he had seen, but the impression was faint and illusive and would not come into consciousness. He shut his eyes tightly and turned his head away, but he couldn't shut out the sight of Keeney lying dead in the wheat, the red blood on the green uniform. . . . Finally it occurred to him: Keeney in death resembled a huge, distorted holly wreath. He knew that Bouton would not understand, but he felt the necessity of talking to someone. "Bouton, what does Keeney remind you of?" he asked.

Bouton gave the matter careful thought. "He looks like a dead Frenchman; they always die tied in knots that way." He closed his eyes sleepily.

"Does he remind you at all of a holly wreath?"

Bouton looked up in surprise at the question. "Well, no, I can't say that he does. A holly wreath, as I remember it, is rounder and not so big."

After that Reagan lay in silence staring at the dead body. . . . A holly wreath. . . . It started him thinking of his home and Christmas time and his mother. Bouton had gone back to sleep. Reagan unbuttoned his shirt and let the cool afternoon breeze blow against his throat. A far-away look came into his eyes. He looked at the sun and judged that it was about half-past six. A holly wreath. . . . It would be half-past twelve in Kansas. He wondered what his mother was doing at that moment. In his mind's eye he pictured her room, every piece of old furniture with its lifetime of associations: the armchair where she read or sewed or corrected her school papers at night; his father's picture in crayon, enlarged and hanging in a gilt frame on the wall. . . . He would write his mother more often; it



must be lonely living by herself that way. . . . A holly wreath. . . . He turned on his back and stared lazily at the blue sky, watching a bank of clouds drift past. He thought of the farm that he and his mother were going to have as soon as he got home. Gradually his thought became more broken and formless and he drifted into a dreamy borderline state between sleep and waking.

There came to him then a clear picture of his mother asleep, one arm resting on her breast and the other under her pillow. He smiled at the well-remembered posture. Then he saw her clench her fists and sit up in bed, her eyes wide with fear. She turned on her night light and looked at the clock. Reagan noticed that her hands were trembling. Finally she got out of bed and found her house slippers and the faded bathrobe with the yellow tassels. She sat down quickly in her armchair, as if overcome by emotion, and pressed her palms against her temples. It was a familiar gesture and unconsciously Reagan copied it: he raised his own hands and pressed them against his temples, exactly the way his mother had done it. He noticed then that she was crying. "Don't cry

like that, Mother," he murmured. Then he saw her rise and walk to the open window and the room blurred and melted away and there appeared only his mother's face, magnified like a close-up in the movies. He could see terror in her eyes and in the way the loose skin under her throat trembled. She held on to the window sill for support and her lips moved silently. . . .

VI

REAGAN ROLLED over on his side. He opened his eyes and said dreamily, "What did you say, Bouton?" But Bouton's soft snoring sounded rhythmically. Again Reagan lay on his back and looked at the sky. "I must have been dreaming," he thought, "but I was sure I heard somebody calling me." His eyes closed drowsily. . . . Again that overpowering wish to sleep. He fought against it, but he was powerless. He wondered, vaguely, what had frightened his mother so badly and where he had seen that peculiar look on her face before. Suddenly he remembered. It was the Christmas after his father had died and his mother had taken him to her father's farm to spend the holidays. His mother had been sad and depressed, but grandfather and Aunt Martha and Uncle Henry had been very kind and understanding and had done what they could to cheer her up.

Aunt Martha was a big woman with soft brown eyes and reddened hands. She wore a black silk shirtwaist sewed over with glistening jet that caught the lamplight and threw it back. It gave her the appearance of being made of metal from the waist up. He remembered Aunt Martha's steaming kitchen and the odor of a great turkey turning golden brown in the oven. It had snowed the week before and the rolling Kansas countryside was white and still. That morning Uncle Henry had got out the sleigh and had taken him and his mother to gather evergreens and red berries. The two big horses had neighed and pawed the snow with their hoofs, restive in the cold and anxious to be away. He remembered that Uncle Henry had placed his arm around his mother's shoulder without saying a word, and that she had suddenly started crying against his coat. When they had reached his grandfather's house, his mother and Aunt Martha had taken the evergreens and red berries and woven them into wreaths which they tied with huge red bows and hung in all the windows. Aunt Martha told

him that people put holly wreaths in their windows at Christmas time so that folks passing in the road would know that they were happy.

Aunt Martha and his mother talked about old times and wove the wreaths rapidly. They laughed and pretended that Jimmy was really helping them. Uncle Henry sat by the stove smoking his pipe and reading a newspaper; and grandfather was by the window in his chair (the one that nobody else was allowed to sit in), tinkering with a mousetrap. At intervals Uncle Henry would take his pipe from between his teeth and read them an item of local news or a funny story. His mother had succeeded in throwing off her early depression: there was color in her cheeks again and she even laughed once or twice at Uncle Henry's jokes. Every few minutes Aunt Martha would put down her thread and scissors and run to the kitchen to look at her dinner. How good it smelled!

And now the wreaths and all are finished and mother is cleaning her hands and winding up her ball of twine.

"Let me hang the wreaths, mother!"

"No, no, son; you're too small. You'll fall and hurt yourself."

"Mother — please!"

Uncle Henry is putting down his paper and stretching himself widely: "Oh, let the boy hang 'em if he wants to; you can't baby him all his life, Cora!"

"But Henry, he's only five. I'm afraid he'll hurt himself!"

"Oh nonsense!" says Uncle Henry.

And now Uncle Henry is drawing up a chair from the kitchen and placing a soap box on the seat to make it higher. He lifts Jimmy high in his arms and swings him to the top of the pile. Jimmy is excited. He wonders if he will ever be as big and strong as Uncle Henry.

Jimmy knows that they are watching him, so he is hanging the wreath with care, balancing it evenly on the nail. Now he has turned and faced his audience: "See, mother, I didn't hurt myself at all!"

Jimmy throws out his chest and swaggers slightly. "I guess I can hang any holly wreath there is!" he says. At that moment he loses his balance; the chair is swaying backward and the box has slipped from under him. The next thing is his mother's frightened face bending over him: her eyes are wide with fear and the muscles in her throat are throbbing. Aunt Mar-

tha is bathing his temple, which is still bleeding a little.

"Jimmy! — Jimmy!" his mother is crying over and over. . . .

With a start Reagan sat bolt upright against the rock. High overhead a shell passed with a faint, boring sound, but he did not hear. He was still at his grandfather's farm with his mother and Aunt Martha bending over him and Uncle Henry, contrite and shamefaced, holding a basin of water and a bottle of arnica.

"Don't worry, mother, it was fun," he said.

"Oh, my poor baby!"

"It didn't hurt a bit, I tell you, mother!"

Suddenly he stood upright above the rock.

"See, I'm all right, Mother; I'm not hurt at all. I'll hang the other wreaths too!" He laughed

suddenly, the late sunlight gleaming against his teeth.

There came a quick tapping from the German gun and a sudden rush of bullets. A moment later Reagan crashed forward onto the rock that rose to meet his smile.

When Bouton awoke, he found him lying grotesquely across the rock. He was still smiling, but the stone had broken his teeth and bruised his mouth.

"What the hell!" said Bouton in surprise.

When it was quite dark, Bouton shouldered the three sticks and retraced his steps through the field and down the long lane until he came again to the wrecked square of the ruined town. It was very late when he reached his company.

QUOTATION

by

C. E. MONTAGUE

I

DO YOU KNOW how it feels to enter a first-class hotel with no luggage but a rucksack? I do. The noblemen disguised as hall porters look through or past you. The princess in control of the bureau listens with a vinegar aspect to your petition for shelter, and assigns you the least covetable of rooms. The infant Bacchus in plum-colored Eton jacket who shows you the way to your sorry chamber, handles your jejune baggage with an air at once disdainful and apprehensive, as though it might either fall to pieces or bite him. You come down to dinner cowering under a sense that your infamous reputation has preceded you. The ex-ambassador who has accepted the portfolio of head waiter shows a true diplomatist's sense of relative values by giving you that penal seat which is islanded in the very estuary of the passage issuing from the kitchen,

so that your elbows, and nobody else's, may be polished by frequent friction against the hips of his lieutenants as they hasten back and forth between the destinations of the evening's victuals and their place of origin.

That is how some of us feel all our days. For we are going up and down this well-read world with literary luggage so meager that it is hardly worth putting up in the rack, not to speak of the van. Scarcely a day passes over our heads when no eye of scorn has fallen on some detail or other of our destitution. The talk turns to Southey or Landor, De Quincey or Peacock, Goethe or Schiller, Ariosto or Dante, Rabelais or Corneille, *The Faerie Queene* or *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Then it all comes out. Not one of them have we read. And then the lips of the tactful are almost imperceptibly closed, and those of the less tactful may be balefully



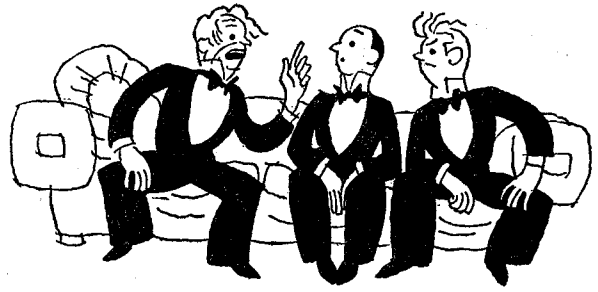
opened; perhaps someone addicted to a sort of slum research goes on to question us further, so as to find whether our ignorance is absolutely exhaustive. I have had my depths plumbed and dredged in this manner for traces of some acquaintance with Gibbon or with Roger Ascham, Stendhal or Balzac, Sir Edwin Arnold or Sir Thomas More. High and low the inquisitors have rummaged the pockets of my mind. Had I read *Urn Burial*? Did I know my *Hudibras*? The good men might have fished all night; they would have caught nothing in me. With none of those august authors had I so much as a nodding acquaintance. Darkest England surpassed herself in my poor person.

How, you may ask, does any adult come by such indigence? Why sit down under it in brutish contentment? In cases like mine it is not so much that we hate all written matter in the mass, like the spirited person in *Marmion* who thanked God that no son of his could read or write except one, and *he* could not help it, as he was a Bishop. A West European must not be taken to hate all womankind because he has not become the husband of such a "simple coming-in of wives" as Solomon's. It may be that monogamy charms him; or at least, that if he be a polygamist in his heart, he puts a reasonable limit on the number of these visionary unions. Some of us men of few books were wedded to our few so happily and so young that we have never felt much call to go out wandering over the crooked hills of literary love.

III

MOST OF US used to begin our relations with literature by chewing, positively chewing, folk fables and illustrated rhymes imprinted on stout calico. After that novitiate, the firstlings of my tiny library were *Robinson Crusoe*, the Jarvis version of *Don Quixote*, and *The Vicar of Wakefield*. It feels now as if my mind had set forth upon this earthly pilgrimage by train, with these three works and myself occupying the four corners of a compartment otherwise empty. We four were leagued together by a tacit treaty against anyone else who might want to get in.

There's no denying that at more than one station on the journey which has continued since, a new book has got in. Sourly eyed for a



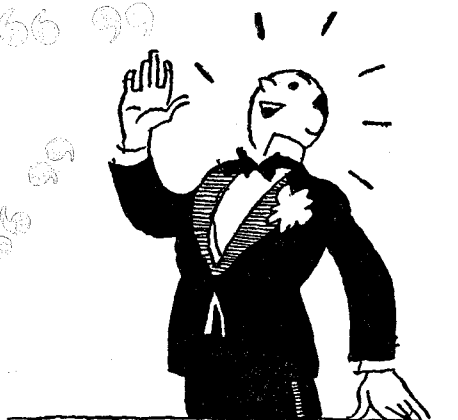
while, it has then by insensible degrees been taken into the league against any further entrants. I can remember still the helpless warming of the heart toward the *Imitation of Christ* and the lyrics of Herrick and Burns, the essays of Bacon and Lamb, Swift's *Tale of a Tub*, *The Compleat Angler*, Pepys, the *Aeneid*, Hugo's *Quatre-Vingt-Treize*, and the *Holy Living* of Jeremy Taylor; and then the jubilant and unconditional capitulation to all Shakespeare, the Falstaff parts first.

By this time the compartment was full, and one or two passengers standing. So there it ended and there the company has remained, so far as it can be said that any book has really been a man's traveling companion through life. I have certainly talked, as it were, through the open window at wayside stations to some other notable figures in literature; and everyone is aware, anyhow, of a good deal of the Bible, so large a percentage of it is floating about in the atmosphere. Also one has to consort, in a way, with a certain number of books which, as Lamb said, are not really books, but things in book's clothing — works of reference and information, inanimate histories, geographies, encyclopedias — just as one has to converse, more or less, with tax collectors, magistrates, and other principalities and powers whom one does not actually grapple to one's soul with hooks of steel. What I mean by reading is not skimming, not being able to say as the world saith, "Oh! yes, I've read that" — but reading again and again, in all sorts of moods, with an increase of delight every time, till the thing read has become a part of your system and goes forth along with you to meet with any new experience you may have.

If you want to share the joys of the intensive reader, you must almost abandon the hope of being a really extensive reader too. "A few children of the gods have done it," as the Cumæan Sibyl said of going to Hell and coming back safe; but most of us are merely human

on both sides, and life is short. Bacon says that charity will scarcely water the ground if it must first fill a pool; and if you should have a true intimacy to maintain with a dozen supremely beloved authors, you will hardly be able to work up also the amazingly wide acquaintance which many people seem to have with the whole field of letters. So you may take a very small holding on the slopes of Parnassus, or you may get shooting rights over the whole of the mountain. But there is no getting both. And, if you go for the freehold, you must be prepared for the whips and scorns that await the man of few books at the hands of those who can talk about many. Yet there is a refuge awaiting you too. It is easier to write pretty well than to talk up to the level of any society that affects "the things of the mind." You can turn author yourself. You can go ply the homely, slighted shepherds' trade.

YOU WILL observe that a classic quotation has just come into my head to help me in curling the tail of a paragraph. That is where we men of slight reading come in. If you read in the Polonian spirit, not dulling your palm with entertainment of each new-hatched, unfledged commodity of Mr. Mudie's and Mr. Boot's, but reading an old book again when a new one comes out, you will find that the whole of what you have read is comfortably within reach of your hand whenever it is wanted for a professional purpose. All of it is like that relatively small part of a bank's assets which figure on the balance sheet as "in hand or at call,"



whereas the accumulations of most of your widely-read men seem to be somewhat deeply and remotely invested. No doubt their resources are well employed, in a sense, as Antonio's were when he had one argosy upon the high seas, bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies, and a third to Mexico. But as soon as the cry was for cash, Antonio was hammered upon the Rialto. So you will often see men with the learning of an Acton or a Bruce graveled for lack of a ready quotation at a pinch, when some fellow who never had any learning to speak of will pop out the one perfect thing as surely as if he enjoyed plenary inspiration.

Is it too much to say that the wit of your most voluminous readers is prone to work slowly?

It may be that there is some vexatious little law, in the scientific sense of the word, that your reading shall be available in inverse proportion to its width. Certainly if you know as few books as I do, and like them as much, you will find that they stand by you surprisingly well. Often they will strike in spontaneously to your aid when, without a seasonable "quote" you might pass for a dumb dog in the day of trial. Few novelists are less bookish than Kipling, and few have ever brought off a more triumphant quotation than his use of "I am dying, Egypt" in his *Love o' Women*. Cherish a few books only, and those few chosen not for their fame in the world but wholly for the pleasure that they give you. "In brief, Sir, study what you most affect," as the sensible Tranio says in the play — and you may find they will remain such shining marvels in your sight that relevant scraps of them will recur to you spontaneously under any sort of stimulus.

That, you can soon see, is how Lamb had read the Bible, and Scott had read Shakespeare — for delight. Quite early in the history of medicine, the doctors found out that a man could digest his food best if he ate it with pleasure among cheerful friends. So is it with books. You may devour them by the thousand, swiftly and grimly, and yet remain the lean soul that you were. The only mental food that will turn to new tissue within you, and build itself into your mind, is that which you eat with a great surge of joy and surprise that anything so exciting should ever have been written. When Scott's witty or tragic imagina-

tion was working at the top of its powers, more and more whiffs of Shakespeare would seem to visit his brain, to regale and incite it. For great writing, I fancy, must be a somewhat tempestuous business. When the winds of genius blow great guns, I imagine that all of the gifted person's casual and cursory reading goes below, like other passengers. But the few are all the more with him the greater the stress becomes, and the more completely he is stirred to the utmost use of his own gifts.

In a sense you might say that quoting is a branch of window-dressing, the Baconian art of "seeming wise" — of keeping a great house on quite a small income. But you could only say it in a shallow sense. The will to put all the stock in the window may be found in anyone. But the power to put it there is not to be had with-

out some kind of genuine, if only whimsical, love for the stuff in itself. And this is an unworldly gusto. Of course, a man who finds he has got it may turn it to some account in the world. A journalist like Andrew Lang lives by quoting. But no prudential motive could bring him the gift. It is, at bottom, a present from nature, like the palate of the fortunate young waiter in a Paris café who won the prize the other day for quoting the vintage and the price of each of twenty clarets, after one sip of each. His, too, is a marketable talent, and yet one which no thirst for gold will confer. Nor yet an all-embracing thirst for clarets. Like your mere indiscriminate bibber, the devourer of innumerable books will seldom give to that which he consumes the supreme tribute of perfect quotation.



Whither America?

by **WALTER B. PITKIN**

TWO FACTORS constitute America — the piece of land thrust up between the oceans, and the people living on it. The land and the man are the two foundations of every culture, every civilization, and every state. What the man can become depends quite as much upon his land as upon his inner nature. Put superior people on superior land, and a superior civilization results. Put low grade people on low grade land, and savagery results. And between these extremes a rich variety of social-economic systems arises. Witness the tragedy of Japan, where you find superior people condemned to barren soil, and the reverse tragedy of some remote parts of China, such as Sze-Ch'uan, where a low grade people wallows in the fat of the land, a sort of super-swine.

All economic events arise from the interaction between man and the land. Then why not study the sources directly? Why bother about money and banking, factory methods, union labor, and marketing, until after the

leading issues have been faced? Yet the man and the land are seldom considered in economic surveys. In the immense report issued by President Hoover's Committee on Recent Economic Changes — the result of two years' preparation by the National Bureau of Economic Research — one is not even mentioned and the other is touched upon all too lightly. And from the maze of facts in this report, which "critically appraises the factors of stability and instability in American economic life," the two editors are able to draw only vague and, on the whole, dismal conclusions. One, Wesley C. Mitchell, remarks: "All is not well. . . . Agriculture, unemployment, textiles, coal, and leather present grave problems. . . . Nor can we be sure that industries now profitable will continue so indefinitely." To which Dexter Kimball adds: "Barring some new and radical improvement in our industrial processes, it will be increasingly difficult to improve our economic position, if for no other rea-

sons than the natural action of the law of diminishing returns and the increasing scarcity of material resources and the basic limitations of our agricultural resources."

In view of such summaries, we may well inquire, and with some anxiety, whither America — both land and the man? As for the land, billions of tons of topsoil are being washed into the sea through our rivers, thus losing forever billions of dollars worth of soil chemicals, aside from the value of the crops which might have been produced. This loss should not be underestimated, for we need fertilizers to enrich the topsoil which remains, and which, due to over-farming, grows constantly poorer. Sheer ignorance and neglect of scientific farming are responsible for this waste. And the subsoil, with its vast wealth of natural resources, is being shipped away to all parts of the world as fast as miners and trains and ships can move. We consume or allow others to consume minerals and related subterranean products which can never be recovered.

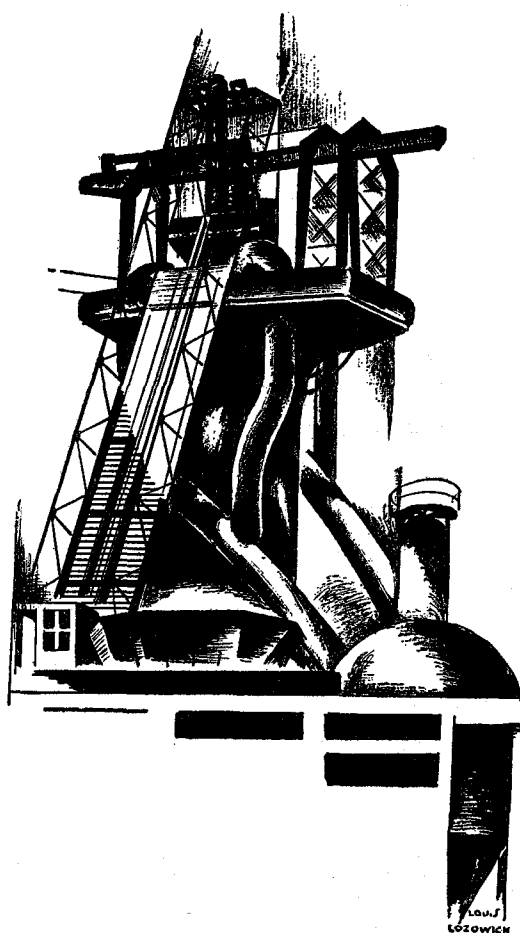
How about the man? To-day the copper miner is passing; perhaps by 1950 his species will be extinct. The soft coal miner has sunk to the level of the coolies along the Shanghai waterfront. Men and women in the textile trades, in leather lines, in railroad work, and other great fields are scarcely better off. They have barely held their own or have lost ground a little. The automobile workers, prospering mightily, form an exception. The farmer's condition is so bad that nobody has yet been bold enough to lay bare all his difficulties in a single and complete report. Such an exposure would meet the same fate as that which overtook President Roosevelt's investigation of farm life, which was so appalling that Congress would not vote funds to print the full story. According to President Hoover's committee, the income of the American farmer has dropped since 1919 from fifty-seven per cent of the American average to only thirty-nine per cent of it. Small wonder that they are pouring into the cities faster than new industries can absorb them.

In the past thirty years, says Arthur D. Little, new discoveries and inventions have created jobs for about ten million people. True! But they have also put about the same number of farmers and skilled workers out of jobs. There are now in the United States about

seven hundred thousand more people out of work than in 1920. And all signs point to a greater unemployment in the future, unless radical steps are taken. Yet production potentialities now exceed consumption by at least twenty-five per cent, taking all industries and agriculture together. Hence, in order to go on, in order to forestall the depression which the Hoover report mentions, both farm and factory must either find new customers or else increase the volume consumption of old ones. In this article I should like to outline the main phases of this problem.

WHO'LL BUY OUR WARES?

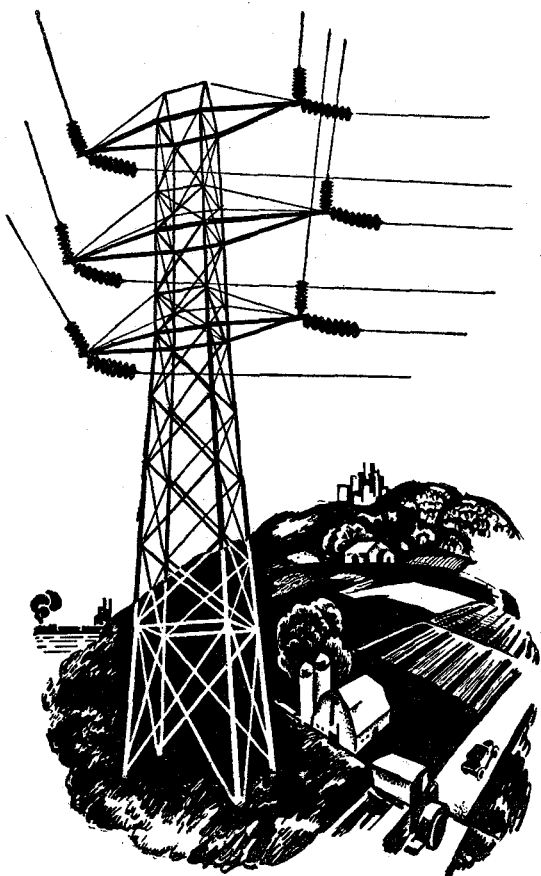
TO FIND new consumers, we must sell abroad in greater volume. This brings us into competition with all foreign producers at once; and here we can win out only in those lines wherein we have advanced the technique of mass production far beyond Old World levels. In *consumption* goods, this limits us to a few lines of easy dominance, such as automobiles, motion pictures, and five-and-ten-cent-store



Pen and ink drawings by Louis Lozowick

commodities. Our farmers are completely blocked and will remain so until the new mass production agriculture arrives, as it has in the American rice business, which can now undersell Chinese rice growers in the Tokio market. Our one best chance abroad is with *production* goods, such as machinery.

But the faster we sell our production goods abroad, the faster will foreigners, who are favored by lower labor and shipping costs, and by government subsidies, be able to undersell us with the goods which such machines turn out. Worst of all will be the trend in agriculture. American farm tractors and combines will soon be enabling the managers of large Russian, Manchurian, and Argentine farms to produce at costs far below our own. Russia is now buying a hundred million dollars worth of such equipment in the United States for delivery over a period of years. Then, too, almost every dollar of the billions we are sending abroad to invest goes to increase the production possibilities of foreign competitors. The investor gains, of course, but the American worker and farmer lose. Not immediately, to be sure, but in the long run, so far as we can now anticipate.



Thus, eventually the American manufacturer, the American worker, and the American farmer will be thrown back more and more upon American consumers. Unless we of this country use more goods from farm and factory, our entire economic system must stagnate. The final problem, therefore, is to hit upon ways and means of increasing domestic consumption.

Now, no increase in the gross volume of *per capita* consumption of food products is possible. Americans are eating less and less in bulk, though they are increasing their variety and quality of foods. As incomes rise, fewer cereals are eaten, a tendency which strikes at one-half of all large-scale American farmers, but slightly aids the dairyman, the truck gardener, and the fruit grower. No shift in the menu aids farmers as a whole. The amount of food we eat remains fairly constant and will dwindle somewhat as the city population grows and as strenuous labor in factories declines. Light work calls for light diet. Nor can any conspicuous increase in the use of most ordinary types of manufactured necessities be hoped for. Nobody wants to use many more towels, shoes, underclothes, toothpicks, or curtains. A critical point is soon reached at which the mere possession of such things in mass becomes an infernal nuisance. Hundreds of thousands of Americans have already reached this limit.

In what directions, then, can expansion be achieved? Broadly, in new luxuries, in the free activities of leisure, and in the creation of new wealth which will enable the poorer millions to increase their incomes. No fourth possibility has yet appeared.

THE LUXURY BUSINESS

THE LUXURY trades are most profitable just now. How long they will continue thus cannot be foretold. In any event, their further expansion depends upon consumers' buying power and this buying power can be improved only by reducing the cost of necessities or luxuries, or, better yet, the cost of both. However, decrease in cost will be effected only by an increase in mass production, and mass production means less and less man power. Thus unemployment must grow worse. So this cycle offers no hope of all-round, continuous progress.

As for the free activities of leisure, the first requisite for spending more money is free time.

The masses must have shorter working days or else more vacations. And here we see immense advances of late. The five-day week is now being demanded in the New York City building trades, as in large sections of other industries elsewhere. The seven-hour day is coming; and perhaps the six-hour day will not be rare within another decade. But in order to consume factory goods during this leisure, the individual must have the price. Lacking the price, he will surely idle away his hours in recreations for which he does not have to pay. So once again we come back to the necessity for more free money.

Thus the only important opportunity for increasing *per capita* consumption over a long period must lie somewhere in the process of increasing *per capita* wealth. We ought to increase the incomes of about eighty million Americans enough to enable each one to spend at least one hundred dollars a year for other than the bare necessities of life. But most of them must first add fully two hundred a year to their incomes in order to get the necessities. That makes imperative a *per capita* increase of about three hundred dollars. But this means twenty-four billion dollars added to the present incomes!

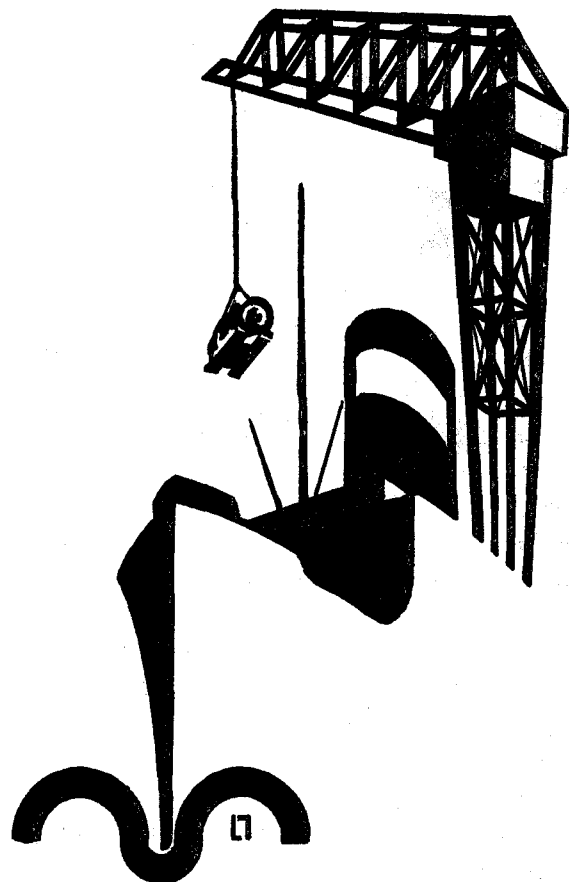
MORE MONEY TO GO ROUND

HOW RAISE such a sum? First, it might be managed in part by reducing our population. For the sake of the American standard of living, we might put an absolute ban on immigration. Then we might enforce rigorously the deportation of alien criminals, paupers, and feeble-minded. Finally, the government might aid in teaching birth control. Fifty years of this, and the *per capita* wealth of Americans could grow somewhat — but not hugely, for a great reduction in population is inconceivable.

Second, a ban might be placed on foreign investments, so that the billions of dollars now flowing abroad to finance our own competitors would be kept at home. This would force down domestic interest rates. To avoid disastrous speculation with cheap money, we might adopt a differential loan system whereby individuals would be guaranteed the lowest rate for home building, and whereby the farm corporations would receive the best long-term loans for financing basic crops. Manufacturers of non-luxury goods would come next in favor; then

the luxury trades; and last of all, the stock gamblers.

Third, we might refine every phase of production and distribution, so that waste would be eliminated and the consumer would get his full dollar's worth. This is one of Hoover's Wholesome Hobbies. It holds forth alluring possibilities. Suppose that the eight or ten billion dollars — a sum equal to our entire foreign trade — which are wasted every year through stupid methods of packing goods, moving boxes, loading and unloading freight cars, stocking up retail stores, supersalesmanship, extending credit to retailers, and blah advertising, could be saved and passed along to the consumers. This equals about one-sixth of the total of present individual incomes, and if it were distributed among workers, much would be accomplished. The difficulty, however, lies in directing the flow of funds. Manufacturers and distributors will pass on to the consumers no more money than they are forced to under competitive conditions. Some indeterminable small fraction would reach the larger public by way of reduced retail prices, but certainly not more than a billion a year.



Fourth, more extensive profit-sharing has been advocated. Let all the profits of all industries flow back to consumers at the highest feasible rate. Let there be no retarding of the movement of money. Let all wages be maximal. One form of this argument has been put forward by Foster and Catchings, who believe that business depressions are caused chiefly by the failure of corporations to distribute their surpluses rapidly. These authors, however, admit that corporations must retain much of their surpluses for safety, so this method offers faint hope of a new prosperity. Consider, for instance, the fact that, in order to raise all wages so as to increase individual incomes by twenty-four billion dollars, employers would have to pay each of the forty-five million men, women, and children now on their payrolls an average of five hundred and thirty-three dollars *extra* a year!

Fifth, instead of diverting wealth into new channels, we might create wholly new wealth. This proposal appeals most to the American temper and imagination, and is also the most likely. So let us consider it more narrowly.

NEW WEALTH NEEDED

THERE ARE TWO outstanding methods of creating new wealth. One is through inventions and discoveries. The automobile, the airplane, the radio — these typify it. The other is through large-scale improvements in the physical environment, so that millions of poor people can dwell in pleasant places and either maintain their incomes while reducing living costs, or else increase their incomes without increasing living costs proportionately.

How about inventions? In the past decade the situation has changed profoundly. Formerly the inventor toiled alone and was badly financed. Most of his efforts were wasted. To-day great corporations run research laboratories manned by competent scientists. So it might seem that the number of revolutionary inventions will increase from now on, to the glory and profit of mankind. And in one sense they will. But not in another. Corporation research is chiefly restricted to improving company products. The scientist must find stronger alloys for the automobile, tougher fibers for canvas, better glue for furniture, house paint that will not fade. Valuable as such things are, they create only a tiny trickle of new *diffuse*

wealth. Granted that they greatly reduce manufacturers' production costs; from this it does not follow that millions of Americans now poor will be able to spend much more money. Most of the savings effected go into new investments and, so far as the average consumer is concerned, are frozen there for many a weary year.

Of this we have full proof. The past fifty years have seen the greatest increase of revolutionary inventions in all human history. Billions of dollars have been invested in exploiting autos, radios, phonographs, machine-made clothing, and what not. New wealth has been created as never before. But how greatly has the purchasing power of workers been augmented? Virtually not at all! Professor Paul H. Douglas's recent analysis of wages in mining and in sixteen major industries demonstrates that a worker in 1928 could not buy, with his week's wages, noticeably more than his father could in 1890.

Not one invention in a thousand greatly increases average purchasing power. This is the lesson of the past half-century. So we are forced back to the other kind of new wealth, namely, transforming the gross physical environment on some vast scale so as to make millions of Americans richer without passing all that wealth through the hands of industrialists and bankers. Only once in American history has this method been pursued, and that was at the time when the government gave away to settlers millions of quarter sections for farming. Poor families became substantial landowners. Had they not been at the mercy of the railroads and usurers, and had they not run into the final stage of the Industrial Revolution, they would have prospered. Through no fault of theirs or of the government's, the homestead system fell far short of the success hoped for; nevertheless it proved the essential soundness of large-scale remodeling of the environment. Can we try it again under more favorable conditions? Probably. There may be dozens of sound projects. Let me mention only three.

ENVIRONMENT MADE TO ORDER

IF AMERICA's hillsides could be used for the "three-story farming" which Professor J. Russell Smith has long been advocating, hundreds of millions of acres of the most healthful and lovely parts of America's highlands

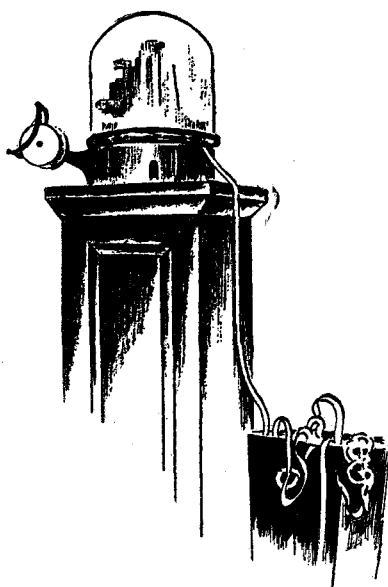
now unused could be opened up to homeseekers in search of a modest living and happy independence. They could grow nut trees on terraces, fodder crops under the trees, and raise hogs in the midst of the fodder. Of labor as the small farmer knows it, there would be little indeed. Of leisure there would be far more than most twenty-five-thousand-a-year men in the cities can find. Certainly two hundred full days in every year would be free, and perhaps more. And such free time as one might not wish for play could be devoted to work in nearby towns.

Again, consider the undeveloped wealth of the lower Mississippi Valley. Here we have between thirty and fifty thousand square miles of the richest soil on earth. It might best be developed for super-farming by great corporations, in growing non-food crops such as cotton, coarse fibers, or pulpwood. The factories using these materials might locate in nearby foothills where the climate and drainage are better; and the workers might dwell there on small "three-story farms," driving to the mills in their own autos. Fully two and a half billion dollars worth of new industrial products could be grown every year down there, were the most scientifically correct techniques followed. And perhaps two and a half million workers might greatly improve their individual incomes and live much more wholesomely.

A third possibility is the creation of industrial villages somewhat along the lines conceived by Henry Ford. Instead of giving workers quarter sections in remote farm regions, let the government sell them, on easy terms and at true cost, garden homes within two or three miles of factories. Arrange for coöperative gardening, not with the idea that the families will be able to make a living from their little tracts — which they could not — but rather with the aim of reducing their rent and food costs so that they would have more money left from their factory wages for buying comforts and luxuries. Offhand, I venture the guess that a revolving fund of two billion dollars, used somewhat after the manner of Federal farm loans or a building and loan society, would

take care of two hundred and fifty thousand new families every year.

But where raise the billions for such vast enterprises? Well, we need not a cent more than our Wall Street bankers send away to foreign lands every year, to help Slav and Japanese and Greek develop factories to engage in cutthroat competition with our own factories. Fancy what might happen were two billion foreign-bound American dollars spent at home to raise the living standards of eighty million Americans who have been impoverished in one way or another by the latest phases of the Industrial Revolution! In only ten years a revolving fund of twenty billion dollars would do more for Americans as a whole than the past half-century has achieved.



HEADING FOR CIVILIZATION

IS THERE the faintest chance that anything like this may happen? Yes. A faint chance, but not much more. At last our manufacturers are beginning to understand that prosperity, like charity, begins at home. They are beginning to grow independent of the international bankers and are doing their own financing more and more, despite Wall Street's howls. They have even built up an invisible banking system in the call money market. Finally, man-

ufacturers as a whole are blessed with better brains than bankers. Unfortunately they are uninformed about the wider problems of economics and statecraft, but they are quite capable of learning and acting on their new knowledge. Within ten years their education may be complete. Then watch something happen!

A war is on the way. It will be one between those who believe in "America first" and those who whoop for "Profits first." A war between those who cling to the shabby doctrine that money profits on invested capital are more important to civilization than the intangible profits of life itself. A war between Quantity of Cash and Quality of Culture.

The end of that war will probably also be the end of the Industrial Revolution. After that, the First Civilization!



Pen and ink drawings by Earle Horter

Don Juan

Or the Youth of Byron – Part III

by **ANDRÉ MAUROIS**

Translation by Hamish Miles

IN APRIL, 1803, Newstead had been let for five years to Lord Grey de Ruthyn, a young nobleman of twenty-three. Byron would thus resume possession of his inheritance at the time of his majority. Mrs. Byron had retained a lodging at Nottingham, at her son's request: he was anxious to remain domiciled not far from his beloved Abbey. But when the summer holidays came round, Lord Grey sent Byron a cordial invitation to spend them at Newstead itself, and Byron accepted with enthusiasm, to his mother's great indignation: "a fine reward! I came to Nottingham to please him, and then he hates the town."

It was not so much Nottingham he hated as the company of Mrs. Byron — and besides, how could he withstand the joy of living at Newstead? In an ecstasy he saw again the lake, the noble house, the dark line of yews. Lord Grey, knowing he was to be there for only a short time, let everything go to pieces, but in the very fact of this desolation of something beautiful, there was a melancholy that delighted Byron's heart. The wind souged in the vaulted courts; in the garden the roses were throttled by tall hemlocks and thistles; and at

dusk the bats fluttered through the unglazed windows beneath which, three hundred years earlier, the choir of monks had chanted their orisons to Our Lady. In the park he looked for the oak he had planted six years before, when he came thither for the first time. He found it. The little tree was growing, and the discovery gladdened him. He loved omens of mystery. And, half in earnest, he declared that his destiny would thenceforth be linked with that of this oak: "as it prospers, so shall I prosper."

But to him the greatest charm of these parts was their proximity to Annesley, the great sister-house of Newstead, under whose roof dwelt Miss Mary Chaworth.

She was seventeen, with lovely eyes and even, calm eyebrows, her hair parted straight down the middle. Of course she never supposed that a crippled schoolboy, even if he were Lord Byron of Newstead, could possibly make a husband for Miss Chaworth of Annesley. Soon, she knew, her hand would be given to one of those sturdy, hard-riding country gentlemen who asked for her dances at the assemblies. But the schoolboy had fire and vision; he had read widely; he never bored her. She was an un-

tamed creature, as well she might be, an only girl brought up alone in a vast park, naïve and ignorant of life. How was she to know that, by encouraging this boyish folly, she was doing more harm than if she had cured it at the start by a feigned coldness?

Besides, was she really acting harmfully? Is it not a good thing that young men should know strong passions? Mary Chaworth accepted this ardent boy admirer of hers with a good grace, and he on his side began shaping the most absurd dreams.

At the start of the holidays he began to make a habit of galloping over to Annesley every morning. The country between the two places was delightful: hilly prospects, wide meadows with browsing sheep, dotted with noble, isolated trees. At the back of the house one stepped straight out from Mary's room onto a long terrace bounded by a wall with a festooned top, fashioned, as it seemed, of garlands suspended end to end from the stone balls of the pillars. The ivy that covered the whole of this wall was like some beautiful, yielding drapery, green and alive. From the terrace a flight of steps, branching majestically, and adorned at its head by the Chaworth arms, led down to the park. Underneath, the two branches of the steps framed a wooden door.

THE MORNING STAR

BYRON, who always carried pistols in his pocket, used to amuse himself when he passed that way by firing at this door, and the Chaworths smilingly displayed the marks of his bullets. "All these Byrons are dangerous," they used to say. The old vendetta, far from being an embarrassment, was a subject for joking that linked these two young people. When Byron was offered a bedroom at Annesley, so that he need not return to Lord Grey's at Newstead in the evening, he declined at first with the blend of irony and seriousness that was peculiarly his own, declaring that he did not dare, that the old Chaworths would step down from their frames to turn out a Byron. Then one evening he gravely remarked to Mary, "In going home last night I saw a *bogle*." They smiled, and offered to give him shelter; and from then on he spent every night at Annesley.

How very delicious these holidays were! To be madly in love, and to live under the same

roof as one's beloved — to see her in the morning come out upon the terrace, still bathed in sleep; to saddle a couple of horses, and set off across the meadows at a gallop! Often they would go and sit together on the hill at the end of the Bridal Path, crowned with its "peculiar diadem" of trees. It was the last spur of those ridges. Over the gentle slope at their feet stretched a sea of ferns, stirring faintly in the wind, and then a pool, fields, and woods, with here and there across the vast horizon a few dwellings, the smoke curling upward from the rustic roofs. Mary Chaworth gazed at this fair plain, caressed by the early sun. Byron gazed at Mary Chaworth. In all the universe he saw nothing but her. That face had become the sole spectacle worthy of contemplation. He had looked at it until he could never forget it. He breathed no more; he no longer existed save through her. She was his very eyesight, for he followed her gaze and saw only through her eyes. She was the ocean wherein every stream of his thought found its goal. He called her the Morning Star, the Morning Star of Annesley. When out of her company, he gave himself over to long, idle dreaming filled solely and entirely by this image, as once by that of Mary Duff or poor little Margaret Parker.

Sometimes during these excursions their bodies touched, or hand brushed hand. The contact made the boy's blood leap. He accompanied Miss Chaworth to see some underground grottoes: "I had to cross in a boat (in which two people only could lie down) a stream which flows under a rock, with the rock so close upon the water as to admit the boat only to be pushed on by a ferryman (a sort of Charon), who wades at the stern, stooping all the time. The companion of my transit was M.A.C., with whom I had been long in love, and never told it, though *she* had discovered it without."

True, she had guessed it, and did not think it serious. She regarded Byron as a brother. The man she herself loved was a certain Mr. John Musters, a country gentleman, a great horseman. Seated beside Byron on Diadem Hill, casting her vague, pure gaze over the waving bracken, she was scanning the distance for Mr. Musters' horse. But a woman can never resist the pleasure of leading a lover on. However young, however badly off the man may be, it is always a joy for her to feel that over one soul she holds sway. Mary Chaworth gave Byron a portrait

and a ring. The poor boy was frenzied enough without such favors as these. Even if she had wished to keep him away, she certainly could not have done it; he had no wish to be cured.

"THAT LAME BOY"

HE WAS NOT even cured by an incident which he noted as one of the most painful of those humiliations to which the defect in his foot had exposed him. One evening at Annesley, when Mary Chaworth had preceded him up the first flight of stairs, Byron, who was still in the hall, overheard a conversation at the top of the stairs between her and her maid. "Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?" Mary was saying, and the words were like a stab in his heart. He plunged out of doors into the dark night, and, without knowing what he was doing, ran without stopping all the way to Newstead. Sadness and rage, a longing to die and a longing to kill — the most violent feelings laid siege to him all through the night.

Next morning he returned and never mentioned what he had overheard. Fifteen years old, he was already experiencing that agonizing yearning for someone which leads one to endure anything rather than forswear the sight of a face, the sound of a voice, the touch of a hand. So madly in love was he that, when September brought the end of the holidays, he refused point-blank to go back to Harrow. Mrs. Byron ordered him to go: she did not like to see him going about with these Chaworths. "I know," he wrote to her, "it is time to go to Harrow. It will make me *unhappy*; but I will *obey*. I only desire, entreat, this one day, and on my *honour* I will be over to-morrow in the evening or afternoon. I am sorry you disapprove my Companions, who, however, are the first this County affords, and my equals in most respects; but I will be permitted to chuse for myself. I shall never interfere in your's and I desire you will not molest me in mine." Strangely determined, this letter, for a boy of fifteen. Mrs. Byron granted the single day.

But Byron did not leave the next day, nor the next week, nor even within the next fortnight. He missed school for a whole term, returning only in January, 1804. But his three months' remission was not too happy. He had quarreled with his host and tenant, Lord Grey, for grave and mysterious reasons which, with a

stubborn bashfulness, he refused to reveal either to his mother or to Hanson. The rift made it impossible for him to return to Newstead; he could not now remain in the same room as Lord Grey, and when the latter entered a house, Byron went out of it. As for his dalliance with Mary Chaworth, that was, of course, unhappy. A rejected lover is always mistaken if he insists on having at least the company of his loved one. The hours one hopes to save drag their painful length through undercurrents of resentment and silences heavy with suspicion. So this was love, the sentiment he had thought so beautiful? By the time he left in January, he was almost glad to return to Harrow.

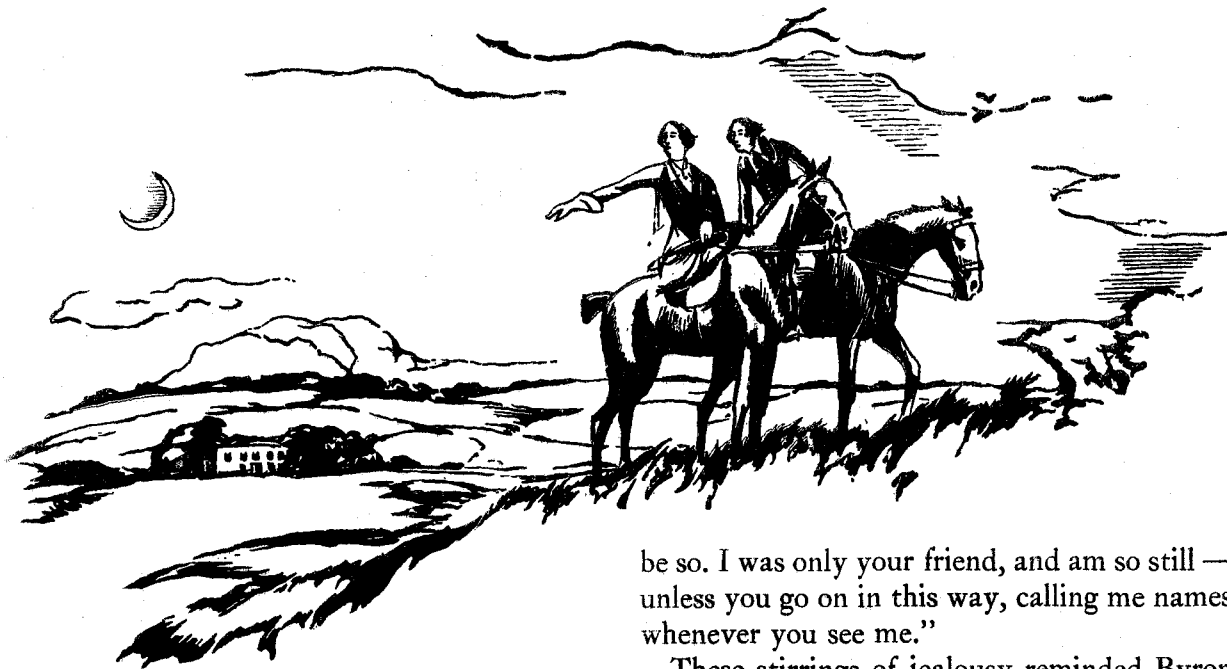
SO MUCH FOR LOVE!

NEWSTEAD and Annesley had lost their charms; Harrow seemed less detestable. The hardships of fagging were over for Byron. Dr. Drury, who bore no resentment for this three months' truancy, had selected him as one of the small band of pupils whom he personally instructed in Greek and Latin. His friends and old comrades in torture, Tom Wildman and Long, had likewise become powers in the land. It was his turn now to claim the services of fags, but he was far from treating them as his elders had treated him. He gathered round him younger boys of great beauty; he liked nothing better than to protect the young and helpless — it flattered his pride and satisfied his instinct for tenderness. His favorite was Lord Clare, but he was also fond of the Duke of Dorset, Lord Delawarr, and young Wingfield. He defended them against the other monitors.

His prestige in the school was increasing. He was chosen to declaim in public on the Harrow Speech Day. "Lord Byron: *Latinus, ex Virgilio*," announced the speech-bill. When he took the narrow path into the graveyard, boys and masters would watch him with affectionate indulgence as he went up to "his" tomb. Since Dr. Drury had divined his genius, ruder spirits had become kinder to his whims. A court of handsome striplings followed him about with their respectful admiration.

Here first remember'd be the joyous band,
Who hail'd me chief, obedient to command;
Who join'd with me in every boyish sport —
Their first adviser, and their last resort. . . .

Why was he liked? Simply, perhaps, because he was a difficult friend. His clear and piercing



sincerity and his changeable humor made him disquieting, like certain women. His friendships had something of torment in them. Love had betrayed him, and seeking refuge in another sentiment, he brought to that the same violence.

Even for his favorite, Lord Clare, Byron's friendship was far from being a calm, unbroken affection. In this instance he showed himself jealous, ardent, and exigent. From one study to the other several letters daily passed from "Big" Byron to "Little" Clare. Byron reproached Clare with a dreadful offense in having called him "dear Byron" instead of the usual "my dear Byron." Another time he made a scene with his friend because the latter had appeared sad at the departure of Lord John Russell for Spain. Sometimes it was he who inflamed Clare's jealousy by his welcome of new companions, and then Clare in his turn would take offense: "Since you have been so unusually unkind to me, in calling me names whenever you met me, of late, I must beg an explanation, wishing to know whether you choose to be as good friends with me as ever. I must own that, for this last month, you have entirely cut me — for, I suppose, your new cronies. But think not that I will (because you choose to take into your head some whim or other) be always giving up to you, nor do, as I observe other fellows doing, to regain your friendship; nor think that I am your friend either through interest, or because you are bigger and older than I am. No — it never was so, nor ever shall

be so. I was only your friend, and am so still — unless you go on in this way, calling me names whenever you see me."

These stirrings of jealousy reminded Byron of his other passion — stronger than ever, alas! — for the Morning Star of Annesley. Those wide eyes, the Bridal Path, Mary's spinet, were still mingled with all his day-dreams. A bitter compound of regrets and desire! How he longed to stifle this painful feeling, to wrench it from his heart! He hunted out all the authors who spoke of love ironically, with detachment, and with sarcasm, and he enjoyed sharing with his friends the libertine verses, fashionable at that moment, of Thomas Little — the pseudonym of Thomas Moore. Yes, this was the right way of love — seeking its enjoyments, not its passion. But powerful images still sprang from that memory of the outstretched bodies in the boat, under the low arch of rock, or of the warm August days on Diadem Hill.

Easter came, but he viewed the approach of the holidays joylessly. After the quarrel with Lord Grey he could not spend them at Newstead; there was nothing for it but to go to join, as he said, "the Dowager." Mrs. Byron had left Nottingham and settled a few miles from Newstead, in the small town of Southwell. There she had found a very simple house with the stately name of Burgage Manor. She was not taken up by the county families, who had needed only one meeting to set her down as vulgar, tiresome, impossible. The townspeople were more indulgent; and the Dowager was on good terms with the Pigot family, who occupied the other large house in Southwell, opposite to hers.

Byron was deeply vulnerable, and had very keen intuitions whenever a point of pride was at stake; he instantly realized the impression his mother had made on the local gentry. And this filled him with a feeling of hostility not only toward these supercilious manor houses, but also against the person who had earned their disdain. He might be at his ease nowadays at school, but in new surroundings he still remained shy. His infirmity left him with a surpassing dread of having to walk in the presence of people unknown to him. He had a horror of the gesture of surprised pity which the disclosure always provoked. And to this sense of shame, which had been his from childhood, there had now been added the consciousness of his mother's inferiority, and, since the episode of Mary Chaworth, a terror of women. When presented to a woman, he was so deeply troubled that he could do nothing but count under his breath: "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. . . . One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. . . ." He adored them and hated them. He hated them because he adored them. If only he could conquer these creatures of mystery, humble them, give them their turn of suffering, wreak his vengeance on them! But how could he? He was a cripple, he was poor, he felt ridiculous.

Nevertheless, a young Southwell girl, Elizabeth Pigot, succeeded in taming him. "The first time I was introduced to him," she said, "was at a party at his mother's, when he was so shy that she was forced to send for him three times before she could persuade him to come into the drawing-room to play with the young people at a round game. He was then a fat, bashful boy with his hair combed straight over his forehead. . . . The next morning Mrs. Byron brought him to call at our house, when he still continued shy and formal in his manner. The conversation turned upon Cheltenham, where we had been staying, the plays, etc.; and I mentioned that I had seen the character of Gabriel Lackbrain very well performed. His mother getting up to go, he accompanied her, making a formal bow, and I, in allusion to the play, said, 'Goodbye, Gaby.' His countenance lighted up, his handsome mouth displayed a broad grin, all his shyness vanished, never to return, and upon his mother's saying, 'Come, Byron, are you ready?' — no, she might go by herself; he would stay and talk a little longer; and from

that moment he used to come in and go out at all hours, as it suited him, and in our house considered himself perfectly at home."

AUGUSTA

FOR SOME MONTHS he had had another confidante. This was his half sister, Augusta. Sixteen years before, at the time of Mrs. Byron's confinement, Augusta had been handed over to her maternal grandmother; and Lady Holderness, who held her son-in-law's second wife in horror, had stopped all communication between Mrs. Byron and the little girl. So Augusta had never really seen her brother, the "Baby Byron" of whom she had often heard them talking. In 1801 Lady Holderness died, and the girl, adopted by her noble family, had lived either with her half brothers and sister, or with her cousin, Lord Carlisle, Byron's guardian.

After her ladyship's death, Mrs. Byron had tried to renew her connection with Augusta, whose social status dazzled her and for whom she retained the affection natural in a woman toward the child she has tended. In 1801 she wrote Augusta one of those letters of anticipatory pointedness which people write when they expect to be treated superciliously: "As I wish to bury what is past in *oblivion*, I shall avoid all reflections on a person now no more; my opinion of yourself I have suspended for some years; the time is now arrived when I shall form a very *decided* one. I take up my pen now, however, to condole with you on the melancholy event that has happened, to offer you every consolation in my power, to assure you of the inalterable regard and friendship of myself and my son. We will be extremely happy if ever we can be of any service to you, now or at any future period."

Augusta did not live up to the safeguarding pessimism of Mrs. Byron; she took an immediate and lively interest in her brother; and he, alone in the world except for his dangerous mother, was thrilled to find that he had a sister, a friend, who, although a little older than himself (for she was twenty-one to his sixteen), was graceful, distinguished, and in every way appropriate to the family he would like to have had and had not. Hitherto he had rarely written to her, but at the beginning of the Easter holidays he made his excuses, and added: "I will now endeavour as amply as lies in my

power to repay your kindness, and for the Future I hope you will consider me not only as a *Brother* but as your warmest and most affectionate *Friend*, and if ever Circumstances should require it, your *protector*. Recollect, My Dearest Sister, that you are *the nearest relation* I have in *the world, both by the ties of Blood and affection*. If there is anything in which I can serve you, you have only to mention it; Trust to your Brother, and be assured he will never betray your confidence. When You see my Cousin and future Brother, George Leigh, tell him that I already consider him as my Friend, for whoever is beloved by you, my amiable Sister, will always be equally Dear to me." For Augusta was betrothed to her cousin-german, Colonel George Leigh of the Tenth Dragoons, a grandson of the Admiral.

The girl was highly pleased by her brother's letters. He was the most delightful of correspondents all the time he was at Southwell. And charming letters they certainly were: "My beloved sister . . . My ever-dear sister . . . My amusement is writing to my Augusta, which, wherever I am, will always constitute my greatest pleasure. . . ." They were packed with delicate sentiments and childlike confidences: "Also remember me to poor old Murray" — he was the Wicked Lord's old manservant, who had been pensioned off with the Duke of Leeds pending Byron's recovery of Newstead — "and tell him we shall see that something is to be done for him, for while I live he shall never be abandoned in his old age." Again he wrote to her: "When I leave Harrow I know not; . . . I like it very well. The master, Dr. Drury, is the most amiable *clergyman* I ever knew; he unites the Gentleman with the Scholar, without affectation or pedantry; what little I have learnt I owe to him alone, nor is it his fault that it was not more."

And then, growing bolder, he told her his ideas of love. Thomas Little and Mary Chaworth had molded a skeptic. He told Augusta how he was going to a ball at Southwell, with the intention of there falling wildly in love with some lady or other: "it will serve as an amusement *pour passer le temps* and it will at least have the charm of novelty to recommend it, then you know in the course of a few weeks I shall be quite *au désespoir*, shoot myself and go out of the world with *éclat*, and my History will furnish materials for a pretty little Ro-

mance which shall be entitled and denominated the loves of Lord B. and the cruel and Inconstant Sigismunda Cunegunda Bridgetina, etc., etc., Princess of Terra Incognita."

COMPLIMENTS, ROMANCE, AND DECEIT

IF AUGUSTA replied that love is a very serious emotion, and that, for her part, she loved her Colonel of Dragoons to the pitch even of suffering, he answered her: "That you are unhappy, my dear Sister, makes me so also; were it in my power to relieve your sorrows, you would soon recover your spirits; as it is, I sympathize better than you yourself expect. But really, after all (pardon me, my dear Sister) I feel a little inclined to laugh at you, for love, in my humble opinion, is utter nonsense, a mere jargon of compliments, romance, and deceit; now, for my part, had I fifty mistresses, I should in the course of a fortnight, forget them all, and, if by any chance I ever recollected one, should laugh at it as a dream, and bless my stars for delivering me from the hands of the little mischievous Blind God. Can't you drive this Cousin of ours out of your pretty little head (for as to *hearts* I think they are out of the question)?" Thus was cynicism following on the heels of amorous disappointment. The malady was taking its normal course.

But Augusta was first and foremost the confidante of her young brother's chief distress in life — the conduct of "my amiable mother, whose *diabolical* disposition . . . seems to increase with age, and to acquire new force with Time." He had long despised her, but living with her during the holidays, he had now come to loathe her. With the fierce directness of his race, he could not conceal his feelings; and this did not help to mollify the Furies. Hardly a day passed but a quarrel rose and broke like a thunderclap, heavy objects were hurled across the rooms, cries rang through the house. She declared her son to be a monster, leagued with her worst foes — Lord Carlisle and Mr. Hanson. She taunted him with his quarrel with Lord Grey; whereupon, with a youthful taste for the dramatic, he conjectured that the Dowager was in love with that young man. "She has an excellent opinion of her personal attractions, sinks her age a good six years, avers that I was born when she was only eighteen, when you, my dear Sister, know as well as I know that she was of age when she married my fa-

ther, and that I was not born for three years afterwards."

He might have overlooked these failings of a woman at the turning of her age, if she had not heaped insults upon him, cursed the ashes of his father, and told him he would become "a r-real Byr-r-on." "Am I to call this woman mother? Because by nature's law she has authority over me, am I to be trampled upon in this manner? Am I to be goaded with insult, loaded with obloquy, and suffer my feelings to be outraged on the most trivial occasions? I owe her respect as a Son, But I renounce her as a Friend. What an example does she shew me! I hope in God I shall never follow it. I have not told you all, nor can I; I respect you as a female. . . ." The truth of the matter was that Mrs. Byron was profoundly unhappy. She had been widowed at twenty-seven; her life was spoiled; she lived the life of an exile in this unfriendly English shire. And why? To watch over the interests of a son who did not appreciate the sacrifice, who hated Southwell — to which she had come only for his sake — and who said so, for he was brutal, like his father, like his uncle, the homicide, like all the Byrons. And yet this hard Scotswoman felt capable of all this devotion! In her day she had given all to her husband; she would gladly have given all to her son. But was he still her son, this haughty and exigent young stranger who stood aloof from her and passed judgment on her? Gradually she was losing her child as she had lost her husband. She longed to keep tender hold of him, but with this hopeless life before her she lost her head and could merely scream.

After these scenes came regrets, on both sides. Byron sought to find excuses for his mother: "I am sorry to say the old lady and myself don't agree like lambs in a meadow, but I believe it is all my own fault. . . . I do not,

however, wish to be separated from *her* entirely, but not to be so much with her as I hitherto have been, for I do believe she likes me; she manifests that in many instances, particularly with regard to money, which I never want and have as much as I desire. But her conduct is so strange, her caprices so impossible to be complied with, her passions so outrageous, that the evil quite overbalances her *agreeable qualities*."

"MY MOTHER! I DISCLAIM HER!"

THIS ALTERNATING rhythm of generosity and rage was a dangerous thing to bring into the life of a young creature. He blamed his mother, but got into the habit of irritating her. The violent quarrel in which everything is blurted out was at first a torture to him, but it became a habit. He realized it, and judged himself with open eyes, with implacable clear-headedness. He would gladly have separated from this woman. "Such, Augusta, such is my mother; *my mother!* I disclaim her from this time."

The end of the holidays was depressing. Mrs. Byron had a letter from Scotland informing her of the marriage of Mary Duff, the pretty cousin whom her son had loved and caressed so tenderly when he was nine years old. Rather maliciously, she told him the news. She felt a secret pleasure in wounding this overweening son of hers — but how could she know that a childish affection had really been a passion with a force that was not yet exhausted? Byron's reaction terrified her. "I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions, and alarmed my mother so much that, after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject — to me — and contented herself with telling all her acquaintance."

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH





TAMING THE RIVER GIANT

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TRAVEL



"To NORRAWAY Over the Foam"

by HENRY GODDARD LEACH

TO THE insular Englishman Norway has always seemed an *ultima Thule*. He is amazed to find that those mountains that tower opposite him out of the North Sea are actually inhabited by human beings as well as the trolls and other strange creatures he reads about in the fairy tales. When the Englishman does visit Norway he is filled with wonder to find tight-knit, ruddy Nordics like himself who can speak his English although he cannot understand their barbaric yawp. If he is a sportsman he catches a salmon or climbs a mountain, looking with superior scorn at the German tourists who drive by in carts or automobiles. Then he hurries home to write a letter to the *Times* to inform the public about his rediscovery of Norway. Every other year or thereabouts an Englishman publishes a new picture book announcing

planet. Scottish folklore filled this voyage to Norraway with terrors. Witness the sorrowful ballad of Sir Patrick Spens:

Mony was the feather bed
That flotted on the faem,
And mony was the good Scots lord
Gaed awa that ne'er cam hame.

Lang, lang may our ladies stand,
Wi their fans in their hand,
Ere they see Sir Patrick and his men
Come sailing to the land.

TO ME the thrill of Norway is in its trails over the mountain passes that connect fjord with fjord, and a pair of long legs that keep one off the motor highways that plunge in parallel lines from the interior down to the western sea. One summer morning, as my knapsack and I were turning south into the



Courtesy Norwegian Government Railways

The Videdal

the existence of an amazing semi-civilized people across the North Sea.

In fact Englishmen have been discovering Norway annually ever since the Norman Conquest. In 1248 an English monk from St. Albans visited Bergen and was struck dumb by the sight of two hundred enterprising foreign ships in the harbor — most of them British. When the kings of Scotland sent their daughters to Norway to be married it was as though they were shooting them to a distant

Grasdal en route for the rugged Videdal, I fell in with a solitary Englishman — they are nearly always solitary — and had the advantage of his stalwart companionship and clicking hobnails over the dour mountain pass. For several miles we stumbled along in silence, working up a warm circulation in spite of the icy rain, both of us awed by the torrential cataracts that plunged down from the snow mountains on either side. We were not interrupted by any troupe of hilarious troll

maidens swooping down to snatch us off to their mountain fastnesses, for we were a gaunt and pickled-looking pair of pedestrians. Not a living creature did we see; reindeer are scarce in these parts, scared away perhaps by the noisy beer-drinking German tourists from Merokway.

Two days before, my walk had been more lively. Descending the lonely Stegavej — since unhappily carved by a road that the guidebooks claim to be one of the seven engineering wonders of the world — I had struck up an acquaintance with a lost prize goat. This animal made a lasting impression on my olfactory nerves, for he smelled the way brown Norwegian goat's-cheese tastes to the untrained foreign palate. He was a big white fellow with frowning horns and a long, illustrious beard. He stood waiting for me in the middle of the trail, bleating piteously through his distinguished whiskers. I shooed him to one side and passed. At a distance of twenty paces he followed behind, running along at a dog-trot and sobbing like a lost child or a senile man. His beard wagged with emotion until it drooped and brushed along the rocks. He was a weird-looking character to trail a pedestrian in a strange country, and I must confess I did not fancy having him dog my steps. I remembered at college I had been a cross-country runner, but the horned goat could run too and never allowed the twenty paces between us to widen. With a sense of relief I saw a brush fence and gate barring the path ahead of me. I gained the gate first and bolted it in the face of the Reverend Billy. To my consternation, when I looked back I saw the grave old gentleman climbing like a clumsy child over the gate. I gave it up and waited for him. For miles he rubbed against me while I stroked His Shagginess with my hand. But when we came to the first farm at the head of the valley, a crowd of children charged us with shouts, and, much relieved, I left the Reverend Billy in the arms of his friends.



The Reverend Billy

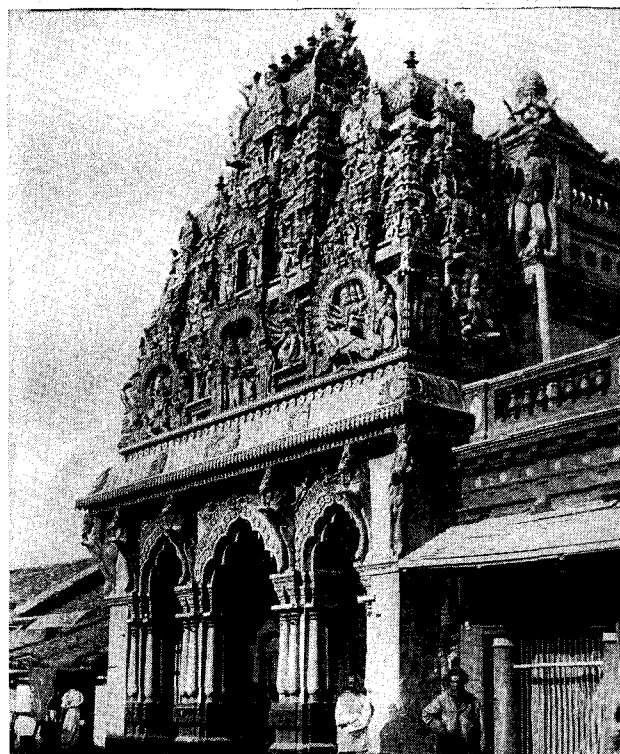
AT LAST, at the top of the pass, my silent English comrade and I came upon a settlement of *saeters* inhabited by milkmaids. The Norwegian farmers send their womenfolk to the mountains in the sum-

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GREAT WHITE FLEET

Travel

mer with the cows to make the twenty-and-one varieties of cheese which keep their bodies warm during the winter months. Suddenly my silent British friend became loquacious. To my surprise he addressed the first girl we saw — "Have you anything to eat?"

"That I have," she answered smilingly, and led us to the door of her chalet. We wiped the mud from our boots and passed through the bedroom into an inner room where the walls were lined with rows and rows of cheeses all ready to be toted down to the valley for winter. Here an old woman, brown as a chestnut and furrowed as a hickory, bade us welcome and set before us a huge wooden bowl filled with "thick milk," a sour milk preparation of the consistency of molasses. She gave us each a wooden spoon, and we set to work lapping up this elixir of longevity — each from the opposite end of the bowl. We were both equally hungry, but the Englishman was more adept than I, and his wooden spoon met mine well beyond the middle of the platter.

When we had cleaned the bowl the younger milkmaid, a striking girl of twenty, laughed heartily and began strapping on her back an enormous can of milk. "I am going down to the Videdal," she announced gaily. "Will you gentlemen accompany me?" We accepted with alacrity and followed her. The trail led three miles along the side of a ravine, with a mountain torrent tearing by some hundred feet below us. Our Valkyr guide tripped lightly down ahead of us from slippery stone to slippery stone, balancing the huge can strapped with rope to her back; in her left hand she carried another man-sized pail, while in her right she held down an umbrella and held up her woolen skirt.

Gudrun was a sturdy piece, for all her grace and agility. A rich red glow burst through the brown tan and the rain on her cheeks. She kept laughing back at us with her Nordic blue eyes. "Watch your step. Here a man and a horse slipped down into the rapids last spring; they were never found again." She was convulsed with laughter at our apprehension and clumsy steps.

The Englishman became gallant. He insisted that Gudrun's load was too heavy. Although she protested — "I shall bear it" — he fastened the huge can to my back and himself seized the other can and the umbrella. On the first try I staggered to my knees under the weight, but new manhood surged up within me and, bracing my back, I plunged ahead through the rain. The Englishman and Gudrun, the merry milkmaid, brought up the rear, dancing, chuckling at our weakness, and singing snatches of folk songs. It was an unusual procession that burst at evening upon the farms of the Videdal.

Travel News

A NEW NATIONAL PARK

ONE of the last acts of President Coolidge's administration was to approve the establishment of a new playground in the West — the Grand Teton National Park, just south of Yellowstone. The area includes the beautiful Teton Mountains, where glaciers still hang in rocky gorges and where the highest peak, the Grand Teton — long thought unscaleable — rises 13,747 feet above sea level. The park, which is about thirty-five miles long and from four to five miles wide, borders the Jackson Hole country on the west. Visitors to it will be largely drawn from those touring Yellowstone Park.

THE NILE

EAR AWAY and hard to leave once there, is Egypt, whose sunshine is as eternal as are the sphinxes guarding the tombs of forgotten kings. This is one of the favorite winter resorts of Europeans, and each year sees more and more Americans escaping our snows and seeking its tropical warmth. A twenty-day trip down the Nile, from Cairo to Assuan, gives one a chance to see the country without losing the comforts of a steamer. Private boats equipped with an efficient staff of officers and servants may be rented and are especially suitable for families and parties who wish to make the Nile voyage in privacy and to visit the objects of interest at their will and pleasure.

GERMAN MOTOR TOURS

AMERICANS who have often wished that they might get off the beaten track of European railroad lines and railroad schedules and visit some of the more out-of-the-way places on the continent, will welcome the news that a travel agency now offers a series of motor tours through Germany which are designed especially for the benefit of the traveler of limited means. One tour, aiming to give the tourist a view of the natural beauty of Germany, includes the Thuringian Forest, the medieval towns, the Bavarian Alps, the Black Forest, the Rhine, and the Harz Mountains.

HAWAIIAN GOLF

ALTHOUGH the season of the big English and American tournaments is over, there still remains, in Hawaii, another golf match — the Hawaiian Open — which will bristle with American stars, eighteen of whom are already scheduled to compete for the six thousand dollar purse. The dates are the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth of November, and the place is the Waialae links, one of

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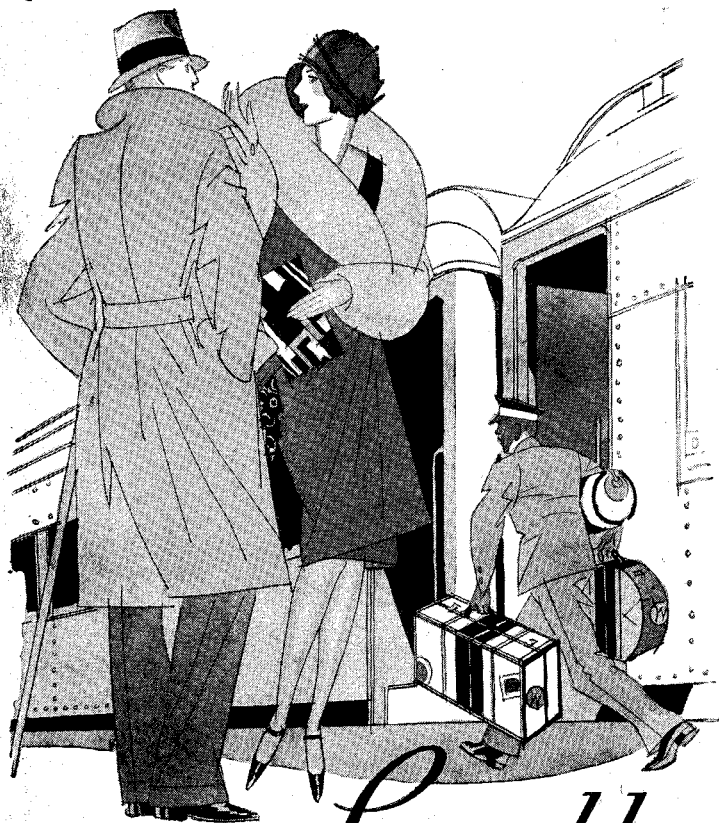
LL is beauty in Japan.

First, the utmost beauty of nature — lavished on the Scenic Trio of Matsushima, Amanohashidate and Miyajima, on the majestic Fujiyama, on the great Inland Sea, on the gorges, the waterfalls . . . Then, the beauty which the revering hand of man has added through the centuries — temples and shrines by the hundred thousands, exquisite gardens, carvings, scrolls and bronzes, art treasures beyond price. . . . And what more beautiful than the legends and traditions, the adoration of growing things, the customs, the culture, the hospitality that are built into the soul of the Japanese people?

Japan, with great modern railroads, motor highways and hotels, with facilities for golf, hunting and all the smart sports, offers a comfortable as well as an enchanting visit. The new Japan and the old bid you welcome.

The wonderlands of Japan, Korea and Manchuria are reached from the United States and Canada by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha, Osaka Shosen Kaisha, the Dollar Steamship Line, the American Mail Line and Canadian Pacific. Full information will be furnished by any of these Lines, American Express Co., Thos. Cook & Son, any tourist agency, or by the

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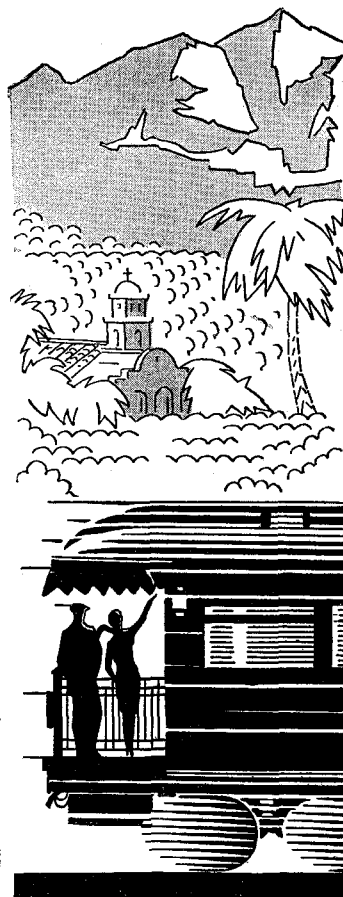
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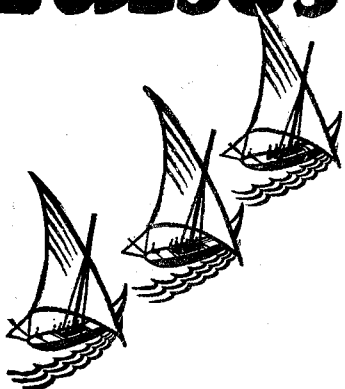
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OUR ROSTRUM



These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in The Forum. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.

Wealth and Crime

To the Editor:

I was very much interested in James Truslow Adams' article on "Hoover and Law Observance," but I cannot help wondering why no mention was made of the effect on lawlessness of stock speculations and enormous fortunes made out of real estate booms and the unethical, if legal, methods employed in accumulating vast fortunes. I have talked to many boys and I find that their disregard of property rights may be traced in part to their idea that wealth does not represent either labor or honesty.

It seems to me quite logical that there should be a disregard for what might loosely be called the rights of ownership when they seem to be acquired by a sort of legerdemain. Certainly morons and men of small intelligence who see a man who has never done a day's real work roll up thousands of dollars simply by manipulation, do not see why it is any different for them to take property by robbery. Things bought and paid for by savings or earnings they might hesitate to take. It seems to me that robbery and bootlegging, hold-ups and forgery would naturally increase under a business organization like ours. Too little attention has been given to this cause of lawlessness.

EMILY NEWELL BLAIR

Joplin, Missouri

What Laws Are Made Of

To the Editor:

Just what is law anyway? I quote from a well-known authority and publicist: "Law is simply that part of the established thought and habit which has been accorded general acceptance and which is backed and sanctioned by the force and authority of the regularly constituted government of the body politic."

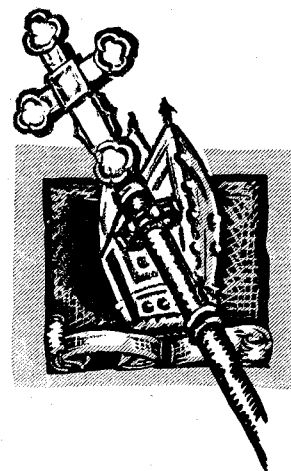
Observe, first comes "the established thought and habit," then the accord of "general acceptance," and then the sanction of the authority of government. May I suggest that when you have all these elements in a law you do not have any trouble enforcing it? It is only when

your so-called law is not part of "the established thought and habit which has been accorded general acceptance" that it cannot be enforced.

I have been wondering if that is not what is wrong with prohibition and the Volstead Act. It is not a part of the "established thought and habit," and it is not being accorded "general acceptance." And what is still more to be deplored, it never will be. We will continue to nullify it, just as we nullify nearly all Sunday desecration laws.

WILLIAM D. CURLL

Petersburg, Indiana



Catholic Loyalty

In the September Forum Dr. James J. Walsh replied to an earlier article by Dr. E. Boyd Barrett entitled "Will American Catholics Secede from Rome?" This letter presents Dr. Barrett's answer to Dr. Walsh.

To the Editor:

Dr. Walsh sees a "demonstration of the thoroughgoing loyalty of American Catholics to the Church" in their large contributions to the Pope, in their observance of papal Jubilees, and in their reaction to the establishment of the Vatican City. He seems guilty of some exaggeration in regard to these facts, and of a strange misinterpretation of their significance. If one bears in mind the enormous wealth of the Catholic Church in America, what is given to the Pope is comparatively little. As regards papal Jubilees, that of 1925 was a notorious failure; and according to Msgr. Belford of Brooklyn,

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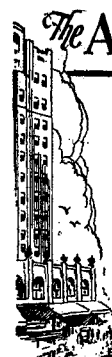
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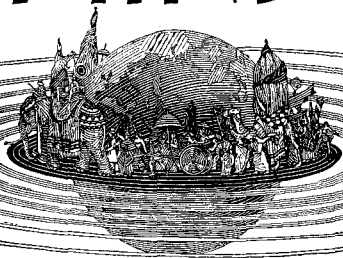
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Our Rostrum

that of the present year promises even less well. The setting up of the Pope as a temporal sovereign was, according to the Editor of *The Commonwealth*, against "the overwhelming opinion of American Catholics."

But even though Dr. Walsh's statement of the facts were accurate, his interpretation of them is utterly unconvincing. At most they would indicate a sentimental attachment to the Pope. They do not indicate "thoroughgoing loyalty to the Church," which is founded alone on purity of doctrine and strict unity of faith with Rome. If, as seems to be the case, American Catholics play fast and loose with Roman doctrines, however lovingly they throw bouquets to the Pope, they are withdrawing from Rome and "undoing the Church." *The Catholic Encyclopedia* states: "The integrity of the rule of faith is more essential to the cohesion of a religious society than the strict practice of its moral precepts."

Dr. Walsh makes no attempt to defend American orthodoxy. The task apparently was too difficult. How was he to explain away the recent condemnation by Leo XIII of the doctrinal backsliding of American Catholics? How was he to whitewash the enthusiastic acceptance by the Catholic bishops and people of America of the un-Roman and heterodox credo of Ex-Governor Smith? How was he to justify the heresy preached in St. Patrick's, in the presence of His Eminence Cardinal Hayes, to the effect that "it would be the duty of Catholics" to fight the Pope in order to safeguard their material interests? Dr. Walsh no doubt remembered that a call to arms against the Pope is, in the eyes of the Church, a call to arms against God on Earth; that no Roman Catholic could answer such a call and remain true to Rome. Nevertheless, though shirking the task of proving the orthodoxy of his co-religionists in this country, Dr. Walsh benignly assures us that they are growing "more Roman every generation."

In the core of his argument Dr. Walsh makes the amazing statement that "Italian bishops have less to say about Church legislation than any set of bishops in the world." At the Vatican Council, says the *Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Encyclopedia*, "a large majority" were Italian. *The Catholic Encyclopedia* states that though seven of the American bishops opposed the decree of infallibility they were hopelessly outnumbered by the sixty-five representatives of the Papal States, which formed but a part of Italy. Everyone knows that since Avignon days the headquarters staff of the Church has been Italian to the core.

What, then, does Dr. Walsh mean by stating that "Italian bishops have less to say about Church legislation than any

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other set of bishops in the world"? Of course they rule the Church, and now by the Concordat they are oath-bound to Mussolini. The oath may *seem* "to refer entirely to civil matters," but will it make it any easier for American Catholics to submit to the enactments of Mussolini-bound bishops when the latter explain that they are only Mussolini-bound in respect to civil affairs and the political interests of Italy?

Dr. Walsh makes a brave boast of his Irish heritage of loyalty to Rome and proceeds, as it seems, to read into the reactions of his American co-religionists a like kind of loyalty. He may be correct in so doing, but it is not a little naïve on his part. Irish loyalty to Rome is essentially sentimental. Had it been less sentimental, and better founded in reason and scholarship, there would be to-day in America at least double as many Catholics as there actually are. But emotional attachment yields readily to the steady trend away from Rome that works in the minds of those who grow attuned to the thought and spirit of American freedom. "Those who see things as they really are" must conclude, therefore, that "thoroughgoing loyalty on the part of American Catholics to the Church" is rather a wish-dream of noble Romans like Dr. Walsh, than an objective fact.

E. BOYD BARRETT

New York City



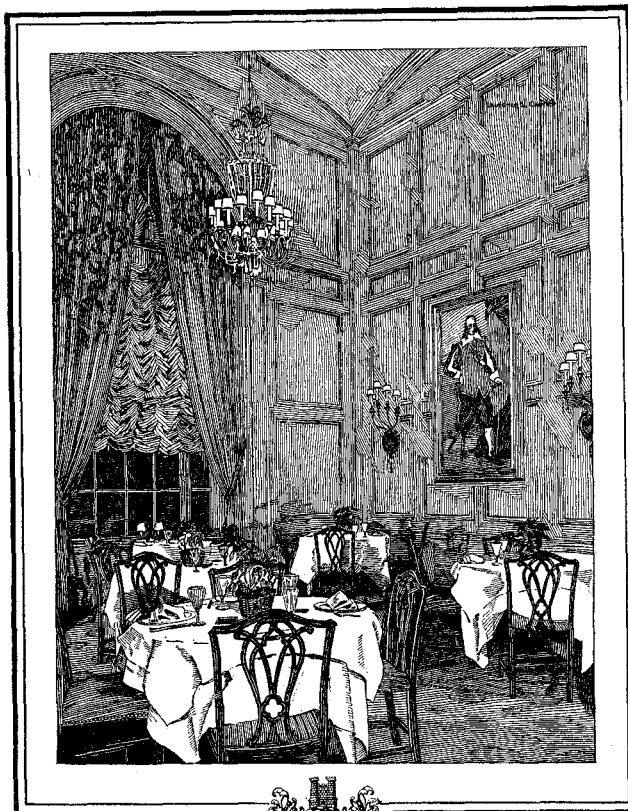
Helping the Indian

To the Editor:

The right policy toward any human being is that one which sets free his characteristic energies, wakens his hope, guides him toward self-imposed discipline, and makes him creative.

Mrs. Austin has stated the necessary foundation of any Indian policy that is not to be a policy of despair. The Indians have been denied responsible group life — a denial which has reached beyond the tribe and community into the family life and even the intimacies of conscience. That denial has been maintained across two lifetimes or more. It is the spiritual counterpart of the boundless and ceaseless material wrong which we have inflicted on the Indians.

Of course, no program which leaves out of account the duty of restoring and freeing the group life of the Indians can be a success. And the group life in question is a highly specific quantity. It is nothing less than many civilizations.



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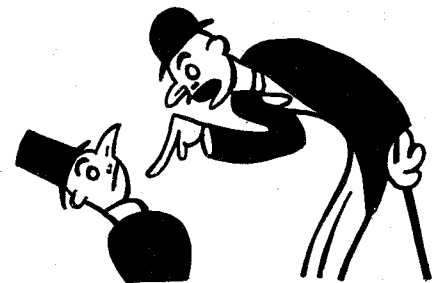
Our Rostrum

If all the announcements of policy which have been made by Secretary Wilbur since March 4th be taken together, they fulfill the ideal which Mrs. Austin has suggested. That individualization policy which Secretary Wilbur outlines has little or nothing in common with the old fatal individualization policy which was (until now) carried out through the allotment laws, the reservation tyrannies, and the non-reservation boarding schools. The Indian tribes need every kind of education, and their members are not de-tribalized by receiving it, nor necessarily even by going abroad from their people. But Secretary Wilbur has balanced his individualization statements with a clear, forceful statement of a program of tribal incorporation, the beginning of that policy toward aboriginals which is called "indirect administration" in British colonial parlance. Tribal incorporation means tribal and cultural enfranchisement.

However, friends of the Indians should not be over-confident. A truly vast work of cultural orthodoxy waits to be carried out — an operation not *upon* the Indians, but *by* the Indians — an Indian adjustment from within. Meanwhile, handicaps of legal status and economic exploitation must be lifted, and to lift them will mean beating back vested interests, often vested wrongs, powerful, widespread, and politically resourceful. The future depends not alone on the officers of the Government. It depends equally on the Indians and on citizens generally.

JOHN COLLIER

Washington, D. C.



Cite the Page!

To the Editor:

In the August FORUM Frederic R. Coudert, Jr. makes Abraham Lincoln denounce the Fugitive Slave Law, in his first inaugural address, in these words: "I look upon that enactment not as a law, but as a violence from the beginning. It was conceived in violence, is maintained in violence, and is being executed in violence."

Lincoln never said that, nor anything like it, either in the first inaugural or any other of his published utterances. I defy Mr. Coudert to give the volume and page of any collection of Lincoln's speeches or

writings where any such thing is said. The fact is that Lincoln, while he did not like the Fugitive Slave Law, admitted that the South was entitled to it and that it ought to be enforced as a solemn covenant of the Constitution.

HELEN SIDNEY

Emmett, Idaho

What is Puritanism?

Forum Definitions

Because of the vague manner in which it is generally used, it is almost impossible to find a definition of "Puritanism" which is at the same time definite and adequately inclusive. It appears, moreover, that modern usage follows only loosely the historical origin and meaning of the word. The following definitions have been chosen as most nearly embracing the many connotations which "Puritanism" carries in modern speech.

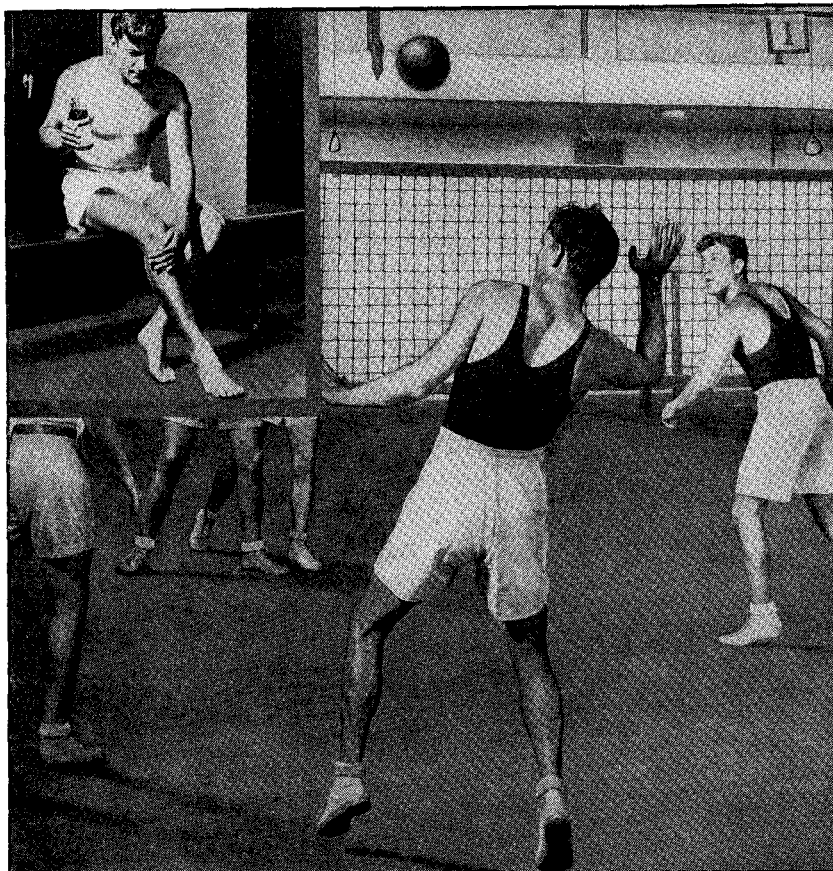
1. Puritanism is a way of life, no longer in vogue, characterized in all its phases by austerity. It is now commonly referred to in a derogatory way as an unnatural repression against anything pleasant or beautiful. (*Miss E. M. Follensby, Natick, Massachusetts*)

2. Puritanism is a negative attitude toward life, premised upon the conviction that man is inherently a spiritual weakling and that the natural and spontaneous desires and emotions of his body and soul are the roots of all evil conduct. Consequently, Puritanism reveals itself subjectively as a form of asceticism, and objectively as a body of doctrine, the ultimate end of which is to bring the natural demands of the individual for intellectual and spiritual enlargement into conformity with the artificial and arbitrary standards of conduct and codes of morals promulgated by those who exercise, or seek to exercise, spiritual and temporal authority. (*Theodore H. Thurston, Foxboro, Massachusetts*)

3. Puritanism is the attitude toward life of one who adopts Christian asceticism for his own life and combines with it intolerance of all dissenting opinions. (*George V. Kenny, Los Angeles, California*)

4. Puritanism: originally the name applied during the seventeenth century to the religious doctrine of a party of English Protestants, advocates of simple faith and worship as opposed to the elaborate usages of the established church; by derivation, a term given to the behavior of any person narrowly insistent upon a nice observance of his moral code to the detriment of a balanced and harmonious development. (*Katherine Frost, Belfast, Maine*)

Next:— *What is HERESY?* Definitions, typewritten and not exceeding 100 words, must reach the Editor by October 25. Prizes of \$5.00 for each winning definition.



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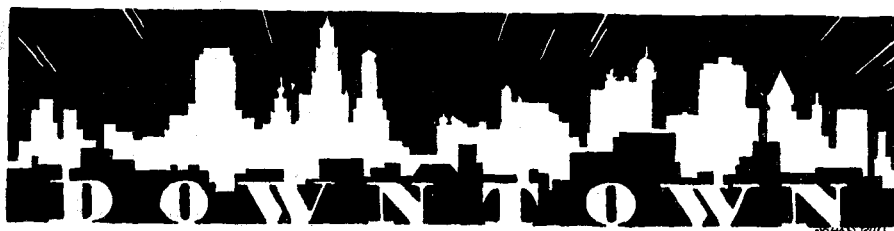
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Faith in Investments

by DONALD REA HANSON

SOME YEARS ago an executive in one of our large life insurance companies remarked: "We do not attempt to pick the bottom of the bond market when we buy securities; we buy bonds when we have the money to invest." Life insurance companies in the United States are limited to a comparatively narrow field in their investments. Most of their funds go into bonds and mortgages and other evidences of indebtedness. The Canadian Insurance Law, however, is more lenient and permits investment in such desirable securities as common stocks. Recently Mr. T. B. Macaulay, President of the Sun Life Assurance Company of Canada, said of their investment policy: "We do not speculate. We buy to keep. We never sell a stock merely because it has risen to a high figure. Stock Exchange quotations influence our decision as to whether we should buy a security, but not as to whether we should sell."

We should not infer from Mr. Macaulay's remarks that his company never sells stocks, but simply that it never sells stocks because they are high. It is common knowledge that insurance companies, like all large trustees of the public's funds, maintain a close and constant vigil over the status of each security owned. Instances are known where a gentlemen's agreement exists between such trustees and the corporations whose stocks they own, to the effect that the corporation shall furnish complete, accurate, and prompt information concerning its affairs, in return for which the insurance company's shares will be voted in favor of the existing management at annual meetings. This supports the belief that life insurance companies do not sell a given security because it has risen to a high price but because of some change in the outlook or policy of the corporation which may be expected to affect the long term trend of the price.

This policy has worked successfully for the insurance companies, which invest more money than any other single group of corporations or individuals in the world, and its application to the problem of the investor of limited means is en-

tirely feasible, with the sole reservation, perhaps, that the individual cannot secure the broad diversification of investments that is possible for the corporation of unlimited means.

BOND FLUCTUATIONS

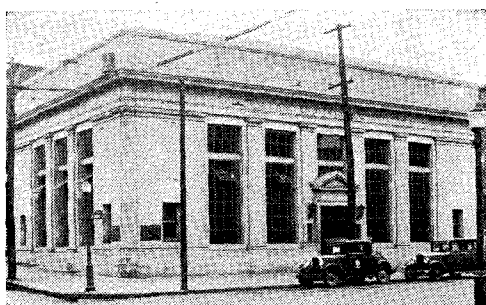
TOO MUCH stress is laid upon the factor of price fluctuations in the purchase of bonds. Because listed bonds have shown a moderately declining tendency for the greater part of the last two years investors have tended to shy away from bonds. The man who is buying a bond for investment should be concerned primarily with the safety of the principal sum at risk and secondarily with the income it yields. Since the bond is payable at par upon maturity, the element of market price is only of importance when a sudden need arises for ready cash. The problem of the dealer in bonds is somewhat different. He is dependent to a large extent on the stability of bond prices for his profit. When large blocks of bonds must be carried pending sale to individual investors, a minor price depreciation creates a definite air of pessimism in regard to the bond market. This finds its reflection in the financial columns of the press, and usually results in a certain unwillingness on the part of the investors themselves to put their money into bonds.

In part that has been the situation in the bond market during the past two years. Prices have been declining. Soaring prices in the stock market have attracted funds that otherwise would have been invested in bonds. Occasionally there has been the rather unusual spectacle of well secured bonds selling on a five per cent basis or better, while the common stock of the same company was selling at a price which yielded no better than two per cent on the current dividend basis. In spite of increasing belief to the contrary, bonds have a place in every well ordered investment list, whether of an individual or an institution. No better proof of this is needed than the fact that fire insurance companies and investment trusts of the general management type, although at

"Already, this school teacher has \$20,000 invested in good, solid securities"



AL K. THOMAS, President, East End Trust Co., Harrisburg, Pa. formerly Treasurer of the Pennsylvania State Bankers' Association, and Secretary of the Harrisburg Clearing House is well known for the warm personal interest he has taken in helping hundreds of men and women on the road to financial independence.



The modern bank building of the East End Trust Co., of Harrisburg, Pa., of which Mr. Thomas is president.

Al K. Thomas, President of the East End Trust Co., Harrisburg, Pa., tells how a young woman came to him for advice ten years ago—and how she used his counsel.

"I must have been about ten years ago that Miss L. . . . first came to me for help," said Mr. Thomas. "She was a school-teacher, and she wanted to have enough laid by against the time when she was ready to quit work.

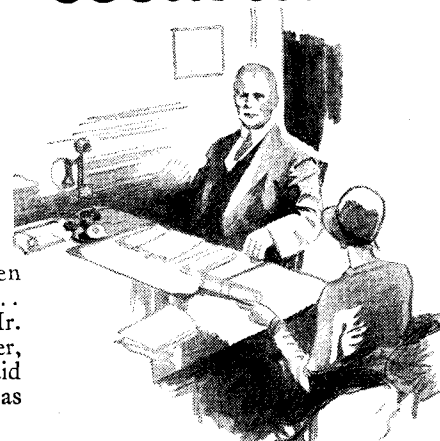
"We talked about how much she could afford to set aside systematically, how she was to invest her money. I worked out for her a definite plan of investing, always based on good, sound securities—she isn't the sort of woman who wants to speculate and risk her principal.

"Miss L. . . . has been investing steadily for these last ten years, and already by persistent saving and reinvesting, she has \$20,000 in good sound securities, all of which I have recommended to her. She says she won't buy anything unless I approve of it. She is still busy saving. When she is ready to quit teaching, she can.

"Miss L. . . . is one of many young women, most of them school teachers, who come to me regularly for investing advice, and who have worked out with my help, a systematic plan of investing. Of course, while I can help them by seeing that they invest their money wisely and safely, their own thrift is what counts. But these young women are willing to make the effort and stick to a systematic plan of safe investing."

Prominent bankers in hundreds of communities are giving depositors in their banks the benefit of their well-rounded knowledge of safe securities. Like Mr. Thomas, they feel a very deep responsibility toward

securities"



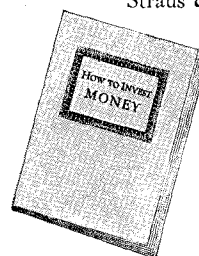
"I worked out for her a definite plan of investing, based on good, sound securities."

the men and women whom they advise on investments. That is why they recommend, above everything else, safety as a first principle of investing.

Good yield, of course, they regard as important, yet always only after safety of principal has been properly judged. Indeed, the average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his own banker, or a high grade investment banker, for advice.

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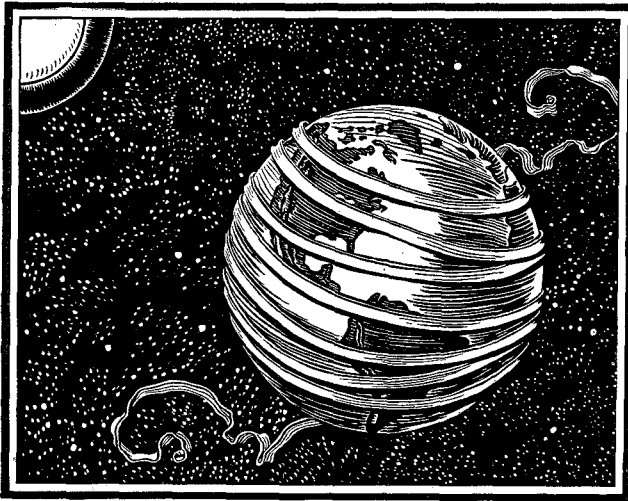
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Downtown

perfect liberty to invest in stocks or other securities, usually carry a large proportion of their investments tucked away in the bond portfolio.

BEWARE "NEW ERAS"

IT IS ONLY natural that a period of unprecedented prosperity in this country as a whole, and of soaring prices in the stock market, should lead many investors to believe that there has been a fundamental change in the concept of an investment. This is not new. In practically every boom in the history of this country those who were riding the crest of the wave have been the loudest in their proclamations that "this is a new era." We heard it during the stock booms of 1916 and 1919. In 1925 it was announced that Florida land prices were up to stay. All through the pages of financial history the same argument is advanced in the flush of easily earned speculative profits. But the collapse in the railroad share market in 1917, the crushing force of commodity price deflation in 1920, and the disappearance overnight of the Florida land boom in 1916 cruelly demonstrated that the old fundamentals still prevailed.

It may be conceded that a great number of stabilizing factors have been evolved in recent years which will tend to modify the severity of the periodic fluctuations in business. As the Hoover Committee on Recent Economic Changes in the United States declared, "we seem only to have touched the fringe of our potentialities." There is no doubt that the basic causes of prosperity are better understood in this country, and that intelligent methods of sustaining that prosperity are being applied. But the stream of business will very likely continue to rise and fall with more or less rhythmical progression throughout the years, and the farsighted investor will realize that bonds are pretty good securities to own during periods of decline.

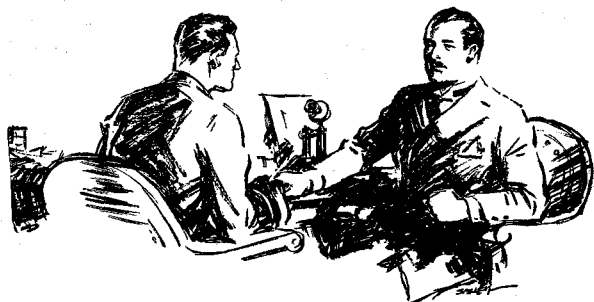
For more than eight years common stocks have shown an advancing trend. Those who bought sound stocks and diversified their holdings have made money. But those who bought sound stocks originally and sold merely because prices seemed high, are legion.

THE SMITH THEORY

IT IS NOT difficult to piece together the mental process which dictated such action. Financial philosophy has undergone a radical change since 1923, when Edgar Lawrence Smith first issued his memorable treatise, *Common Stocks for Long Term Investment*. Prior to that the financial community was thoroughly saturated with the fatalistic doctrine of the cycle theory. Experience proved that

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of the organization's business combine to result in increasing earnings and unusual protection for dividends.

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Downtown

from the panic of 1857 onward to 1907, 1914, and 1921, stocks moved through a clearly defined cycle, running from three to seven years. The colleges taught it in their courses on economics. Statisticians preached it. Economic advisory organizations were founded which would tell their subscribers just when the peak of the bull market would be reached and when the depression would touch bottom. So faithfully were such tenets followed that some almost believed that a bell would ring whenever the peak was reached or the bottom scraped, informing all that the turn had come. Then in 1923 came Mr. Smith with a carefully prepared treatise which conclusively demonstrated that the underlying trend, the secular trend, of corporation equities was continually rising, as a result of the constant growth of this country and the fact that America's leading financial and industrial executives were endeavoring to expand their business and were working for the best interests of common stockholders. Smith demonstrated that a diversified list of common stocks bought at the peak of one bull market would ordinarily show a profit if held long enough. His unit of comparison was a period of twenty years. But the old school, wedded to the cycle theory, sold out when prices soared in the big bull market of 1927 and 1928. The newer school formed investment trusts to secure diversification or stood pat on long pull commitments. The science of investment analysis was developed to a high degree. Great stress was laid upon the growth factor of an industry, and the stocks of industries possessing a current rapid growth factor were bought and put away for indefinite holding. A scarcity of high grade stocks developed and prices rose to scarcity levels; but there never has been a time during this bull movement when there were not enough second grade issues to satisfy the demand.

FAITH IS NECESSARY

THOSE WHO contemplate adopting the common stock policy should appreciate, however, that they must be consistent in their faith. They must be prepared to witness periods of stock market depression which may extend over many months, without losing faith in the wisdom of their original selection of an investment. They must realize that carrying stocks on margin or pledging them against loans is likely to prove fatal to the success of their plan. There must be no wavering and the investor must be sure that he can stand by his policy through thick and thin. Otherwise he might as well accept the high prices that are now being offered for desirable securities, invest in bonds, and take his chances on being able to buy back his stocks more cheaply.

Were margin trading non-existent in Wall Street one could not complain about the price levels that have been reached for some high grade stocks in the course of the bull movement of the past year or two. Stocks with a rapid growth factor have a remarkable way of increasing their earning power per share and their equities per share. But margin trading is very much in evidence, as the rise in brokers' loans to about \$7,500,000,000 indicates. Stock market movements often are largely a state of mind and very often speculative enthusiasm runs beyond all bounds. Traders carry more stock on margin than they can comfortably swing. Moderate price reactions force liquidation. This is the kind of a shock that markets of the future seem likely to face. To the investor such reactions will doubtless be offset by the assurance that if the confidence in the corporation whose stock they hold was well founded in the first place, the stock will come back eventually and dividends will be paid in the meantime. But to the speculator on margin a 25 or 50 or 100 point reaction in some high priced issues is going to spell ruin.

TIDE TURNING

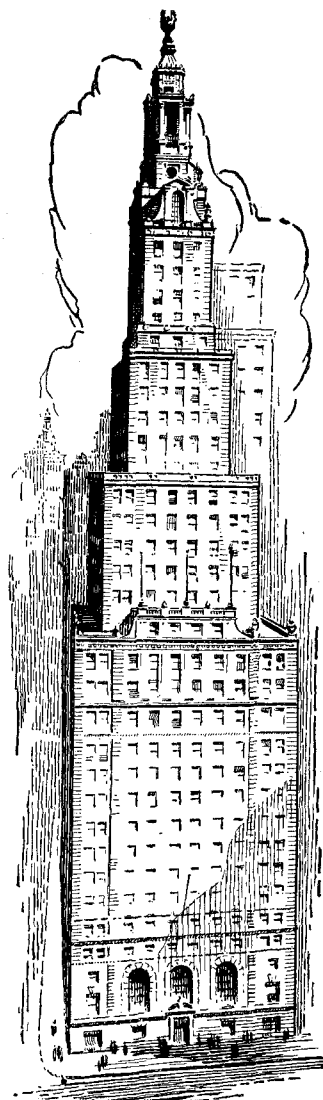
AS THIS is being written a distinct change in the financial background is developing, and one that does not appear likely to favor an indefinite continuance of the rising trend of common stock prices, at least on the scale that has been witnessed in the past three years. For nearly two years prior to last May stocks have boomed, primarily because plenty of money was available for speculation. In that period 75 per cent or more of the additional funds Wall Street needed for the support of its bull market was obtained from corporations, individuals, and other non-banking sources. Since last May about 75 per cent of the additional funds needed for loans on securities has been obtained from the banks. The flow of non-banking funds into the stock market has not been so prolific and the tide appears to be running out. Without doubt it was the fact that the banks face a larger drain upon their funds in order to supply Wall Street which caused the Federal Reserve Bank of New York to advance its rediscount rate early in August. This served notice that the Federal Reserve was taking steps to prevent a drain upon bank funds for speculative purposes.

The uncertainties surrounding the stock market's prospects are such as to make bonds appear doubly attractive for investment at this time. An investor who owns without encumbrance a well diversified list of high grade common stocks will probably come out all right in the long run. But the best policy for a few years to come will be to buy bonds whenever there are surplus earnings to invest, without respect to the immediate position of the market.

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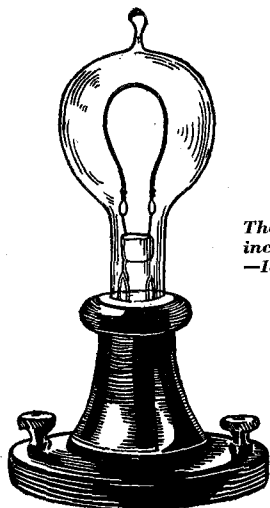
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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems.

AN INDUSTRY THAT NEVER SHUTS DOWN. A descriptive booklet of the properties owned and operated by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Incorporated, 50 Broad Street, New York City. Copies will be mailed upon request.

WHAT IS CLASS A STOCK? A new twelve-page booklet on the Class A Stock describing its priority features and giving an outline of the Associated Gas & Electric System, its established territories, diversity of industries served and consistent gain in revenue. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

WILLS AND PERSONAL TRUSTS. A booklet dealing with the various types of trusts, their application to individual needs; methods of handling estates; inheritance tax problems; and the services of the bank as executor, administrator, custodian, and guardian. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York.

CONVERTIBLE SECURITIES. A booklet describing the attractions of securities having conversion features which allow the investor to retain the safety of senior securities of a company and at the same time share in its prosperity. An extensive list of convertible bonds and stocks is included. George H. Burr & Company, 57 William Street, New York City.

MONTHLY MARKET LETTER. A diversified list of recommended Securities, showing their market position and the earnings of the various companies. Letter forwarded upon request. Cassatt & Company, Commercial Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

GIVE YOUR CHILD A COLLEGE EDUCATION. This booklet discusses the financial problems involved in educating a child. It contains an estimate of the cost of four years at college and a chart showing the amount of the monthly outlay required to amass the necessary sum in a given number of years. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

Investment Literature

THE CARE OF YOUR SECURITIES. A booklet describing the advantages and small cost of a Custody Service Account and outlining the numerous services offered security holders, such as review of investment holdings, collecting coupons, notification of maturities, etc. Guaranty Trust Company, 140 Broadway, New York.

BONDS — QUESTIONS ANSWERED — TERMS DEFINED. A reference book for bond buyers, covering questions which experience indicates are most frequently asked; non-technical definitions of bond terms are included. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

REASONS WHY. A booklet explaining why first mortgage real estate bonds secured by *insured and guaranteed first mortgages* should comprise a large proportion of any investment list. National Union Mortgage Company of Baltimore, Mackubin Goodrich & Co., Fiscal Agents, Baltimore, Maryland.

HOW MUCH SHOULD I SAVE? This booklet presents a graphic answer to this question and offers two interesting plans for systematic savings, including charts and tables, showing accumulated interest on principal by years. Old Colony Corporation, 17 Court Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO INVEST MONEY. A new booklet published by S. W. Straus & Co. It describes various types of securities and is a valuable guide to every investor. A copy will be sent free on request by S. W. Straus & Co., 565 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

Financial Department

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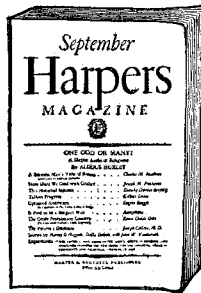
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how they work in "The High Cost of Hoodlums" appearing in October Harpers. He also gives quotations on all the different kinds of high explosives; and tells you how much your murder would cost — whether you are Angelo the tailor (\$50), or a great merchant (\$50,000).

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ALSO IN THE
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You will also find, among other features, "Scientific Calvinism" a fascinating article on predestination by J. B. S. Haldane, of whom Bruce Gould in the *New York Evening World* said: "To share his mind is worth a year of the life of all but perhaps a thousand people in this country!"; and a number of exciting short stories, including "The Meeting" by Don Marquis, the tale of a young poet and a lady evangelist.

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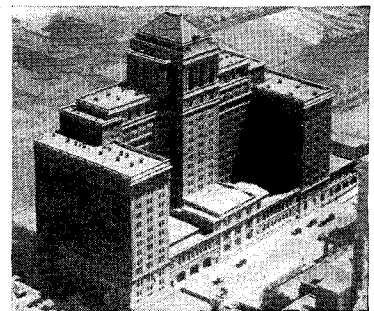
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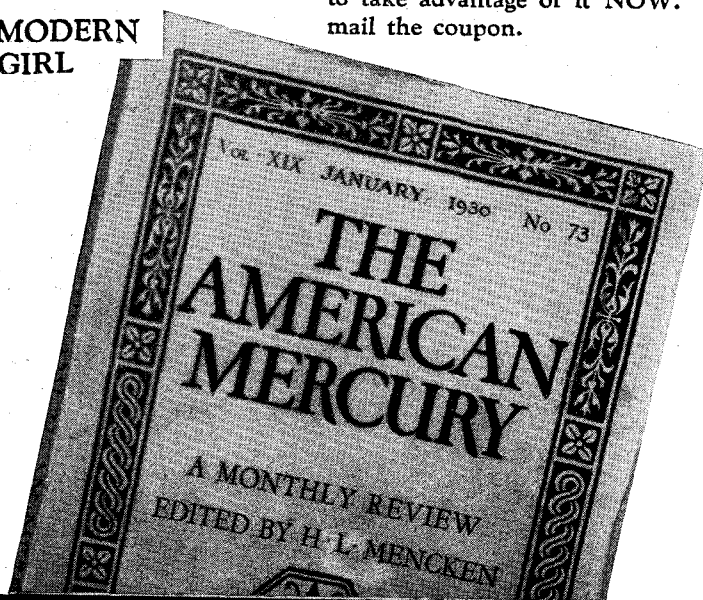
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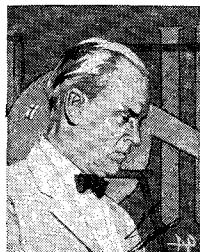
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TOASTS

IT WAS more or less chance that made ROBERT A. MILLIKAN one of the foremost scientists in America to-day. Mathematics, Greek, and athletics were his chief interests in college, but a possible business opening sent him to Columbia to study physics with Michael Pupin, whom he describes as the most inspiring man he ever met. Since that time — 1895 — Dr. Millikan has been actively engaged in scientific research, chiefly in the fields of electricity, optics, and molecular physics. He has been the recipient of innumerable scientific awards and prizes, both in this country and abroad. White-haired but vigorously alert, Dr. Millikan is still fond of swimming, golf, and tennis, and was as keenly interested in his son Clark's representation of America in the high hurdles at Wimbledon in 1923 as he was in his own researches in the isolation and measurement of the electron.



R. A. MILLIKAN

POETRY and a family consisting of two lively youngsters and an active husband are running a race for the affections of FRANCES M. FROST — and so far, she confesses, they are neck and neck. *The New Yorker*, *The Bookman*, *Plain Talk*, and several other periodicals have published her work.

Our other poet, RACHEL GRANT, is a graduate of Smith College, class of 1929. She has always found words exciting, she says, but it was under the guidance of Grace Hazard Conkling that she learned to use them judiciously, "to give death to the cliché" and "to carve the line until it is lean and brittle."

FROM his flat in London, JAMES TRUSLOW ADAMS views the American scene with the tranquil eyes of an outside observer. He is a member of most — if not all — of the New England and American historical associations, the winner of the Pulitzer Prize in history in 1922, and the author of a number of important volumes dealing with the principles of statesmanship and the development of New England.

BORN in Stockholm in 1869, HJALMAR SÖDERBERG, known as "Sweden's Anatole France," has, since 1890, devoted himself to literature and theatrical criticism. GEORGE WHARTON STORK, who has translated Mr. Söderberg's story, is a Philadelphia poet and playwright. In a recent letter he says, "I have always believed an American audience awaited Hjalmar

Söderberg, and my judgment is now being confirmed by Harper's forthcoming publication of his much discussed novel, *Martin Birck's Youth*. I am planning a collection of short stories to follow."

AFTER having served for some years as professor of mathematics at Johns Hopkins University, FABIAN FRANKLIN was asked to write editorials on economic questions for the *Baltimore News*. This association developed into so close a one that he was offered the editorship of the paper, and Mr. Franklin gave up mathematics for journalism, believing that accurate thinking is equally necessary in both. He continued in this position until 1908, at which time, the paper having been sold to Mr. Munsey, Mr. Franklin became associate editor of the *New York Evening Post*. In 1917, disagreeing with the *Post's* semi-pacifist attitude in the crisis preceding our entry into the War, Mr. Franklin resigned, and since that time he has been engaged in various forms of journalistic activity. He is a staunch opponent of prohibition, and his two books on this subject are among the most effective attacks that have been launched against it.

WHEN the yacht "Direction" left New York last May for a three months' cruise to Greenland, ROCKWELL KENT, American artist and author, was one of its crew of three. In July word was received that the ship had been lost off Godthaab, Greenland, but that all on board were safe. Although the rest of the crew have returned, Mr. Kent, whose love of exploring and sketching in barren places is recorded in his books and drawings, remained behind to add to his sketchbook.

SINCE 1925, THOMAS QUINN BEESLEY has been head of the Department of Advertising of the School of Commerce at Loyola University. During the war Mr. Beesley was associated with the Red Cross, and when Cardinal Mercier came to this country in 1919, was his attaché. He has held a number of important positions in governmental affairs and is keenly interested in civic problems.

DESCRIBING his religious viewpoint, FRANK W. CREIGHTON, Episcopal Bishop of Mexico, says, "I began my ministry in Andalusia, Pa., under all too

pleasant conditions. Then I went to Albany, where I became imbued with old Dutch conservatism. From there, to Brooklyn, where I acquired the Yiddish point of view. Thus I am a conservative-liberal socially, and an Evangelical-Catholic theologically. The Episcopal Church could find no one who would go to Mexico as Bishop. The qualifications, as set forth by church authorities, were a strong physique, a sense of humor, and a good digestion. Nothing was said about other qualifications, so they elected me — and here I am." Proof that other qualifications exist, however, is found in the fact that Dr. Creighton, while in Andalusia, built up the most extensive social service work in eastern Pennsylvania.

WILLIAM MARCH was born in Mobile, Alabama, some thirty years ago. His first literary effort — at the age of twelve — was on a magnificently careless scale. It was a poem called "Rhoecus Seeks for his Soul," and ran something over ten thousand lines. This and a novel called "Their Fate is Hell" fell into his father's hands, and his profound shock at his son's language resulted in the youth's sitting down carefully for some time. The manuscripts were burned. "In the War," Mr. March says, "by right living and clean thinking, I rapidly became a sergeant."

FROM 1890 — when he left Oxford — until his death in May, 1928, C. E. MONTAGUE's *grande passion* was that most British of newspapers, *The Manchester Guardian*. Married to the editor's daughter, he identified himself so completely with the paper that it is difficult to think of the two as separate entities. His only absence was during the four years of the war. Although past enlistment age, he enrolled as a private and saw service in the trenches.

THIS fall will see the publication of two new books by WALTER B. PITKIN, who is at present acting as supervisor for Universal Pictures Corporation in Hollywood. Simon and Schuster will publish *The Psychology of Happiness*, and McGraw Hill, *The Art of Rapid Thinking*. A former Associate Professor of Journalism at Columbia, Mr. Pitkin is also an associate editor of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* and author of *The Twilight of The American Mind*.



F. W. CREIGHTON

AS THE author of *Don Juan*, *Dickens*, *Disraeli*, and other biographies, ANDRÉ MAUROIS is too well known to FORUM readers to need further introduction.

SOON SARAH GERTRUDE MILLIN, author of *An Artist in the Family* and other novels, hopes to come from her home in South Africa to visit America.